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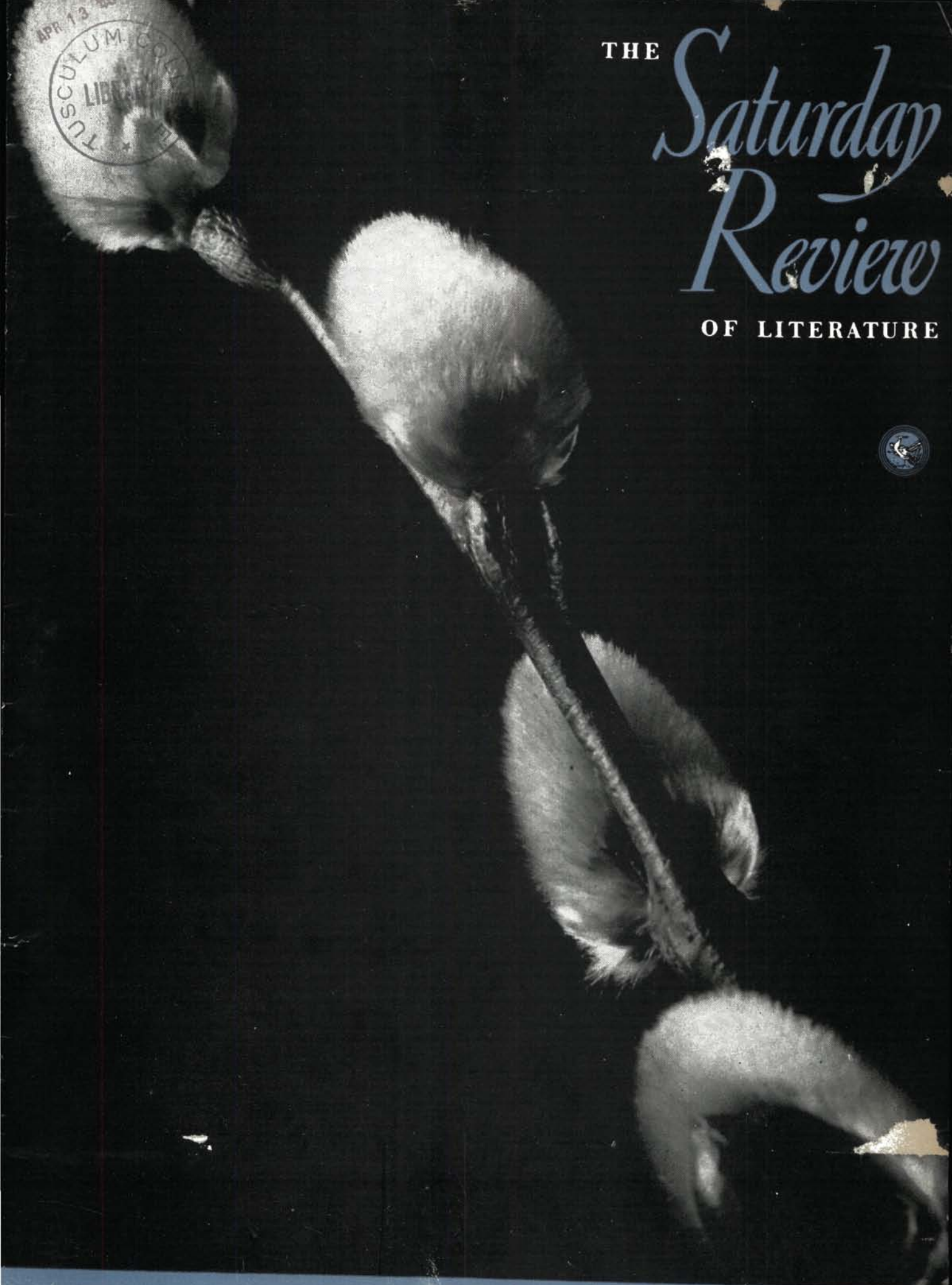

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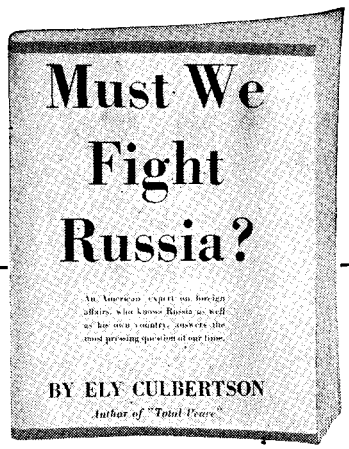

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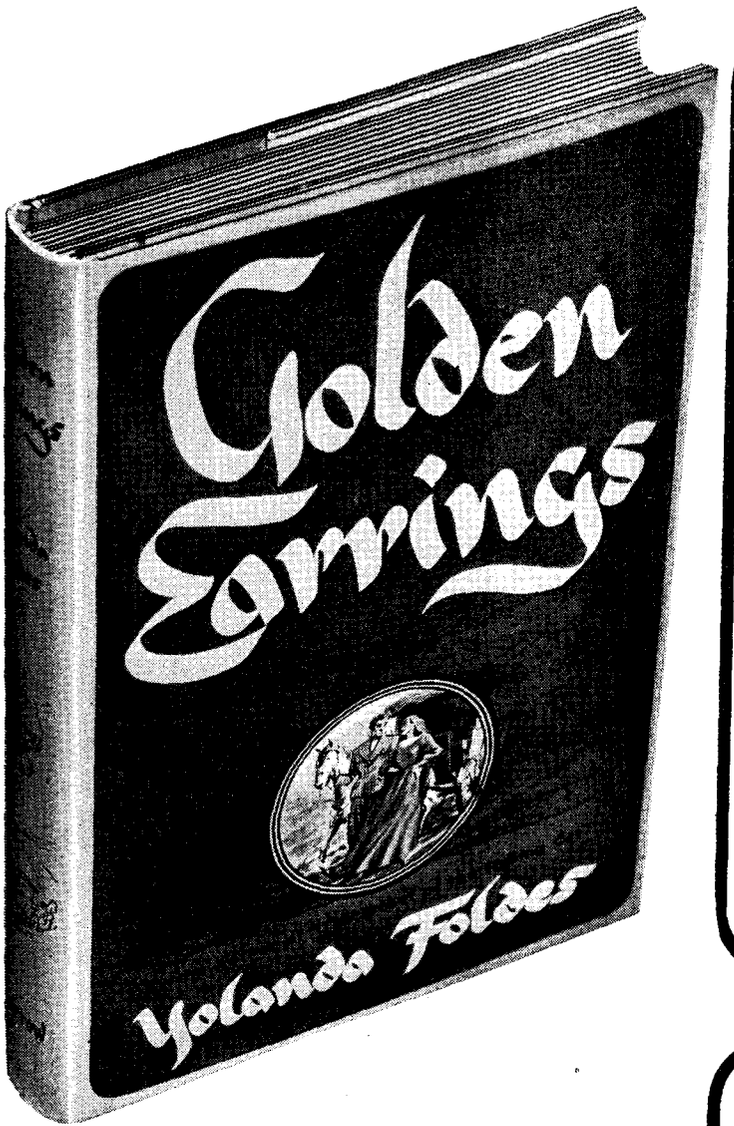

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BACK in 1857, when Henry Holt and Frederick Leypoldt started what is now Henry Holt and Company, they wanted to establish the well-rounded firm which publishing in those days demanded—to publish good educational books, and belles lettres of the highest quality, and to sell books directly to the customer through their own book store. The book store was soon abandoned when Mr. Leypoldt decided to branch out and establish *The Publishers' Weekly*, the organ of the American book trade today. The company became known as Henry Holt and Company in 1865 and, during its long and honorable history, has introduced many of the world's great writers like Thomas Hardy, Anthony Hope, and William James down to the moderns like Walter Lippmann, Sinclair Lewis, Robert Benchley, and a host of others.

Mr. Holt liked to encourage young writers and publish the best in literature and science. Sometimes he proved fallible. The story is told that when young Sinclair Lewis was still in Yale, he applied to Mr. Holt for a job and got one as a kind of glorified office boy. At the end of the summer, he asked Mr. Holt about a permanent position, and, in a rather timid way, whether the various things he had been writing showed any promise. Henry Holt, always a man of decision, told young Lewis that perhaps he could earn his living working his way up in the publishing business—but that certainly, he couldn't write!

Mr. Holt had a noble concept of what a publishing house should be, and the principles for which he stood have made of the firm a stalwart member of the publishing fraternity. Perhaps that early departure of Mr. Leypoldt to establish the journal of the publishing world was an augury of the future. Not only has Holt been a discoverer of new talent both abroad and at home among young writers, not only has it maintained a distinguished tradition of publishing poetry, the most noted exemplar being Robert Frost, but in a very real way, Holt has been a foster parent to modern publishing.

One of the ablest associates in Henry Holt's later days was Alfred Harcourt. Shortly after the end of the first world war, Mr. Harcourt and another friend at Holt's, Donald Brace, left to found Harcourt, Brace and Company. Many of the ideals of the parent company were transmitted to the new firm, as were the individual editorial innovations of Messrs. Harcourt and Brace.

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And so, salud y pesetas, Helen, Bill, Keith, and Norman.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Is The South That Bad?

VIRGINIUS DABNEY

NO SECTION of America gets half as much attention in the public prints as the South. How explain this fact? Why is the South the most discussed, the most debated, and the most denounced section of the United States? Why does it receive incomparably more attention from commentators and analysts than any other region? Does it deserve the things that are said about it?

Most articulate of all the South's critics are those who are outraged by its handling of the race problem. All Southern whites, including the "liberals," are written down by some of these observers as hopeless reactionaries, if not frauds and hypocrites, even Fascists. In their view, a Southern white is ipso facto beyond redemption.

It must be conceded that the South, like the North, has a good deal to answer for in its treatment of the Negro. The South has not given its colored population the consideration it should have had in the spheres of education, health, welfare, housing, and related fields. Southerners ought to have done more in the past, and they must do more in the future. But various Southern organizations are addressing themselves vigorously to this problem, and before the whole region is despaired of, let us recognize that there is an authentic desire on the part of thousands of white Southerners to bring about genuine improvement in the Negro's status. One significant piece of evidence that conditions are improving is to be found in the virtual extinction of lynching. Then there is the Southern Regional Council, of Atlanta, which is working steadily through its white and colored membership to create better opportunities for Negroes. There is also the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, of Nashville, which recently secured over 2,700 signatures from members of both races in every Southern state to a petition for a permanent Fair Employment Practices Committee.

It is important for our Northern critics to bear in mind that the race problem in the South has aspects which are nowhere present in other sections. A paramount consideration here is the proportion of the population which is colored in the various regions. In eight Southern states the percentage of Negroes ranges from twenty-five in Virginia to forty-nine in Mississippi, whereas the figure is only five per cent in Illinois, New Jersey, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, the non-Southern states with the highest proportion of colored citizens. Obviously this means that there are vital aspects of the problem between the Potomac and the Rio Grande which are not glimpsed elsewhere.

Not only do the Negroes virtually equal the whites in numbers in one Southern state, and heavily outnumber them in scores upon scores of Southern counties, but the South is still haunted by memories of Reconstruction. Those memories are fading, and it will not do to overemphasize them, since they have to do with events which occurred two generations ago, or more. At the same time, this is a factor which, like the relatively insignificant proportion of Negroes in the North, places the race problem in Dixie in a special category.

Unquestionably there are many irreconcilable Negrophobes in the South. Their spokesmen are such men as Eugene Talmadge, Theodore Bilbo, and James Eastland. But there are also many men and women of fine impulses and humanitarian inclinations who are working with zeal, sincerity, and determination for better and fairer interracial relations. Typical of this group are Dr. Howard W. Odum, president of the Southern Regional Council; Bishop Arthur J. Moore, of the Methodist Church, and President Frank P. Graham, of the University of North Carolina, and such newspapers as the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot,* the Greenville (Miss.) *Delta Democrat Times,* and the Macon (Ga.) *Evening News.*

But, you say, the North wants to establish a permanent FEPC to insure equitable treatment for the Negroes with respect to postwar jobs, and the South's representatives in Congress prevent this by means of a filibuster. True, the FEPC was almost abolished entirely, as a consequence of this fight by the South, and was continued on an appropriation far below its needs, and without the power of enforcement that would have been granted under the bill establishing a permanent FEPC. It is impossible to defend some of the things that were said by various Southerners in opposing any sort of FEPC, whether permanent or temporary. Preposterous statements that persons convicted of racial discrimination would be sent to concentration camps were mingled with tirades against the whole Negro race. It will be conceded, too, that the Southern bloc used all the known parliamentary tricks in committee, and the undemocratic filibuster on the floor, to bottle up this legislation and prevent a vote, although substantial majorities in both branches are known to favor it.

YET, when all these things are admitted, it should also be said that many Southerners with the best of will for the Negroes do not regard a permanent FEPC with power to fine or jail employers for violations as the solution of the colored people's employment problem. In this they agree with certain eminent liberals in the North who oppose this type of legislation, on the ground that you can't rid people of prejudices by passing laws. Oswald Garrison Villard, Bernard Flexner, and Elinore M. Herrick will hardly be charged by

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any informed person with harboring racial or religious prejudices, but they were among those who opposed the law passed recently in New York State which forbids discrimination in employment on racial or religious grounds. They, and those in the South who feel as they do, are of the opinion that this kind of legislation inflames prejudices instead of allaying them. Among the Southerners who share that view is Senator Claude Pepper, of Florida, and among the newspapers of like mind is the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* both notable friends of the underprivileged, whether white or black.

Many Southerners who approve the FEPC's objectives are unwilling to see these objectives sought through an agency with headquarters in Washington. They do not like Federal laws which touch their long-standing customs in such intimate fashion. True, some of them use states' rights as a smokescreen behind which to carry on antisocial programs, but certainly there are people who sincerely believe in states' rights, and there probably are more of them in the South than anywhere else. After all, the Southerners of the sixties wrecked this region's civilization in defense of that governmental theory. So when the former Confederacy objects to a permanent FEPC or to Federal poll tax repeal, let us remember that while much of the opposition undoubtedly stems from unworthy motives, much of it also comes from persons who honestly want fair employment practices, and who honestly don't want a poll tax, but who are convinced that better and more lasting results will be obtained in both respects through action by the states. They also regard Federal action in these spheres as unconstitutional.

TWO wrongs do not make a right, of course, but surely the North's record in the sphere of race relations is far from perfect. Where have the worst racial disturbances of the past five years occurred? Undoubtedly in Detroit and New York City. What is the prevailing attitude in the North toward the Negro? Except that it is much easier for him to vote there, and segregation is less prevalent, it is difficult to point to any marked advantages which he enjoys in the region. Living conditions in the Black Belts of the Northern cities are simply appalling. Furthermore, the North leads the young Negro to believe that wide horizons beckon to him when he completes his education, although this is far from true. Employment opportunities in the North are severely restricted, with the result that disappointment and frustration are apt to be the ambitious colored person's lot. Dr. Harry A. Overstreet, of California and New York, wrote in this magazine: "Our Northern 'liberal' society does a double injury to the Negro: it goes back on its promises; then it blames the Negro for being the kind of bad Negro it has itself made him."

Less recently the Chicago *Tribune* made an incisive observation. Commenting in 1917 at the time of the terrible race riot in East St. Louis, Ill., this newspaper, which will hardly be accused by any informed person of prejudice in favor of the former Confederate states, said:

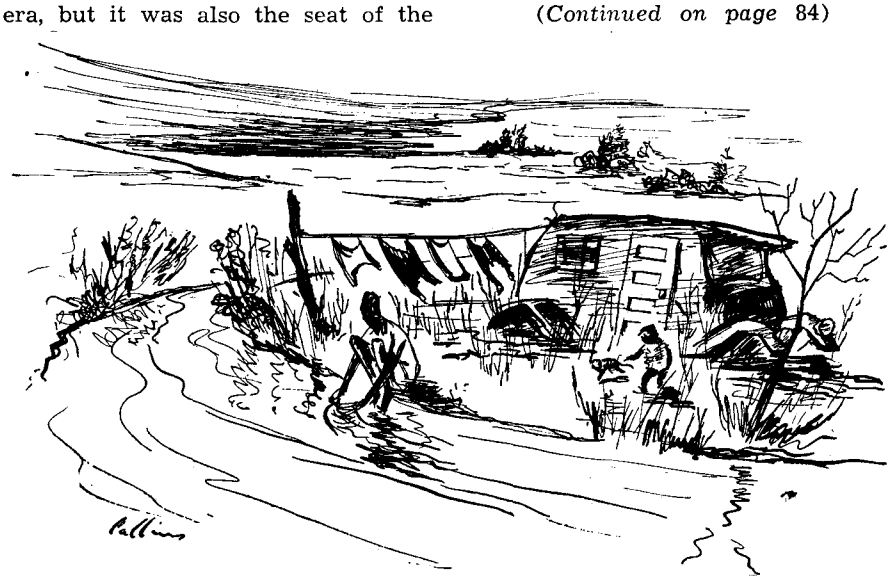
> We taunt the South with race prejudice when it burns "a bad nigger," but just see how we Northerners detest even "good niggers." The real race prejudice is ours. Our very philanthropists betray it. They say to a black man, "God bless you, goodbye," whereas the South says, "——— you, come here!" Or put it this way: The Northerner is a great friend of the Negro, but not of a Negro; the Southerner is a great friend of a Negro, but not of the Negro.

Some of the major criticisms of the South's interracial record emanate from New England. Yet how account for the fact that in 1940 there were only about 100,000 colored persons in the six New England states combined? The climate isn't the answer. The city of Chicago, which is almost cold enough for the Esquimos, contains several times as many Negroes as the whole of New England. I have been informed by a prominent colored leader that the reason why Negroes constitute so infinitesimal a fraction of the population east of the Hudson is that influential New Englanders in key positions have adopted a quiet, but deliberate, policy of preventing Negroes from getting jobs, and of freezing out those who already have them. Boston was the chief center of the Abolitionists in the antebellum era, but it was also the seat of the African slave trade's most prosperous impresarios.

In any discussion of the South's interracial shortcomings, its handling of the poll tax is apt to loom large. Seven states still have this anachronistic levy. Why don't they get rid of it? The best explanation is that the tax holds the vote in those states to a minimum, and the dominant political groups are able to control this limited electorate. Despite all obstacles, four states have abolished the tax in the past twenty-five years, but it is difficult to get any measure which liberalizes or abolishes the tax through the machine-dominated legislatures, since political machines have a heavy stake in keeping this entrance fee to the polling booth. Even if such a legislature miraculously passes a repealer, the act may be declared unconstitutional by a court the majority of whose members belong to the machine—as happened in Tennessee. Even if the legislature submits a constitutional amendment to the people, they may defeat it, since only those who have paid poll taxes can vote on whether the tax should be abolished. This happened in Arkansas.

THUS, while retention of the poll tax would seem to be *prima facie* evidence that much of the South is reactionary, the above-mentioned extenuating circumstances should be taken into account. Certainly it would be contrary to all historical precedent if the people with the lowest incomes and living standards in the country were the most conservative. Actually, the Southern voters have demonstrated impressively on a good many occasions that they will support progressive candidates, even though poll tax restrictions keep tens of thousands from the ballot box. There were such demonstrations in the late nineteenth century when the

(*Continued on page* 84)



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JULIAN HUXLEY

TEN years ago, *The Saturday Review of Literature* asked me if I would review the current issue of the British "Who's Who" in their columns. It was an opportunity for which I have always been grateful, for it introduced me to the fact that "Who's Who" is a mine of interesting, curious, and entertaining information, and indeed an ideal bedside book in all respects save its format (a volume of well over 3,000 pages is a little bulky in bed).

Recently, while looking up a point in the current issue, my eye was caught by the name "HITLER, Adolf"; and reading further I found (among much else) the following particulars: "Chancellor of the German Reich since 1933; Commander-in-Chief of the German Fighting Forces since 1938; Personal Commander of the Army since 1941; Supreme War Lord; Supreme Law Lord since 1942; . . . of an old Upper Austrian peasant and artisan family; religion, Catholic . . . Studied architecture and painting in Vienna; . . . became Head of the German State by law of 7th August, 1934, confirmed by Referendum of 19th August, 1934. Publication: Mein Kampf, vol. I, 1925, vol. II, 1927. Address: Wilhelmstr. 77, Berlin, W. 8. T: 11 6191."

There it was in black and white—Hitler's wartime appointments, Hitler's address, Hitler's telephone number—in the British "Who's Who" of 1945. All temptations to try to ring him up were banished by the recollection that he was almost certainly dead, and quite certainly not obtainable at Berlin 11 6191. Instead, I wrote to the editor of *The Saturday Review* and asked whether I could try my hand at an article on "Who's Who" for 1945—an article which would commemorate the demise of the six years' wartime "Who's Who," rather than celebrate its birth. He agreed: and here it is.

Before beginning on my proper task, I must repair an omission in my earlier survey. By an oversight I failed to notice one which seems to me to rank very high among the *curiosa* of "Who's Who," and to deserve rescuing from oblivion. I accordingly quote it (from the last issue in which it appeared, of 1942) in extenso, since any abbreviation would rob it of some of its essential flavor.

SWANN, Rev. Sidney, M.A., Vicar of Lindfield, 1929-37; b. 30 Sep. 1862; s. of John Bellingham Swann, R.N. m. 1st [this lady's name is not given, nor the date]; two *s.* and one *d.*; 2nd, 1920 Lady Bagot (d. 1940). *Educ.*: Marlborough; Trinity Hall, Cambridge. [Now the interest really begins]. Rowed in the Oxford & Cambridge boat-race, 1883, 1884, & 1885 (Swann junior stroked Cambridge, 1912) [It is nice to know that Swann junior appears next to his father, and had an almost, but definitely not quite, equally successful athletic career.] Won Cambridge sculls & pairs, also Grand Challenge, 1886 & 1887, and

Stewards', 1885 & 1887, in record times [apparently all four of them]; in Japan won most things started for on land & sea: rowing, hurdling, cycling, running, pole-jumping, weight, & hammer; [this is, I think, my favorite sentence in any "Who's Who," though one would like to know how Mr. Swann got to Japan, what other competitors there were in the "things" he "started for", & which "things" he did not win.]; first [and perhaps one may add *last?*] to cycle round Syria; rode Land's End to John o' Groats: Carlisle to London in a day [one presumes on a bicycle, not a horse]; rowed home-made boat from Crosby Vicarage down the rapids of the Eden to the sea, and cut the record from England to France, 1911, rowing the Channel [I hope in the home-made boat] in 3 hours 50 minutes, faster time than anyone had ever gone between England & France by muscular power; built several flying machines [oh, magnificent!—but why are we not told when or how, and if he or anyone else ever flew them?], and drove motor ambulance in Belgium (1914 medal, 1915 medal, Roi de Belge [sic] order). In 1917, when fifty-five years old, cycled, walked, ran, paddled, rowed & swam six consecutive half-miles in 26 min. 20 sec., in competition with Lieut. Muller of the Danish Army [who was, of course, the great physical culture expert, author of "My System." The wording here invites the suspicion that this was one of the "things" he did not win]; President of the National Amateur Racing Association since 1934. *Recreations:* [when I came to "Recreations," I imagined that our hero, at the age of seventy-nine, would say "sitting still," or "reading," or some other relaxation of his physical prowess, or perhaps something beginning with "previously," like the rather pathetic entry of an Indian politician, "Previously cricket, tennis and hiking." But no, his energies were unflagging to the end.] *Recreations:* rowing, tennis, cycling, motoring . . .

BUT enough of this clerical superathlete. Let me return to our late enemies. Stimulated by the discovery of Hitler in this British sanctuary, I looked up other prominent enemies, and from them browsed on to allies and neutrals. Goering (but under *Gö*, not *Goe*) is there, with address, but not telephone number. I had forgotten that he was Reichsjägermeister—probably a unique official position—and that he had once been Air Adviser to Denmark, and a Director of Svenska Lufttrafik.

So is Ribbentrop present ("head of import and export firm in Berlin")—but champagne is not mentioned. "Chancellor's principal collaborator in questions of foreign policy, 1932-33"—do not let us forget this self-made avowal. The sentences "Affiliation of Austria March 1938; Affiliation of Sudeten Area, October 1938; Protectorate of Bohemia & Moravia established, March 1939; Return of the Memelland, March 1939" presumably mean that Ribbentrop felt himself to have played a decisive role in these transactions. But Goebbels, for some strange reason, is not included, nor Hess, nor Himmler, nor Ley, nor Streicher, nor Keitel, nor Rommel, nor von Rundstedt, nor Jodl—nor, in a very different category, Niembeller. And yet Schacht is safely in (with telephone number); and von Neurath ("Senior S.S. Group Leader since 1943"); and Bergius, the chemist and industrialist (complete with office *and* private phone numbers); and Bismarck, Prince Otto Christian Archibald von (though with no address, and nothing listed after 1928); and Otto Warburg, the great biologist; and Fritz Kreisler, who, though Austrian by birth, gives a Berlin address, and Professor Robert Heger, "First Conductor at the State Opera, Berlin," and author of an opera on Lady Hamilton. The reasons for inclusion seem rather arbitrary.

When we come to Italy, we find of course Mussolini (with his entry in Italian: none of the Nazi biographies are in German, though the

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refugee German writer Bruno Frank writes his entry in his native language, from an address in Beverly Hills). Mussolini's entry recalls the astonishing symptom of Italian weakness, that he himself was Head of the Government, Prime Minister, Secretary of State, Minister for Foreign Affairs, Minister of the Interior, Minister for War, Minister of Marine, and Air Minister. In spite of his sixty-one years, he still gave the same recreations—violin, riding, fencing, motoring, flying—as ten years ago. But no events are listed after 1943.

The Pope is there, of course, with "Discorsi Panegyrici" and five volumes of speeches and broadcasts among his publications. It is nice to know that he was at one time Professor at the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, and also Secretary of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. Scarfoglio ("literary and political writer") is in; and Villari; and, I am glad to say, Benedetto Croce (whose entry—a remarkable record of intellectual activity—is in French); and Mascagni, the composer (in 1890) of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Among Japanese I find the painter and sculptor Hiramoto (included perhaps because he received his artistic education in the U.S.A.); the "author, social worker & Christian preacher" Kagawa (also educated partly in the U.S.A.); the elderly soldier Prince Nashimoto ("Grand Cordon of the Order of the Chrysanthemum . . . address: Tokio"). Shigemitsu, Japan's Foreign Minister after 1943, is there, and is listed as "Japanese Ambassador to Nanking Government, 1942-43;" but not Prince Konoye or many other of the war leaders of the country.

FOR China, there is of course Chiang Kai-shek, whose biography recalls that he visited Soviet Russia in 1923 "to study military and social system." He has (or lists) no recreations, but it is nice to know that he was given an Hon. G.C.B. in 1942. Madame Chiang Kai-shek is also there, and Wellington Koo. And Chiang, the artist and author of numerous books illustrated by himself on different parts of Britain: among his recreations is calligraphy, and it is curious to note that he began his career as a teacher of chemistry. Also Shi Hsiung, who translated Shaw, Barrie, Thomas Hardy, and Benjamin Franklin into Chinese (I wonder how they came through in that language, especially Barrie—I can't visualize a Chinese "Peter Pan"); but I can't find Hu Shi or T. V. Soong.

Russia is well represented. Stalin's entry has been expanded to half a

column from the massive reticence of its earlier three lines. He mentions that his father was a cobbler but is alone, so far as I can discover, in listing his children under the impersonal "c" instead of "s" or "d." "With Lenin prepared & led October Revolution, 1917" seems to omit certain other protagonists. We find Molotov ("son of a shop assistant; . . . worked against Zinovievists, Leningrad, 1926; . . . worked against Bukharinists in Moscow, 1928"). His address—just "Moscow, Russia"—beats Stalin's ("The Kremlin, Moscow, U.S.S.R.").

Shostakovitch is there and lists "Piano Quintet (First Stalin Premium of 100,000 rubles) 1941; Seventh Symphony (describing Leningrad during the war, a vigorous call to human courage & victory) 1941"; he also lists "Lady Macbeth of Mzensk" (1932), but does not record the hauling over the ideological coals he received for it. On the other hand Prokofiev, though very much in favor in Russia, does not appear. Kalinin is in ("b. 1875; peasant family; . . . first arrested for political activity, 1899; . . . address Palace of the Soviets, Moscow, U.S.S.R.)"; so is Kapitza (who during the war received both a Stalin Prize for Physics and the Faraday Medal of the British Association of Electrical Engineers); he is the only Russian I can find who lists a recreation—"chess." But Joffé, the doyen of Russian physics, is not in, nor Komarov, the then President of the Russian Academy of Sciences, nor Lysenko, the proverbial champion of a new heretical theory of "Soviet Genetics," nor his adversary the great botanist Vavilov (although he was a foreign member of the Royal Society); nor Marshall Zhukov, though Voroshilov has half a column ("son of a worker; . . . arrested, exiled, and escaped, each on several occasions, 1907-14"; though he begins by saying "late member of State Defence Committee" he gives State Defence Committee, Moscow, U.S.S.R., as his address). We find Countess Alexandra, one of Tolstoy's daughters, who went to live in the United States in 1929 ("compelled to leave Russia because the Soviets instilled anti-religious propaganda in Tolstoy's museums and schools"); but not that other daughter who now looks after the Tolstoy Museum at Yasnaia Poliana, nor the unrelated but famous writer Alexis Tolstoy. Sholokhov is in, but Ilya Ehrenburg is not.

THE mystery of the criteria of exclusion and inclusion becomes most obscure when we come to the United States. Why is Franklin Delano Roosevelt in, but Eleanor out? Why Owen Young but not Stark Young? Why Pope (Arthur Upham) of Iran and not Pope (Senator) of the Tennessee Valley Authority? (In parenthesis, the TVA gets an altogether raw deal, for none of its directors are in.) Why the above-mentioned Dr. Bruno Frank and not L. K. Frank?

Most extraordinary of all, why is President Truman not in? Granted, he was only Vice-President when the 1945 "Who's Who" appeared, but he *was* Vice-President! Almost as extraordinary are the absences of such names as John L Lewis, Commissioner Moses, Ogden Nash, Krishnamurti, James Thurber, Robert Benchley, Edward G. Robinson, Claudette Colbert, Dorothy Lamour, Fredric March, Paulette Goddard, Hedy Lamarr, Sonja Henie, Jimmy Cagney, George Raft, Ginger Rogers, and Mae West (though she enjoys the rare distinction of having her name incorporated in the language while still living). Especially when we find such a long list of the elect—the Luces, the Lunts (Lynn Fontanne "began as child in pantomime at Drury Lane"), Mary Pickford, Walt Disney, William Faulkner, John Steinbeck, Paul Robeson, Charlie Chaplin, Paul Muni, Charles Laughton, Greta Garbo, Gropius, Maurice Hindus, Mary Borden, Felix Frankfurter, Archibald MacLeish, Henry Kaiser.

Nicholas Murray Butler is there. I

Spoke There No Clearer Music

By Christine Turner Curtis

SPOKE there no clearer music
from cradle to grave
than the vox humana
of the cricket's stave—

Rang there no richer chime
from dawn to first star
than the cantabile
of the cricket's bar—

Life would still have meted
a precious anodyne—
to hear in smoky dusks
that Dorian line!

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linger over his memberships, which include the Society of American Historians, the Bricklayers', Masons' and Plasterers' International Union of America, the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the Commission on the Reorganization of the State Government of New York 1925-26. He admits to membership in fifteen clubs, and to "some forty hon. degrees from universities in America and many foreign countries." Admiral Byrd, however, outdoes this, as he is "Hon. Member of about 200 societies," and lists seventeen clubs, including the Kiwanis and Century in New York, the Racquet Club and American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia.

I DO not propose to go through other foreign countries seriatim, but it is perhaps worth noting that Finland is duly represented by Sibelius; Switzerland by C. G. Jung (whose recreations include "Researches about Primitive Psychology in North Kenya, 1925-26"); Czechoslovakia by Benes ("one of the leading figures in the Little Entente"); Sweden by Sven Hedin (who made the first of his many notable journeys in 1885, and has had some of his books translated into seventeen languages); Portugal by Salazar (but not Spain by Franco).

France, of course, has many entries, including General de Gaulle (who lists his recreations of riding and shooting as "pre-war"); Paul Poiret, the dress designer, who describes himself simply as "artiste," and has for his recreations "yachting, propriétaire du côtre M. Dumollet" (*côtre* was a new word to me—it means cutter); and Sacha Guitry, among whose recreations I find the mysterious phrase "jeux icariens" which *ought* to signify attempts at flight ending in disaster; André Siegfried, André Chevrillon, and André Maurois, the writers; Seignobos, the historian; Herriot, Laval, Admiral Muselier—but not Corbusier, most famous of modern architects, nor the Duc de Guise.

But enough of foreigners and enough of exclusions. Let me end with some tidbits of British and American Who's-Whory in the last year of war. First I have to signal the only misprint I have ever discovered in any volume of "Who's Who"—one page-heading reads "MPSON." I wondered from what territory of the Empire the gentleman might hail, but discovered it was merely a mistake for SIMPSON.

Then I have discovered that Mr. William Joseph Ennever (b. 1869) "added the new word Pelmanism to the English language"; that Epstein's much-criticized memorial to W. H. Hudson in Hyde Park "was carved by the sculptor on a block of Portland stone and unveiled by the Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin"; that "Air Commodore H. H. Raj Rajeshwar Sarmad-I-Rajhai Hindustan Maharajah Dhiraj Sri Sir Umaid Singhi Sahib Bahadur of Jodhpur" (where the jodhpurs come from) is "Head of the Rathor Rajput clan, and one of the leading ruling Princes of India; . . . the younger offshoots of his family are the ruling Princes of Bikaner, Kishengarh, Idar, Rutlam, Sailana, Sitaman, and Jhabua"; that Sir Richard Acland makes no mention of the ill-fated Common Wealth party which he helped to found; that Major Freddie Chapman, the noted explorer and mountaineer, was still listed, though "officially reported missing, 1942"—an optimism justified by his almost miraculous reappearance last year; that Howard Coster, Britain's most celebrated photographer of men, has the Freedom of the City of London; that neither Sir Charles Sherrington nor Lynn Fontanne give their age; that H. H. Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, "has led several expeditions into the far interior of the country to punish head hunters; understands the management of natives; rules over a population of 500,000 souls and a country 40,000 sq. miles in extent"—though his only address is in the Bayswater Road; that Mr. Laurence Saint, from Pennsylvania, "at present working in a machine shop, part of work is war work; . . . worked out with help of chemists and glass making experts over 1,300 formulae for Stained Glass like medieval glass in color and chemical composition, including streaked ruby. . . . *Recreation*: telling stories to children"; that Sir Ian Hamilton (whom I saw recently, very active, at the theatre) entered the Army seventy-two years ago; that Picasso's entry is only four lines long, and gives no indication of his work except the two words "Spanish painter"; that H. St. J. Philby, the Arabian scholar and explorer, does not mention his conversion to Islam, although he lists, as his second address after one in London, "Mecca, Arabia"; that Mr. Wheeler Post, "Diplomat and Writer," with the State Department, Washington, as his address, is a member (among others) of the "Imperial Order of St. Nicholas, Miracle Worker, I Class (Russian)."

The chief recreation of a reader of or writer on "Who's Who" will always remain the Recreations of those who figure in its pages. Let me conclude with a sample culled at random. For sheer gusto, verve, and variety, I put first those of Dr. Gopal Chunder Chatterjee, M.B., F.R.I. (Lond.): "Propaganda for rousing the sanitary conscience of the people in the matters of public health, modern scientific agriculture and coöperative marketing, dairying, home crofting, coöperative water supply, cottage industries, research in intestinal flagellate protozoa and fermentative bacteria"—never a dull moment for Dr. Chatterjee!

Other Indians, too, have remarkable recreations. Professor Ven Kateswara is uncompromising, with "creative work in literature and art, philosophical problems," besides tennis and walking. The newspaper proprietor and editor Mahbub Alam specifies "Indian club exercise in the morning"; Mr. Justice Sinha democratically includes "hiking"; Mr. Varma, a Judge of the High Court, discards the traditional impersonal modesty of "Who's Who" with "a keen tennis player and an excellent hand at chess," while H. H. The Jam

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Sahib of Nawanagar definitely prefers the physical: "shooting, cricket, tennis, racquets, and all other games" —a sweeping assertion. The telegraphic address of Raja Sir Seth Daga, K.C.I.E., is simply "Lucky."

Among Englishmen, Professor H. D. Naylor seems rather out of date with "addressing League of Nations meetings." Sir Osbert Sitwell introduces a note of war-time austerity: "Thinking for himself, and not receiving, or answering, unnecessary correspondence on at least one day in the week—all others in abeyance until the end of the war"; while Sacheverell has reduced his erstwhile long and playful list to "none," and Edith omits the heading entirely. G. B. Shaw, however, continues his famous entry, "Anything except sport." Athene Seyler, the actress, is one of the few who list "talking" (in this case after "walking"). Nevinson, the artist, includes "journalism" as well as motor-caravanning; but the most incongruous pair of recreations seems to be Sir Douglas Newbold's "archaeology and squash-racquets," though Senator Gogarty's "archery and aviation" makes a good runner-up. John Piper, the painter, recreates himself exclusively with "church architecture"; Captain Knight, of Golden Eagle fame, exclusively with "falconry"; Benno Elkan, the sculptor, exclusively with "browsing through his many picture books on art of all periods and countries."

The amateur anthropologist George Pitt-Rivers (who includes in his biography: "1940-42, held a political prisoner by order of the Home Secretary") spreads himself with "cultivating any form of art and detesting bishops." George Robey's recreations are very idiosyncratic—"cricket, football, collecting stamps and antiques, and making violins." Laurence Meynell (alias Robert Eton, the writer) ends on a pathetic note—"walking, canoeing, tree-felling, reading, trying to write a play," while Nicholas Hannen wholly invites our sympathy with "trying to play games." Lance-Cpl. Harry Nicholls, "V.C. 1940," has violent leanings: "Most sports, chiefly boxing (won the I.S.B.A. heavy championship of 1938 and other matches, including Army v. Denmark, 1937); football, rugger, anything with a kick to it, reading, hiking, swimming." Professor Roscoe Pound, of the Harvard Law School, has a remarkable recreation in "Botany (Director of the Botanical Survey of Nebraska, 1891-1901)."

So let us leave the Anglo-Saxons, comforted by the thought that even the stress of the greatest war in history has not caused them to abandon their peculiarities of recreation.

It's Your World, Too

An Answer to Elmer Davis

LOUIS N. RIDENOUR

NO DOUBT there is a Latin name for the heads-I-win-tails-you-lose reasoning which damns you if you do and damns you if you don't. Before commenting on Elmer Davis's review of "One World or None" (*SRL* March 30), I looked in the encyclopedia under "logic" to try to find something which would at once display my erudition and shorten up my remarks. Having found no classicism, I must characterize Mr. Davis's review, somewhat inelegantly, as a textbook example of the damned-if-you-do-and-d a m n e d-if-you-don't fallacy.

Mr. Davis indicts the authors for their failure to propose a detailed panacea for the atomic age; he says that the book "is strong on the whereases, but nobody has coupled them up with the be-it-resolved." He then draws an inference as to the authors' favorite panacea (which he has just told us they were wrong to omit), and masses considerable argument against what he has inferred. He says that "political thinking that gets anywhere requires certain disciplines of its own, which few scientists yet appear to have mastered," and simultaneously complains that the scientists have said nothing about what humanity must do to be saved. Apart from a few paragraphs in which Mr. Davis gives the back of his hand to some unrelated writings of Lewis Mumford and Captain Liddell Hart, the rest of the review is taken up with an attack on the position which the scientists should have taken but didn't, or took wrongly, depending on which paragraph you are reading.

—*From the lithograph by Sheila Raleigh*
Fear

Unless it deters someone from buying and reading the book, Mr. Davis has done no particular harm by ignoring the aim and the theme and the basis and the framework of "One World or None" in order to set up a straw man labeled "Immediate World Government" so that he can belabor it. Some of Mr. Davis's caveats regarding the uncritical enthusiasm of the farthest-north world government enthusiasts are very sound. There is something worse than a war with atomic weapons, he says; biological warfare holds the promise of being more terrible, and domination by an alien oppressor is still worse (one is left to infer that a domestic oppressor is not so bad, but that was surely not Mr. Davis's meaning). He calls attention to the bumptiousness of Russia, to the absolutism of their government, and to the fact that Moscow is the headquarters of a world religion. He makes the familiar argument, which has never seemed tenable to me, that we dare not make common cause with the Russians lest, if we did, they would take over the joint operation by getting up earlier in the morning and working harder. As an admirer of work and achievement (which, as a nation, we profess to admire), I feel that this proposes a sort of mental tariff wall which there is no excuse for setting up. If democrats can't get up as early in the morning as Communists, maybe our zeal for the joint welfare is less.

Mr. Davis's review should lead no potential reader of "One World or None" to expect a political document. As is clearly stated in the editors' foreword, in the last chapter, and here and there throughout the book, "One World or None" is intended to pose the problem presented by the atomic bomb. It is supposed to do this in the clearest and most unmistakable terms, on the best and soundest authority, and at a time when the atom has begun to lose its frightfulness and its glamor. Today, many people are glad to be told by Seversky (even though they must suspect how wrong he is) that there is nothing particularly revolutionary or exciting about an atomic bomb. Such

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people need to read "One World or None." Its last chapter says, "This book cannot do what most needs to be done, which is to state the solution. Yet . . . it states the problem before us, in full and on sound authority and in one place." This could scarcely be less ambiguous. In the statement of the problem, the technical experts have an important place; in the solution of the problem, everyone must take his part.

Mr. Davis admits that he hasn't got a solution. There is a solution he doesn't like, which seems to be a world government including Russia. Rather than one world which might be "totalitarian and obscurantist, we might better have no world at all." This sounds like a sort of defeatism which I cannot accept. I have no experience with political institutions other than those of this country, but here it appears to be the case that the people get the sort of government not which they deserve, in the old phrase, but which they want.

IN the field of atomic energy, a recent example of this is the fate of the May-Johnson bill for domestic atomic control, sponsored by the War Department and introduced into Congress under the best possible auspices (including even the expressed support of some of our foremost scientists, wrung from them no man knows how). The bill has been completely discredited. Senator Johnson is careful to point out that he does not approve it, but had to introduce it, since he was acting chairman of the Military Affairs Committee. All this has come about because the people, in numbers, do not want that sort of domestic atomic energy legislation. I am naive enough to feel that a properly-constituted world government might work the same way, with regard to the few subjects over which it would need jurisdiction at first. But I haven't mastered disciplines of political thinking yet, as Mr. Davis has said.

I think, with Mr. Davis, that "what you have got to control is either the inclination or the capacity . . . to make war." It seems to me that the best way to do this is to set up one large armed force which can clearly handle the armed force of any nation or small concert of nations, and to operate this central force under a set of rules laid down and administered jointly by the nations of the world—rules designed to punish international wrongdoing (individually, as Lippmann suggests), and to preclude aggression. This appears to be an analogue of the way in which we control the inclination or capacity of our citizens to shoot one another in the head, by means of a Sullivan law and a police force. I recognize the dangers of tyranny inherent in a single concentration of supreme power, and appreciate the magnitude of the problem of creating adequate safeguards for the rights of the individual citizen and of the individual nation.

But I didn't say any of this in the book. I am an authority on radar and its military use—or anyhow I have had more than five years' experience in this field—and I wrote on the subject of countermeasures and active defense against airborne atomic bombs. Lest my present remarks take on the sour-grape flavor of the recent controversy about the right of the New York drama critics to blast the future of a play by panning it in reviews, I should point out that Mr. Davis dealt kindly with my own contribution to the book. He said, "Ridenour pretty conclusively proves that there is no effective defense."

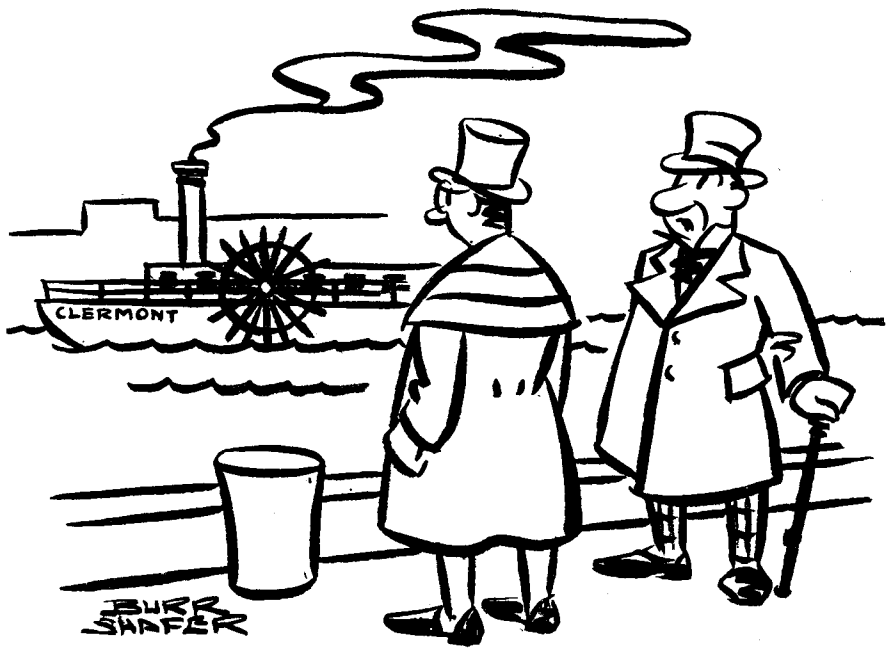
Like the rest of the authors of "One World or None," I wrote to order, and I didn't stray outside of the field of my claimed or admitted competence. I wanted to. I knew that in a world of suspicious nations at "peace," the problem of defense against an atomic bomb attack was less important than a discussion of international control; it was even less important than domestic control. But I had been asked to write on countermeasures and active defense, because of the nature of my wartime experience, and I did the best job I could of it.

You won't find immediate world government urged in "One World or None," despite its title and despite Mr. Davis's remarks. You will find experts making a sincere effort to present informed discussion of their particular specialty as it touches on the foremost problem of our time. Everyone must work toward the solution of this problem. I have my views, you have yours, and Mr. Davis has his. I happen to be a somewhat reluctant but convinced world governmenter. Mr. Davis is for no world, if necessary. You probably have some other idea. Let's work on it; we'll get the kind of product that we want.

Note that I am trying not to damn the special solution to the problem of controlling either the inclination or capacity to make war which seems inferentially to be favored by Mr. Davis. A friend of mine says that Mr. Davis is proposing the doctrine of "Wait and Hate," but this may not be entirely fair. In any case, all of us must be tolerant of the other man's views on this problem. The only thing which cannot be tolerated is a disposition—already far too common—to ignore the problem entirely. The problem exists, as "One World or None" was written to remind us in definitive terms, and we must reach a solution or perish.

I HAVE one complaint about Mr. Davis's review which may seem peripheral to some, so I have saved it to the last. Mr. Davis, in common with a good many senators and other people, fails entirely to understand the nature of what has been called "the secret of the atomic bomb." He discusses the pros and cons of what he calls "passing it around." The only

(*Continued on page* 81)



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It could be mass hypnotism."

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Almanac for Spring Reading

A Random Guide to the Forthcoming Books

AMY LOVEMAN

April

THE Big Top seems to exert an irresistible appeal on writers as well as on the public in general, and spring is ushered in with a new novel on the circus. David Liebovitz's "The Canvas Sky" is full of the personalities, the stir, the daily round of duties of the men and women who run the show, perform the acts, and in general lend excitement to this time-honored institution.

★ ★

In "The Bretons of Elm Street" Henrietta Ripperger writes the pleasant annals of a united and happy American family, while in "On This Star" Virginia Sorensen paints a picture of a Mormon family group, knit close together by creed and blood. Miss Sorensen's book, which recounts the familiar tale of the love of two brothers for the same woman, is interesting not so much for the story proper, though that too has strength, as for its vivid portrayal of the Utah background and Mormon custom.

★ ★

There is a great deal of promise and some delicate characterization and understanding psychological interpretation in Elizabeth Taylor's "At Mrs. Lippincote's," the story of a woman of integrity and strong individuality who follows the law of her own being, with love for others always as her guiding star.

★ ★

A woman as heroine of a picaresque novel is something of an innovation in literature, but she makes her appearance in Eve Langley's "Not Yet the Moon." This is a story of Australia which in its portrayal of the landscape and character of that land ought to be of particular interest to Americans who have made its acquaintance in recent years.

★ ★

Readers with a taste for the past will find two historical novels for their enjoyment, widely spaced in time, to be sure, but each interesting. One is Shirley Seifert's "Captain Grant" which, as its title indicates, deals with the youthful career of its hero, and the other is "The Takers of the City," by H. R. Hays, a tale of Guatemala in the sixteenth century.

★ ★

John O'Hara's admirers will be glad to get a fresh sampling of his work in "Here's O'Hara," which in addition to twenty short stories includes three of his novels, "Butterfield 8," "Hope of Heaven," and "Pal Joey."

★ ★

Another of the realistic and forthright school of writers is represented in the spring list, James T. Farrell with a new novel, "Bernard Clare."

★ ★

Probably no book among the April publications will come in for more excited discussion than Ralph Ingersoll's "Top Secret." As the seasoned reader will surmise, "Top Secret" means that now it can be told, and Mr. Ingersoll lets several cats out

of bags in this record of war experiences. If you believe Mr. Ingersoll, all was not the harmony between Churchill and Roosevelt which we were led to believe.

★ ★

Travel still remains difficult and distant lands something to remember rather than revisit at the moment, but the would-be journeyer can go abroad vicariously and capture vivid impressions along with much information in the pages of Rosita Forbes's "Appointment with Destiny," in which she records experiences in and reactions to wanderings in India, Central Asia, Kenya Colony, and Europe as well.

★ ★

The historically minded will find both entertainment and illumination in a trio of books announced for April publication—Harold Lambs's "Alexander of Macedon," Edith Sitwell's "Fanfare for Elizabeth," and Fletcher Pratt's "Empire of the Sea." Mr. Lamb, whose "The Crusades" was a best-seller of its day, has written in lively vein of the great Greek conqueror. Miss Sitwell has dealt only with the early period of Elizabeth's life, taking her up to the reign of her sister Mary and leaving her there on the threshold of womanhood. Her book is a scholarly bit of work, rather restricted in scope. Mr. Pratt has had dramatic material to deal with in his book, with its survey of the Napoleonic period at the time of Trafalgar, and he has handled it colorfully as well as authoritatively.

★ ★

George R. Stewart, whose "Storm" was so exciting and informative a portrayal of the genesis and development of raging weather, has written a most interesting chronicle of the evolution of man from the time he descended from the trees to the present day of his profound concern with international complications. "Man, an Autobiography" his book is called. It is a work of popularization, but reliable popularization.

May

Family life is the subject of two of the more interesting of the novels announced for this month. Nolan Miller's "A Moth of Time" is set in Detroit, and revolves about the experiences and problems of an entire family group, but with special emphasis on the adolescence of one of the sons. There is a charming note to Jessie Scott's "Charity Ball" which is a tale of two sisters who stand on the edge of womanhood. They are gay and adventurous and girlish, and there is a delightful relationship between them. This is the sort of book which leaves the reader with the feeling that no matter what the ills of the world, not all can be tragic so long as youth remains.

★ ★

Good news for the mystery story readers—Patricia Wentworth's "Pilgrim's Rest" is on the schedule. There's a novel, too, by Helen MacInnes, not a true mystery tale this time but a story in which tension is maintained throughout none the less—"Horizon."

★ ★

Gertrude Stein, still busy discovering her countrymen the soldier boys, writes in "Brewsie and Willie" of G.I. Joe as she met him in France.

And Niven Busch goes back again to the homecoming veteran in "Day of the Conquerors," a tale of the return of the soldier on VJ-Day which vividly reflects the atmosphere and mood of the event in California at the same time as it spins a tale of marital relations.

★ ★

The radio and advertising professions will doubtless rise in their might to refute the picture of them drawn by Frederic Wakeman in "The Hucksters." Here's a lively, rousing

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satire that minces neither language nor matters.

★ ★

More of the "Unfinished Business" of which Stephen Bonsal wrote a year or two ago is presented in his new volume, "Suitors and Suppliants," which deals as did the earlier book with the Paris Peace Conference and the great figures of the First World War.

★ ★

Gandhi is always in the news even when he is out of it, so every time is timely for a really good biography of him. Krishnalal Shridharani has written an extremely interesting one which presents the great Indian leader's point of view and philosophy as it developed at the different stages and through the different events of his life. "The Mahatma and the World" is its title.

★ ★

One of the most interesting books on the near horizon is Victor A. Kravchenko's "I Chose Freedom." Mr. Kravchenko denies neither Russian allegiance nor Communism in this chronicle of his experiences and exile but expresses himself with vigor on the subject of Stalin and the Stalin regime.

★ ★

The New York Times has had no more astute and informed a foreign correspondent in recent years than Herbert Matthews, who in "The Education of a Correspondent" reviews his experiences from his college days on through his baptism of fire in the Spanish Civil War to the immediate present. Fascist Italy and the Europe of the Second World War form the background for unusually informed and understanding discussion.

★ ★

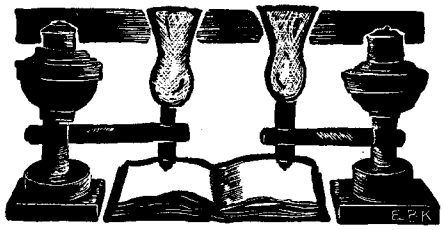
A new book by the author of "Mrs. Miniver" is in the offing. In "A Pocketful of Pebbles" Jan Struther has gathered together essays, addresses, and poems, some of them written in England, some of them in this country, all of them bearing the impress of her quick conscience and delightful mind.

★ ★

The general reader who would be little likely to stray into the fields of anthropology would find an excursion there surprisingly interesting were he to accompany Frank C. Hibben through "The Lost Americans." This is a study of the earliest man known to the American continent, scientific but full of matter of the highest general interest.

★ ★

Germán Arciniegas, who in "Green Continent" presented one of the most fascinating books on Latin America to have appeared in the last few



years, does an equally good job on the waters that wash Latin American countries in "Caribbean: Sea of the New World."

★ ★

Walter Havighurst in "Land of Promise" writes of the exploration, settlement, and resources of the old Northwest Territory which has become the great, prosperous Middle-western belt of present-day America.

★ ★

Music lovers will rejoice to know of "Gustave Mahler: Memories and Letters," in which Alma Mahler has written of the life and career of her famous husband. Quite aside from its interest as musical annals, this volume is notable as a picture of Vienna in its days of glory and for its vignettes of many of the colorful personalities of pre-war (First World War) days.

★ ★

Three novels are coming which need nothing but the names of their authors to prove their claim on popular interest: Howard Fast's "The American," of which Altgeld is hero; Erskine Caldwell's "A House in the Uplands," which depicts the decay of Southern gentry, and C. F. Forester's "Lord Hornblower," the last and perhaps the best of the Hornblower series.

June

Richard Aldington has turned from poetry to write fiction in "The Romance of Casanova," a novel about the great amorist's one real love.

★ ★

John Harriman is one of the younger writers whose work attracted the attention of critics. He has a new novel coming, "The Magnate," which is a sort of double-barreled affair, concerned with love and business, with two special men and two special women. Locale: New York and Europe in the twenties.

★ ★

In the best tradition of the English novel of manners is Humphrey Pakington's "Aston Kings." This is civilized writing about civilized people, natural, convincing, delightful.

★ ★

Charles Jackson of "Lost Week-End" fame has a new novel coming, a tale of marriage entitled "The Fall of Valor." And Hodding Carter has a story of Mississippi on the way called "Flood Crest."

★ ★

Chard Powers Smith has turned out one of the more interesting (for even this good series varies in its quality) of the River books in "The Housatonic." Certainly he had a gentle and charming scene, set in a beguiling landscape, to inspire his pen.

★ ★

Anyone who read Sir Osbert Sitwell's "Left Hand, Right Hand" will want to follow him further in his reminiscences. "The Scarlet Tree," which still leaves him only at the end of boyhood—he is just finishing at Eton when it closes—has the same graceful writing, delightful characterization, and interesting general observations which marked the first volume of his recollections. Here is an England which is past, and still splendid in its last glow.

★ ★

Only a year or two ago there appeared a biography of that remarkable personage, Elisabet Ney, sculptor, friend of Schopenhauer, wife of Edmund Montgomery, physician and philosopher, who lived part of her life in Germany and ended it in Texas, where there exists to this day a museum in her memory. Now appears Vernon Loggins's "Two Romantics and Their Ideal Life," which recapitulates in detail the story of this picturesque pair.

★ ★

One of the important books of the spring, written from full knowledge and with the understanding not only of a native son but of a man of rare powers of mind, is "The Discovery of India," by Jawaharlal Nehru, Gandhi's disciple and interpreter.

★ ★

Not literature in any sense of the word, but a book so wise and sane in its point of view and of so much potential usefulness to mothers as to deserve listing, is "Off to a Good Start," by Irma Simonton Black. This handbook for parents has the extra merit of spirited and charming illustrations.

Announced for "Sometime in the Spring"

"Theme and Variations," an autobiography by Bruno Walter.

"The Natural History of Nonsense," by Bergen Evans.

"Britannia Mews," by Margery Sharp.

"Torrents of Spring," by Robert Payne.

"Lustre in the Sky," by R. G. Waldeck.

"Independent People," by Haldos Laxness.

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Why Dickens Avoided Chicago

CHARLES DICKENS. By Dame Una Pope-Hennessy. New York: Howell, Soskin & Co. 1946. 476 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by FREDERIC BABCOCK

OTHER reviewers, viewing this book from the standpoint of Dickens scholars, doubtless will compare it with previous Dickens biographies and evaluate it accordingly. As a newspaper man, trained to judge works of both fiction and non-fiction in the light of their human interest or lack of it, I prefer to review it from the standpoint of whether or not it deserves to, and will, capture the attention of the reading public.

John Forster, Thomas Wright, Edward Wagenknecht, and many others have told and retold the life story of the great English novelist. Few writers have received such extensive treatment. Dame Una Pope-Hennessy manages to add to our knowledge of his career, but how accurate her judgment of him may be is not for me to say; I'll leave that to the scholars. Her book discusses candidly some matters that have been whispered about by other biographers. The information she gives us is rather startling, and, as such, it will attract a wide readership.

What interests me particularly—and what, I believe, will interest most other Americans—is that phase of Dickens's life revolving around his trips to this country, and around the way he ignored his American relatives. In my opinion, that story is as dramatic, and therefore as full of human appeal, as anything he ever wrote or anything ever written about him. Parts of the story are familiar to nearly all literate persons. Other parts are disclosed in this review for the first time.

Unmarked and unattended, a certain grave in Graceland Cemetery in Chicago looks like all other neglected graves. It is different from them in that it contains the body of Charles Dickens's youngest brother.

Well marked but otherwise neglected, a certain grave in Riverside Cemetery in Moline, Illinois, contains the body of Charles Dickens's third —and supposedly disowned—son.

Born and reared in poverty, Dickens amassed a fortune by writing about the poor and unfortunate. Then he spurned all pleas to help his American kin, at least two of whom were badly in need of help. His refusal was, presumably, based on moral grounds—despite the fact that the author himself became involved in a scandal when, in middle age, he began an affair with a girl still in her teens.

Everybody knows that Dickens's mother had been a housekeeper; that his father, a clerk in the English Navy-Pay office, often changed his address; that this address finally became the Debtor's Prison of the Marshalsea; that Charles's childhood was one of hardships and humiliations.

One has only to read "David Copperfield" to realize what the boy Dickens went through as a drudge in a blacking factory at Old Hungerford Stairs. "A Christmas Carol," published more than a hundred years ago, remains today a great living lesson in unselfishness. As William Bayard Hale pointed out at a centennial celebration in New York: "Dickens concerned himself with normal, sane, and sweet and simple things—with humble people chiefly, written about in a humble way. His stories tended powerfully toward reform, but he told them, not with reform in view, but because they were in his heart clamoring to be told."

In "British Authors of the Nineteenth Century" Kunitz and Haycraft relate: "In a window, with curious passersby to see him, Charles and another boy spent long days labeling blacking-bottles for a few shillings a week. It is no wonder that he looked back with horror always on this experience." In his later years, these authorities set forth, he was "tenderhearted, courageous, generous, supremely industrious, social-minded, a hater of injustice, and a champion of the oppressed—and he was also arrogant, obstinate, conceited, sentimental, and a bit of a bounder."

—*From the book.*

Dickens, Thackeray, Maclise, and Mahony from a sketch made by Thackeray in 1837.

Whatever else he was, he was perhaps the foremost, and by all odds the most popular, of the English novelists. The dark side of his personal life did not become generally known until many years after his death.

A book published in 1939 quoted one of his daughters as saying that he was "a very wicked man" who at forty-six became the lover of an eighteen-year-old actress. Entitled "Dickens and Daughter," it was written by Miss Gladys Storey, long-time friend of Kate Perugini, one of the author's ten children. It purported to be based on the daughter's memories of her father. Miss Storey wrote: "More tragic and far-reaching in its effects was the association of Charles Dickens and Ellen Ternan (the actress) and their resultant son (who died in infancy) than that of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton and their daughter."

Now Dame Una Pope-Hennessy comes along with her version of how and why the author and his wife separated after twenty-two years:

> There is nothing here to support the contention that the marriage had been acutely unhappy for years and years, and evidently Dickens felt this aspect of his case to be weak, for to strengthen it he made mysterious allusions to a "mental disorder" which caused his wife to think "she would be better away." In fact, she who took the initiative in nothing was credited with initiating the separation.
>
> It would have been better for Dickens's reputation as an honest man if he had admitted that he had fallen violently in love with a girl of eighteen and that the sensation of youth released in him made him regard his own children as "brothers and sisters" and his own wife with physical disgust. After all, the senses know of no constancy. Kate was certainly dull and she may have been a bore, but her husband with his mercurial temperament had been really lucky to be linked with anyone who asserted herself so little and was on the whole so amenable. Their marriage, like many Victorian marriages, had been of the kind indicated in the Church of England wedding service as "for the procreation of children," of whom they had ten in fifteen years. . . .
>
> It is not to be supposed that with Ellen Ternan Charles Dickens entered into the ideal relationship he had all his life hankered for; nevertheless the association must have given him some pleasure, as it was kept going until his death.

And what has all this to do with his American relatives?

Dickens twice toured this country, both times giving lectures and both times being greeted by huge crowds. Of one of his visits Dame Una writes:

> He was told that he really must go to Chicago and that if he didn't

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the people there would have fits. "Well, I had rather they had fits than I did," was his retort. . . .

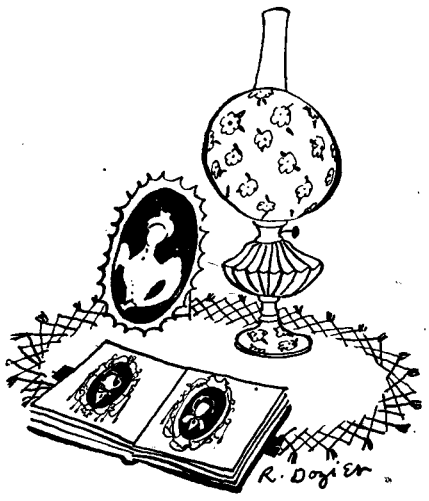
Dickens had a very good reason for not wanting to go to Chicago. His brother Augustus ("Moses") had already been there and the newspapers blazoned the news that he had gone away leaving a wife behind him "in deep poverty." Having made this discovery, the reporters featured her as "starving" and inquired why a man who was taking tens of thousands of dollars out of the country would not spare a dime for his own kith and kin. Once again Dickens felt obliged to defend himself by making a personal statement. He explained that the only legal Mrs. Augustus Dickens was living in England and that for many years he had helped to support her.

Through personal talks and correspondence with surviving kin (of whom there are quite a few in America) and through digging into newspaper files of eighty years ago, I have tried to piece together some of the loosely-linked chain of events. I have found, for instance, that on February 6, 1868, the *Chicago Tribune*, in arguing that Dickens should extend his American tour to Chicago, said that his brother, Augustus N. Dickens, had lived in that city for fifteen years and died in poverty, and that his body was in an unmarked grave there. On March 19 of the same year the *Tribune* announced that the widow of Charles Dickens's brother had been found in poor circumstances and ill on North Clark Street, Chicago, and that the novelist had sent no money to her and had declined to enter into correspondence with her.

Not all the loose ends can be tied together. Some facts have been long since either buried or forgotten, and, in deference to living members of the family, I refrain from setting down other facts. For years we of the Middlewest have been hearing stories of various derelictions on the part of a small minority of the American Dickens tribe. A large majority of the Dickenses are reputable citizens, and whenever a new story appears they view it with distinct pain.

"A few years ago," an Illinois member of the clan said to me the other day, "one of our local characters by the name of Carl Dickin was picked up and sent to the penitentiary for loading up cattle from pastures at night in a truck. He was sentenced under the name of Carl Dickens, and I suppose that when my grandchildren are grown up and reading the newspapers they will see that one of the Dickens family was sent up for cattle stealing and that he was an 'uncle' of their grandfather. In my files I have a number of letters giving me 'inside' information on some terrible persons who are alleged to be direct descendants of Charles Dickens. Three of these letters are from well-meaning persons who want to tell me about an uncle of mine who, they say, was a real devil. Two others allude to twin uncles buried in a pasture by an old oak tree, and for a consideration the writers will lead me to the spot and give me the secret story of how the twins died. My defunct uncles seem to be scattered all over the Middlewest."

In any event, we are concerned here with only two members of the American clan: Dickens's youngest brother and Dickens's third son. These are



the facts as nearly as I have been able to trace them:

The brother, Augustus Noel Dickens, published the first newspaper in Amboy, Illinois. Later he had a menial job with the Illinois Central Railroad in Chicago. He was a financial flop and, as has already been related, he died broke. Repeated efforts to get Charles Dickens to help him, and to help the woman believed to have been his legal widow, ended in failure. On his second tour of this country the novelist journeyed westward as far as St. Louis, but, as also has been set forth, he declined to go to Chicago. While it is established that the brother's body lies in Graceland Cemetery, nobody has succeeded in finding the grave. (And don't think Chicagoans haven't looked for it!)

The son, Francis Jeffrey Dickens, was a ne'er-do-well. He was thirteen years old when his parents separated, and from then on he seems to have shifted for himself. Some say he became a "remittance man"—a term used in the American West to denote an Englishman who gets into a scrape at home and is exiled for the rest of his life, but receives some funds from home regularly. Others say he became an officer in the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police after having lived in Australia and elsewhere. It has been claimed, but not proved, that he was disowned by his father. It is known that he came to this country for a year of travel; that he was regarded as a hell-raiser, and that when he arrived at Moline, Illinois, he was entertained at a dinner party at the home of Samson Kennedy, editor of the *Moline Republican*. There he was stricken—maybe because he drank too much ice water while he was in an overheated condition, and maybe because he drank too much of something else—and there he died.

Notified in England, the father refused to claim the body. Once more he had disavowed a close American relative. His reasons never have been and probably never will be definitely known, but it is evident, in the cases of both the brother and the son, that Charles Dickens, whose private life wouldn't stand too close an examination, disapproved of their private lives and was motivated by that disapproval.

That is the story of the world renowned author whose heart went out to the sufferers and the unfortunate—except a sufferer and an unfortunate who were his own kin.

It is only fair to add that I have shown the foregoing to Edward Wagenknecht, who has made a life study of the subject and whose "The Man Charles Dickens" is an objective and comprehensive work, and that he has reacted more or less violently.

"I know little about the Illinois relatives and visitors," Dr. Wagenknecht tells me. "I do know that Dickens refused to contribute money to his brother's mistress, but I have always attributed that to his Victorian sense of propriety rather than to any hardness of heart on his part. I don't know about the son; certainly I have never come across anything to indicate that his father disowned him.

"With regard to Dickens's marriage: everything that was known about it up to 1929 was included in my book. I think you should remember that, when you say Ellen Ternan was his mistress, you are accepting an hypothesis that has not been proved and that rests on the testimony of very incompetent persons. Mrs. Perugini was, I believe, in her dotage when she lent her support to it.

"As for the latest biography: it is one of the best yet written. Its weakness, as I regard it, lies in the fact that at no point does Dame Una Pope-Hennessy argue the question of whether Ellen Ternan was Dickens's mistress. She assumes. But she takes a fling at the critics 'who deny the validity *(sic)* of Dickens's liaison with Ellen Ternan, being themselves unable to reconcile it with their preconception of his character.' Isn't it possible that the evidence needed to support such 'validity' is far from conclusive? And that, until such evi-

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dence appears, its acceptance and promulgation will be mere scandal-mongering?

"As for the alleged son who died in infancy: English law requires that an illegitimate child must be registered in its mother's name. I happen to know that a search has been made at Somerset House and that there is absolutely no register of such a birth.

"Of course neither I nor anyone else can prove, at this late date, that Miss Ternan was not Dickens's mistress. But neither can anyone prove that she was."

Frederic Babcock is editor of the Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books.

Emily Beyond the Alps

EMILY DICKINSON. Choix de Poèmes. Traduction française et introduction de Félix Ansermoz-Dubois. Genève: Editions du Continent. 1945. 126 *pp.*

Reviewed by JOSEPHINE POLLITT

EMILY DICKINSON has crossed the Alps, and taken Amherst with her. She has been the subject of an occasional essay in French periodicals. She has been translated in at least four anthologies, and three languages on the Continent. In "Emily Dickinson" by Félix Ansermoz-Dubois we now have the first book in French devoted altogether to this American poet. It is a beautifully printed volume, containing thirty carefully chosen Dickinson poems, with a compact and comprehensive biographical and critical introduction by the author.

Emily Dickinson always showed sympathetic interest in France, home of her earliest ancestors. In the turmoil of the War of 1870 there were mixed reactions here to the politically resurgent France. Her friend Dr. Holland published editorial warnings. "Even the hens are touched with the things of Bourbon," wrote Emily to her cousin, "and make a republican like me feel strangely out of scene." Her poem, "Our Lives Are Swiss," comes to mind as we open this book. Her own phrases in French have fascinating connotations. That language at times seems actually to release something imprisoned in the "curious hermetism" of her work.

Every word of M. Ansermoz-Dubois's introduction would be of interest to American readers. He skillfully subordinates the confused controversial problems to an appreciation of the poetry. We are given a vivid picture of Amherst, and of the Dickinson family. The French writer has no particular taste for entering into controversy over the lover. But he weighs the evidence, for those who think there was an actual protagonist; and side by side with it, the evidence for an imagined lover, even to his loss, "an ally necessary in her implacable struggle against her fate. Whatever the nature of it may have been, the drama is there." Lavinia is a more baffling problem for him. Mrs. Bingham's two volumes reached Geneva as he was about to send his book to the printer.

Even the retouched portrait cannot mislead M. Ansermoz-Dubois: "A strange face palely bursting out of a

great ruffled collar, a homely mouth; the expression both stern and mocking, very 'Dickinson' in its originality." He traces the development of Emily's life; of her seclusion; and of her growth as a poet. There was a kind of "snobisme" inherent in the puritanism which was her heritage, in the French critic's opinion, but Emily had her own technique of solitude. It is not the poems alone in which we know the true Emily. Her letters are equally revelatory. Some of those to Colonel Higginson are "indubitably among the most seductive in the English language." He gives two in full, with comment.

She lived in a world enriched by her books, and a captivating intimacy with nature; a world focused as in a creation of Walt Disney. She wrote on the great themes: Nature, love, and death which was continually converging on her. Until she lost herself so well in her poems that one could not always say to which she was calling—love, or death. "There is nothing static, nothing fixed, nor of the accepted in her verses. Not a poem but expresses her quest for Infinity, her progress toward Immortality; some pageant, some unfolding dream."

Her poems are as varied, as baffling as was she. M. Ansermoz-Dubois must choose between poems which are, in Mr. Conrad Aiken's phrase, "transcendental baby-talk," and those with that vital essence which the poet herself called "the esoteric sips of sacramental wine." She wrote poems as stripped as a pharmacist's formula, and others as intangible as soap-bubbles, or like little games of the spirit. And she wrote poems "so charged with sustained emotion, so rich in thought and in expression of it, one can but proclaim them of the 'highest voltage' of all Anglo-Saxon poetry."

Unlike his predecessors in French, this translator is ambitious to keep as close as possible to the original. There are difficulties inherent in "the Dickinson genius": her pronounced taste for "laconiconomie," her abusive use of the hyphen. Furthermore, the English language is unusually rich in monosyllabic verbs; and verbs were the very core of Emily's poetic impulse. From one point of view Emily Dickinson is all joy to her translator. She loved words. "She touched them, at times, as a young girl uses her first rouge; at others, with an intoxication. . . . She tested them for their 'edge,' or 'grain.' She hesitated before them, filling her margins with variants, was tormented to see them ever go forth on their far missions."

The English original is given, with the French. For many of us the old favorite, Emily's "railroad train," will lose nothing when its "horrid, hooting stanza" becomes "atroces hululements,"; and "neigh like Boanerges," "vociférant Bucephale." M. Ansermoz-Dubois has chosen poems which illustrate her insurgent imagination, her unconventional use of rhyme, her audacious experimentation with form and assonance. He has aimed to maintain in the meter the design of the original poem, and that kind of "serene fervor which reflects the poet's impulsive soul." It seems to this Dickinson reader that he is eminently successful. We should like to quote here in French, "Safe in our alabaster chambers," "I'm nobody; who are you?," "The soul selects her own society," "Why do I love thee, sir?," "I tend my flowers for thee," and more. For those who favor a freer translation, the work of M. Ansermoz-Dubois affords a wonderfully heady dispute.

Josephine Pollitt is the author of a life of Emily Dickinson.

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Where the War Began

FRANCO'S BLACK SPAIN. Drawings by Luis Quintanilla. With a Commentary by Richard Watts, Jr. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. *Not paginated.* $3.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER HARRISON

LUIS QUINTANILLA is one of the rare cartoonists who is created out of a hatred of injustice and tyranny. The thirty-three pen and ink drawings in this book are satirical, grim, and sometimes terrifying. They are as direct as a blow in the face, and they are uncomplicated by any doubts about the utter malignancy of Franco's revolution and Franco's rule. They are intended as direct propaganda and like all good propaganda there are no shadings between black and white. To go over these illustrations of our criminal negligence eight or so years ago is to recall the strange air of excitement that filled the newspapers in those brief years before the Munich surrender. Those who were at all aware that the Spanish Revolution was the beginning of a world catastrophe hardly have to be reminded by Mr. Watts that the Spanish Republicans were fighting the battle for all of us, and that the Franco forces were the agents of their German and Italian masters. We knew it well then, and we know it now even more vividly; for it is extraordinary that, through all the years of the bloodshed and criminal brutality of the Second World War, the names of Franco's generals, the agonies of Madrid and Barcelona and many another ravished Spanish city, should ring so clearly when greater battles and sieges are almost forgotten. It is straight and bitter propaganda and the purpose in printing it in this first year of peace is to recall to us that "the Falange is triumphant in a Spain freed of decadent democracy," to use the satirical caption to the volume's final illustration.

Mussolini's minions enter the war laboratory . . .

. . . and the Germans experiment with concentration camps . . .

. . . while the native Falangists appear as military as possible.

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Red Lizards and White Stallions

THE GREAT DIVORCE. By C. S. Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 133 pp. $1.50.

Reviewed by W. H. AUDEN

THE pedagogic purpose of "The Great Divorce" is to correct a misunderstanding of a misunderstanding of the Christian doctrine of Hell, to clarify what Dante saw written over the gates of the Inferno: "Justice moved my High Maker: Divine Power made me Wisdom Supreme, and Primal Love." The original misunderstanding was to think of the Law of God in terms of the laws of men, that is, as something He imposes on individuals, with or without their consent, and for breaking which He imposes, without their consent, an eternal penalty. If this were true, it would really imply that there were two Gods, an imminent God the Creator, and a transcendent God the Judge, and against such a dualism liberal theology very properly reacted—Blake's "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" is one of the great polemics in this reaction. In adopting in its stead a doctrine of inevitable progress, however, liberalism denied freedom in another way, for, if the Love of God is omnipotent in the sense that sooner or later I shall be compelled to recognize it, then my present freedom to refuse is only apparent, and when my sins get me into trouble I may reasonably complain that it was very unkind of God not to exercise his omnipotence earlier. If I am not eternally free, I am not free at all. (It is worth while, perhaps, remarking that Blake was not a meliorist. "Man," he wrote, "is born a Spectre or Satan and is altogether an Evil, and requires a New Selfhood continually, and must continually be changed into his direct contrary.")

Like an increasing number of modern works of art, "The Great Divorce" revives the medieval literary device of the dream and, since Mr. Lewis is a distinguished medieval scholar, revives it with unusual ease and facility. There is a celestial bus which visits the Grey Town, where the streets are endless, sinister, and mean, "always in the rain and always in evening twilight," to pick up any passengers who wish to visit the Green Plain. Actually there are very few of these because, since the ghosts always want to get away from each other, they move further and further away from the bus-stop. Still, a few ghosts—a poet in search of more refined company, a businessman in search of goods to sell, a bishop in search of a broader vision, etc.—do take the bus and, with the dreamer, land on the edge of an enormous plain drenched in the coolness and light of summer morning bordered very far off by what might be either a great bank or cloud or a range of mountains where "the promise—or the threat—of sunrise rested immovably." One of the ghosts asks the driver when they have got to be back and is told: "You need never come back unless you want to. Stay as long as you please." To the ghosts everything seems unbearably solid, the flowers hard as diamonds, the leaves heavy as sacks of coal, but to the solid people who come to meet them, since they are equally real, nature is natural.

The latter have known the ghosts on earth and have come to try to persuade them to stay, but, in all but one case, without success. The respectable ghost clings to its notion of respectability—"it has been entreated; it could make a refusal; and this seemed to it a kind of advantage." The theological ghost clings to its theology: "What does existence mean? You *will* keep on implying some sort of static ready-made reality which is, so to speak, 'there.' These great mysteries cannot be approached in that way. If there were such a thing, quite frankly I should not be interested in it. It would be of no *religious* significance." The wife-ghost and the mother-ghost cling to their possessive loves: "It's simply frightful down there. No one minds about me at all. I can't alter them. It's dreadful to see them all sitting about and not to be able to do anything with them. Give him back to me. It's not fair. I want Robert. How can I pay him out if you won't let me have him?"—"I don't believe in a God who keeps mother and son apart. I believe in a God of Love. No one has a right to come between me and my son. Not even God. Tell Him that to His face. I want my boy. I mean to have him." The self-pitying ghost cannot throw off its self-pity: "I happen to have some self-respect left and I see that my going will make no difference to you. It is nothing to you that I go back to the cold and the gloom, the lonely, lonely streets." The lustful ghost, who is the only one who is finally saved, is nearly lost because he wants his sin overcome without his coöperation: "If you wanted to help me, why didn't you kill the bad thing without asking me—before I knew?"

Meanwhile, the spirit of George Macdonald plays Virgil to Mr. Lewis's

C. S. Lewis should be a "little less energetic or a little less patient . . ."

Dante and explains to the dreamer some of the mysteries of choice and time:

> Mortals say of some temporal suffering "No future bliss can make up for it" not knowing that Heaven once attained will work backward and turn even that agony into a glory. And of some sinful pleasure they say "let me have *this* and I will take the consequences": little dreaming how damnation will spread back and back into their past and contaminate the pleasure of the sin. Both processes begin even before death.

I think it unlikely that if other books as generally entertaining as "The Great Divorce" appear this year, they will be as generally instructive, and vice versa, so that it seems ungracious to ask for more, but I cannot help wishing Mr. Lewis were a little less energetic or a little less patient. He might then give us fewer books, which would be a pity, but our satisfaction in the books he did write might be more lasting and complete. Thus, there are a number of little points in his latest volume which I am sure he would have modified if he had taken more time. For example: However unjust it may be, however the regionalists may resent it, provincial dialects belong, like mothers-in-law and boarding-house food, to a farce convention, and George Macdonald's occasional lapses into Doric are, to this reader at least, shymaking. Again, in his treatment of the sins which tempt the artist, he tries to combine in one figure two mutually exclusive idolatries: the pride from which some artists, usually the bad ones, suffer is of demanding public recognition; the pride of others, usually the good ones, is of not caring whether the public "gets"

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their vision or not, but I do not believe the two can coëxist in the same person, as they do in Mr. Lewis's painter.

Finally, in a book which sets out to explain orthodox doctrine to the laity, it is very important that there should be no possibilities of heretical misunderstanding, and I think I have detected two. Dante or no Dante, it is theologically not in order to present a historical character, in this case Napoleon, as a lost soul; only fictional characters like Othello, who have no life outside our knowledge, can be so presented. We have no right to believe, far less to hope, that even Hitler is in Hell. Secondly, in his account of the conversion of the young man, Mr. Lewis symbolizes the transformation of lust into sanctified desire by the transformation of a red lizard into a white stallion. Now a horse may be a more complex creature than a lizard, but it is not a better one, and a universe in which all lizards were horses would be a less valuable universe. Mr. Lewis may have a personal antipathy to reptiles, just as I have a nervous horror of insects, but such feelings are accidental and have certainly no theological validity.

But such reservations are minor indeed in comparison with all the positive merits of "The Great Divorce." As a last word to those who, like myself, take delight in Mr. Lewis's writings, I should like to recommend the works of the late Charles Williams, a writer as unjustly ignored by American publishers as Mr. Lewis is widely and deservedly recognized.

Ateleological and Teleological

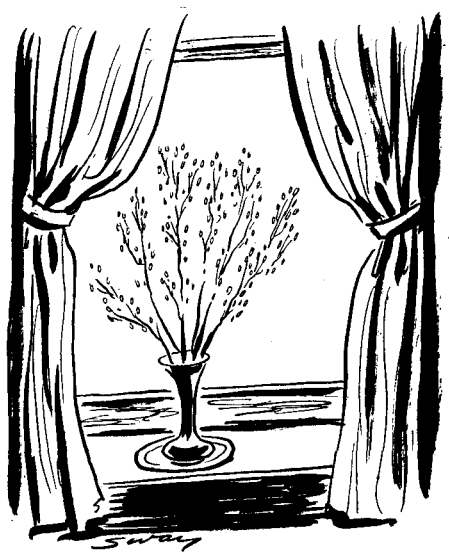
AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE AND ITS PRESUPPOSITIONS. By Milton C. Nahm. New York: Harper and Bros. 1946. 516 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN

HAVING observed that philosophers, whose vocation is consistency, contradict each other; that on such topics as the arts even pundits like Plato and Longinus say opposite things, Professor Nahm felt that he would like to reconcile the contradictions into some mode of consistency. "Aesthetic Experience and its Presuppositions" is the fruit of that pacification. In producing it, Professor Nahm did not study to write beautifully, nor even simply and clearly. He studied to write precisely, and for his occupational peers. His argument, he advises the reader, is an attack upon philosophical problems which "may be solved only if philosophical tools are employed." He has no apologies to make for "the difficulties in terminology" which may come between his meaning and the reader. He goes about resolving his "antinomies in art and aesthetic experience in the argot of his occupation.

I am not sure that I have understood this argot, but if I have, Professor Nahm's very rich and allusive deliverance comes to this: There prevail among estheticians and others two opposed ways of thinking about the arts. One is "ateleological" and transcendental. It postulates either an ineffable, universal absolute beauty or a mathematician's "form" from which any artist's work can be only a fall or a deformation. The other is "teleological." It takes a work of art not for an end in itself, but for a by-product, a means or vehicle of some alien end such as the realization of "the artist's interests" or the service of society, or of God, or of health, or of the reproduction of the race. Such takings, be they "serious" or "play"-full, disregard the intrinsic character —"structure"—of works of art. No more than "ateleological" explanations do they resolve the "antinomies."

Professor Nahm turns, hence, for his resolutions, to a discussion of "structure." The event of this discussion is the idea that works of art constitute "esthetic surfaces" made up of "symbols" and that the "symbols" are "more than a mere object or event" since they signalize "the artist's feelings." Aristotle took note of feeling when he made a point of "Katharsis." But katharsis, however Butcher, Bywater, or Zeller interpret this observation of Aristotle's, is too narrow a notion to account for the intimate connection between symbol and feeling. In its dynamics also "conation" and "imagination" have a role; and Professor Nahm undertakes to account for "esthetic symbols" *via* the dynamic interplay of feeling, imagination and conation. He designates feeling as a continuum (within which "instinct," "emotion" and "mood" are differentiations) underlying both purpose and purposelessness; a term interchangeable with "imagination," taking shape as a promethean purpose when directed futureward, and an epimethean purposelessness when directed toward the past. Symbols, if "esthetic", partake of the qualities of both. Considered "ateleologically", they may be regarded as repristinations of the past —in the sense that the symbol "Orestes" and the symbol "Hamlet" are alike reënactments by different ages of the inveterate vegetation-cycle of all the ages; in the sense that the image of "light" is the surrogate for immortality in varied and successive man-made cultures.



Such "ateleological" explanations of the life of feeling may account for recurrence and repetition in art; they do not account for innovation and creation. These call for a "teleological" supplementation, if not replacement. Lipps, Bergson—I am curious to know why not also the unmentioned Ernst Cassirer and Carl Jung —and Edgar Singer (Professor Nahm announces himself a disciple of Edgar Singer's, and how I wish he had learned to condescend to his master's lucid and moving English as well as to exalt his philosophical ideas!) are here closer to the realities of feeling-experience than Descartes, Pavlow, and Dumas. The "esthetic mood" not only reinstates both the remembered and the immemorial past, it also enfolds a propulsion, a "disequilibrium of feeling," a "discontent", which reaches forward beyond all pastness, and installs one's being in action, liberty, and courage. In an esthetic experience the symbols of art consummate what "the scientist, the moralist, the theologian, the artist and the 'common man'" have only begun.

Apparently Professor Nahm's way of resolving his antinomies is to explain that they belong together anyhow. In the course of doing so, he has displayed a diversified professional learning that should give him a high place in the occupational arcana, and a wide, sensitive knowledge of poets, painters, and musicians that should (but for me, alas, did not), lift up and light up the drab occupational landscape of the esthetician.

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Strictly Personal

SOME NOTES FOR AN ANNIVERSARY

IT seems much longer than any year since the long official trains rolled back toward Washington in April from Hyde Park. The trains had moved slowly northward in the morning, from New York to Dutchess County, along the same tracks upon which Lincoln's funeral train had moved. The Roosevelt trains moved by the same river and the first flowers, the forsythia and lilacs, and the same sort of old men with their hats against their hearts standing very straight with their backs to the river. Sometimes the old men held very solemn children by the hands. There were women on porches with aprons over Sunday clothes. It seemed Sunday in an orphaned land. But in the afternoon, the Roosevelt funeral trains came down the valley like a cortege in a hurry home from the graveyard. Like some earlier heirs and inheritors, there were that afternoon some politicians and others who had less a sense of loss sustained than of freedom acquired. A good many powerful Americans felt more relaxed than bereft. Their cigars were lit. It was dark before the trains passed Trenton and the big Jersey and Pennsylvania factories still producing arms for war and problems for peace. It is hard to remember that all that was only a year ago—the last April before this one.

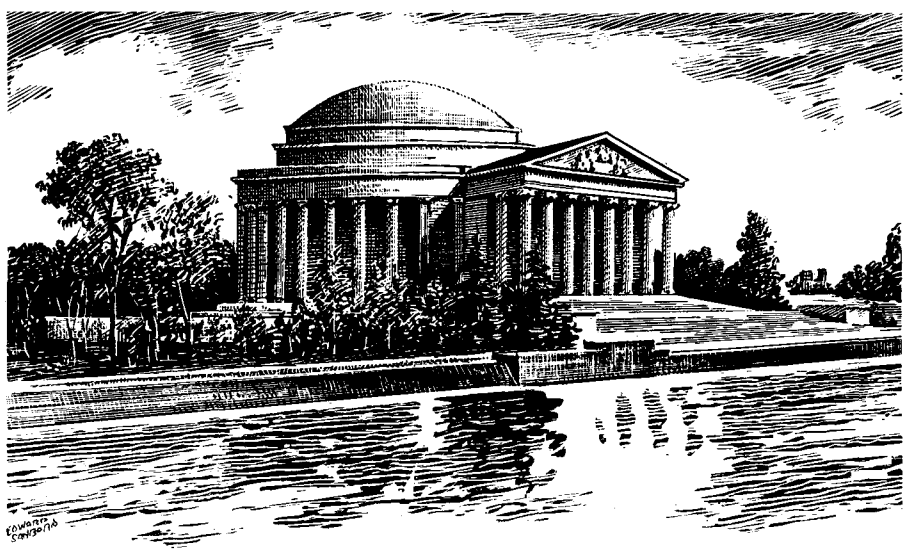
But it takes longer than a year for the American hero to emerge from history. Twenty years after Lincoln fell, John Hay, his biographer, declared that "it affects me physically to see them lie so about Lincoln." It was a hundred years after Jefferson died (and not until he had been adopted as hero by the very American classes which hated him while he lived) that the first memorial to him rose in Washington. The historical image of Franklin Roosevelt grows in the same slow process, but even in a year things have already happened which are parts of the process of the history to which he now belongs.

History, of course, should be solemn, though the men who are its greatest figures seldom are. Lincoln laughed in the darkest sixties. And Roosevelt, who had probably more humor than any other President save Lincoln in the history of the White House, laughed at dark times too, and would laugh now, I know, at those solemn stuffed shirts who undertook to teach President Truman quick lessons about the Presidency. They are the same men, pundits as well as politicians, who do not now see themselves—as they are—as the real comic characters in the current Truman jokes. The really funny thing is that those who laughed at the megalomania they found in the Rooseveltian dictatorship they reported to each other are the same men who are making jokes about Truman's supposed ineptitude and bewilderment. Actually, beyond Roosevelt, Truman has learned painfully and is now trying to teach that no President can leave government (including legislative programs for the people and the nation) to Congress—and that any President must inevitably fight in leadership. The sad thing about Truman's reported bewilderment is that so far as the record shows it is not limited to Truman, but includes every other American, solemn or snickering, in America today.

In a year, fears of greatness in the White House have fallen away. The silliness of the charges against Roosevelt as a domineering tyrant ruthlessly driving an almost disregarded Congress in a distortion of our democracy grows sillier still as Congressional reassertion of its powers moves America steadily to lower and lower common denominators of divided American selfishness and distrust. No man ever sought to deal with Congress with greater and more gentle consideration than Truman. And Truman has served our understanding of Roosevelt's greatness not merely as a man fighting for Roosevelt's programs but as a good-intentioned, courageous man in Roosevelt's place—no dictator, but a President facing old difficulties.

A year has not only made men less fearful of greatness; it has also made clear those qualities of greatness which so recently we observed in Roosevelt. The year has served to separate Roosevelt the man from the institution of the Presidency. And Roosevelt the individual emerges from Roosevelt as the center of a group—of Democrats, of New Dealers, of Americans. Hardly any American President has seemed so surrounded by advisers, aides, brain trusters, ghost writers, etc. Sometimes the pattern of the Presidency as he shaped it made him seem less an individual leader than the picker and user of other men's brains. Most of those men are still available, but the genius has disappeared among them. Indeed, President Truman very wisely kept in the White House at least one of the ablest of them who was FDR's first, continuing, and dependable assistant in writing his speeches. His retention at the White House has served not only Truman but history. He remained. Presidential speeches continued. And nothing could more clearly indicate that when FDR departed, his literary genius departed, too.

CLEARLY Roosevelt might have failed at the tasks he left to Truman. But the thing that grows to understanding in every American's mind is that what they called tyranny and dictatorship under Roosevelt was actually leadership, not merely in courage and good intention, but in clarity and drama as well. Wisdom did not die with Roosevelt, patriotism did not end.



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But today we seem somehow lost without it in memory of his political leadership as the highest expression of the genius of man in our time.

A good deal has been said in regard to Roosevelt's political genius for timing. He had also, I am sure, a strong sense of the steel limits on man's own time on this earth. There was so much to be done—and so little time. I doubt that when he fell in April 1945 he was in the least surprised. The doctors may not have expected it. But long before he died, I shall always believe, Roosevelt knew and Roosevelt made a deliberate choice—the few full years or the many more good quiet ones. For himself and for America I think he made a wise, good choice.

The other choice would have been a rich one too, nevertheless. Millions of Americans in the years to come will see the lovely place around his tomb which was his well-loved home. Certainly, if he had withdrawn —if even the possibility of withdrawal had been in him—Hyde Park must certainly have become then the sort of place Jefferson made of Monticello. The two men were alike—country gentlemen with curiosity and concern extending to the whole world. The Lincoln similarity—the war leadership, the death with victory, the death in April and the lilacs—will be more easily seen. But already, in a second April, Roosevelt is beyond the need of comparison with other great Presidents. He is, as the President who

left us both the possibilities of international peace and of nuclear power, a man of giant dimensions, politician as artist, genius as President, man for a legend in the long remembering of the world.

JONATHAN DANIELS.

Sixty-five Who Did Time

THE GREAT PRISONERS. Selected and edited by Isidore Abramowitz. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1946. xxxvii + 879 *pages*, $4.95.

Reviewed by KURT WEINBERG

THE one anonymous and sixty-four prominent jailbirds whose confessions, trials, philosophy, observations, wit, dignity, baseness, abasement, and histrionics are scattered over these nearly-a-thousand pages are as heterogeneous a group as can be found under the equalizing roof of that tenebrous social institution, the prison. They are kings and shoemakers; philosophers, men of letters, and illiterates; scientists and quacks; poets and poetasters; gentlemen and highway robbers; prophets and skeptics; rebels and despots: Tories and anarchists; men and women of fifteen nationalities whose sufferings cover, throughout twenty-five centuries, the history of "man's unconquerable mind."

Isidore Abramowitz brilliantly performs the tour de force of assembling here, for the first time in one universal forum, these antipodes of station, time, space, color, and creed, unifying the diversity of their common fate and experience in the light of man's permanent struggle for freedom of conscience in a world as permanently dominated by the bias and dogmata of the day.

In more than 170 pages of dispassionate, scholarly, but unacademic assertions and comment, the editor of this anthological experiment displays a refined taste, discerning judgment, a catholic knowledge of his subject colored with a salty sense of humor, and an unfaltering pessimism as regards human tolerance.

In its textual selections rather than in the editor's objective and penetrating expositions, "The Great Prisoners" teaches the all but encouraging lesson that, in the roughly 2,340 years between Socrates's stoic death and the Riom trials, human society has not come nearer to conceding freedom to those "who think differently."

In this drama of the human soul, the protagonists range the full scale from angel to demon. At one extreme are those to whom the words of John Bunyan's wife in court can be applied: "My lord, said she, he dares not leave preaching, as long as he can speak." In the opposite corner are those who might well have chosen as their motto this cautious sentence from Rabelais's prologue to the second book of his Pantagruel: "I shall maintain this up to the stake, the stake excluded."

Those stoic nonconformists, stern crusaders, and prophets who, having decided to go all the way (if choice there be), prefer to die rather than to recant and live in intellectual indignity, comprise in Abramowitz's anthology Socrates, St. Paul, Boethius, Giordano Bruno, Tommaso Campanella, Sir Thomas More, George Wither, John Bunyan, George Fox, William Penn, Anne Hutchinson, Babeuf, Thomas Paine, the majority of the Irish nationalist leaders (to whom an important section of this anthology is consecrated), William Lloyd Garrison, John Brown, Oscar Wilde, Alfred Dreyfus, Ferrer, Eugene Debs, Rosa Luxemburg, Ernst Toller, Dimitrov, Sacco and Vanzetti, Odell Waller, Mahatma Ghandi, Jawaharlal Nehru, and Léon Blum.

Their antipodes are indicated by Galileo Galilei who, confronted with the choice between unquestioning submission to the ruling doctrines and the dictates of his intellectual integrity, sacrifices the latter.

In between stands the legion of cynics who, like Bakunin, resort to base flattery as a medium of shortening their incarceration; of outlaws with genius (Francois Villon) who find through the medium of sublime poetry the physical salvation of their legally forfeited lives. And there are those unfortunate victims whose lives were broken in the storm of revolutions (Charles I, Madame Roland, André Chénier).

John Huss and Toussaint L'Ouverture, victims of treachery, write down, the one in his last letters, the other in his memoirs destined for his captor, Bonaparte, their obstinate dreams of freedom. Paul Verlaine's prison cell becomes the laboratory of a poet's heart. Marco Polo records his travels, Sir Walter Raleigh and Nehru write history. Lenin's four prison walls are the strategic headquarters whence the Russian revolution is prepared. Dostoievsky spends his formative years in jail and Siberia. The egotistic contemplations of Bonaparte, the vanquished, and Hitler, the rising dictator, emanating from their singularly luxurious imprisonments, still shake the world.

In England, gentlemen and journalists transform their prison cells into fashionable salons and editorial offices, receiving a pleiad of wits. To add farce to human comedy, Balzac is locked up for refusing to mount the guard for Louis Philippe and the "greengrocers of Paris."

If some of the creative products of these great prisoners are not literature, they still have their legitimate place as moving humanitarian documents of protest in the world of letters. They are, in the majority, manifestos written by non-sectarians who, in non-conformist loneliness, steered the boats of their conscience toward unexplored shores, refusing to float on the stagnant waters of well-established, accepted doctrines.

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ANNIVERSARY

WHEN he died, not only a nation but a civilization seemed to measure itself for the grave. When he died, a burden under which he had somehow stood was necessarily shifted to the generality of men, but the burden was too heavy even for the many, and they let it fall. That burden was the burden of a progressive humanity, yet even its benefactors were unable to see it maintained.

This year marks the 2375th anniversary of that death. It was one of history's most ominously untimely deaths. It came during a struggle of a civilization torn in two, between Athens at the head of an alliance of democracies and Sparta at the head of an oligarchic coalition. And although Athens survived the war after the death of Pericles, it swiftly descended to a tragic mediocrity in leadership. The building of a peace called for genius but Athens responded with mental ciphers. And when, within a few years, Athens found itself in war again, it was not surprising that the military should have seized the state by default. Nor was it surprising that Athens should have lost not only the war but its civilization as well.

THE virtuous historian regards speculation as the original sin of his profession, but almost every historian of early Greece has yielded to the opinion that the death of Pericles not only symbolized but was directly related to the death of the greatest period of Athenian history. It was under Pericles that Athens had reached the summit of both her power and glory. It was under Pericles that democratic institutions had come into to their own, to be exercised for the many rather than for the few. It was under Pericles that men had experienced a vast emancipation from locked chambers, being ushered into a vast plain where they could discover and exult in the powers of creative intelligence.

There was little in Pericles's background or training to indicate that he would identify himself so forcefully with the fight to broaden the base of Athenian democracy—economic as well as political. Pericles himself, through his family, belonged to the small but tight platinum circle that controlled the state. Whatever aristocracy had to offer its youth had been his. Very early he came into an inheritance that made him one of the wealthiest men in all Greece.

Just where or how the deep sense of democratic purpose developed it is difficult to say. Plutarch seems to feel that Anaxagoras, who looked to science and reason as the only bases for philosophy, may have provided the spark. But whatever the cause, there is no mystery as to the effect—even though the distance between the two may have been considerable. It wasn't until he approached his middle years that he became involved with public affairs, but once in office he acted with a certainty and a boldness that bewildered those of his friends who had never known him to have deep convictions on social and political questions. Nor could it be said that he had become the willing funnel of strong men behind him. Pericles had put together his political philosophy piece by piece by himself and he could see it whole. He could see it, too, in relation to the needs of the people. And from this philosophy he never departed.

It was a philosophy built on humanity and humility—not the humility of the weak but the humility of the strong. It was built—almost magically—in such a way that what seemed to be short-range expedients actually fitted into long-range objectives. It was built to serve the individual but also recognized that individuals must serve principles. It was built on resilience—a springy quality which enabled it to bounce back after it seemed that all the coils were played out or tied down.

As this philosophy became translated into tangible reality, the members of the circle from which Pericles had come became increasingly incredulous and then increasingly bitter, their attitude finally developing into congealed hate. They referred to him contemptuously as a betrayer of his family and of a tradition, as a subversive and dangerous schemer, as a reckless fool who would bankrupt the nation, and as being personally immoral and depraved. This bitterness met no bitterness in return; only a combined amusement and a determination not to depart from fixed objectives.

One of these objectives was the liberalization of the Areopagus, a council of elder statesmen holding broad powers which became broader and more stubborn with the years. It was answerable not even to the popular assembly and constituted itself as the supreme court and council of the land. Members of the court were former high government officials with aristocratic or oligarchic backgrounds. They sat in authority for life, responsible only to their own views of legislative and social propriety.

Pericles lent his active support to a plan by Ephialtes to deprive the Areopagus of the ultimate power over the state and to place it in the hands of the people. The plan also sought to eliminate the powers of censorship which enabled members of the Areopagus to pry into the lives of citizens, then unprotected by a bill of rights.

DESPITE the opposition of the aristocracy, which saw in the proposed reform a blow at itself through the destruction of a body it had come to regard as its chief protector, Pericles and Ephialtes succeeded in revamping both the form and functions of the council. Thereafter the Areopagus was to have specific and limited functions. Its punitive power was gone; it could not instruct the administration concerning policy; it could not inquire into the private lives of citizens; its jurisdiction over law enactment was removed. And as the Areopagus was reduced, so was the popular assembly raised in scope and authority.

A parallel reform involved a tremendous broadening of the base of participation in government. Qualifications for public office were to be based not on holdings but on citizenship. A definite schedule of pay for public office replaced the old system whereby only the wealthy could afford to serve under the no-pay plan. Moreover, there were specific increments in the new salary plan, with the amount increasing with the responsibility, from a small sum for jury duty to a fair amount for chief executive.

Whatever opposition all these measures provoked was as nothing compared to the upheaval caused by Pericles's public works projects, involving large expenditures of public funds. A large percentage of Athenians joined the public payrolls, for the Periclean projects were not re-

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stricted to buildings or monuments but extended to the broad range of culture, with the government aiding artists, writers, and musicians.

The unemployment problem, such as it was, was not to be met by having "people sitting around, doing nothing," as Plutarch describes it, but by having them make an actual contribution to the making of a city and to the betterment of the general citizenry. Thus, were employed, adds Plutarch, "smiths and carpenters, moulders, founders and braziers, stone-cutters, dyers, goldsmiths, ivory-workers, painters, embroiderers, turners, merchants, mariners, shipmasters, conveyors, cartwrights, cattle-breeders, waggoners, rope-makers, flax-workers, shoemakers, leather-dressers, roadmakers, miners. . . ."

THUS it was that Athens became the most beautiful city the world had ever known. There rose within a few years some of the most magnificent structures to have been built anywhere. The Parthenon, the temple of Athena, the Odeum, the Propylaea, the Erectheum—these were only a few of the architectural marvels erected during what is now known as the Golden Age of Pericles.

And as the Periclean Era unfolded, the wealth that was in the human mind, awakened and nourished by the miracle of freedom, poured out on all sides like quicksilver from a spilled but bottomless jar. From it a light was cast whose brilliance illumined all history.

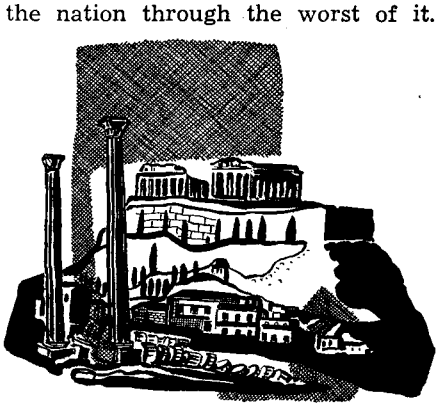
Pericles had been in office almost thirteen years when the great war broke out between Athens and Sparta. Nominally, his tenure was to be for the duration of a single year, and there were nervous protests that he sought a one-man state as year after year he was re-elected. But democracy under Pericles had broadened and had reached its fullest growth.

Yet this democracy was now threatened by Spartan oligarchy. It was threatened from within, too, by Spartan sympathizers and native oligarchs who not only accused Pericles of war-plotting but who tugged at the sleeves of the nation as it took up its arms. There was little doubt that these efforts were carefully coordinated with those of the enemy. For years, in fact, Sparta had attempted to destroy Athenian democracy and install an oligarchic regime in harmony with its own.

Far from seeking war, Pericles had done everything possible to avoid it. But he correctly assessed the factors generating a war momentum and warned the Athenians that war might come whether they wished it or not. He warned against temporary concessions that could gain temporary delays but that would actually make a potential enemy stronger. "If you give way, you will have to meet some greater demand, while a firm refusal will make them clearly understand that they must treat you as equals. Let us make our decision immediately—either to submit without fighting, or to fight against submission."

War came—a war which exceeded in destruction and devastation anything that history had recorded up to that time. It was a war that proved —for Athens at least—that the vital spark in a democracy can go out unless its people are not only worthy of leadership but can generate new leadership when the occasion demands.

For Pericles never lived to see the outcome of the war. He had fallen victim to the plague which had swept over Athens, although he had seen the nation through the worst of it.



One third of the population had perished, but Pericles, with his great genius as a speaker, and with his tremendous talent for taking the people into his confidence and telling them the worst while inspiring them to their best, went before them and reunited them in support of the war. "You should know," he said, "that liberty preserved through our efforts can yet give us the means of restoring what has been lost. But if we are ever brought to our knees, we may never be able to stand on our feet again as free men."

After Pericles's death, a tanner named Cleon came into office. He was aggressive in carrying out the prosecution of the war, but undistinguished and tragically unequal to the biggest job Athens as a nation had faced. The little things, the little problems, he could understand and cope with. But problems of state were mountains.

Still, Cleon was not to blame. He was doing his job as he understood it. The real blame belonged to the Athenians themselves. They lacked purpose. They lacked a sense of vital achievement. They lacked conscience. The nation split up into factions, each seeking power and privileges for its own ends. Thucydides tells us that these factions were "engaged in projects unjust to Athens—projects whose success meant that they alone would be the gainers, but whose failure meant near disaster to the entire nation."

THE Athenian problem was not unique: how to obtain strong, dynamic leadership in time of crisis to cope with strong, dynamic forces, and yet retain the ultimate power in the hands of the people. There was need for a leader who was strong but not a strong man, a commander yet a servant, someone who could unite all factions yet favor no single one; someone who could act in the interests of the majority yet not cater to its whims; someone who could keep his head in the presence of an acute crisis and help the people to keep theirs; someone who was courageous and daring but not irresponsible; someone who regarded democracy as a means to democratic and not personal ends; in short, someone who had an understanding of and a feeling for the broad struggle for larger freedom.

But such leadership does not spring into being automatically. Sometimes it can be generated only out of the quality of leadership in the people themselves. This quality the Athenians lacked. Disunited, weak, they inevitably drifted into the control of the military. An adventurer named Alcibiades rode into power. Democratic constitutions he regarded as acknowledged folly. He had respect only for ambition—in this case, self-respect. He was vastly ambitious, for himself and for Athens—in that order. He believed in uniting the Greek world—by force and conquest. He believed in peace—a peace kept by the sword with the sword in his hands.

Pericles had warned Athens against conquest and against acts born out of temper. And it wasn't that the advice was disregarded; it hadn't even been remembered. At a time when the life of the democracy depended upon the day-by-day wisdom of the people themselves, there was not even enough wisdom to invoke the memory of greatness.

The fall of Athens need not have been inevitable. It could have been saved at almost any point—if only the people could have seen themselves as history later saw them; if only they could have sensed their purposelessness.

How do you fashion a full-length mirror for a nation? And how do you get a nation to look into it?

N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Novelist's Creed

SIR: The great risk editors face in mentioning writers is that the latter are bound to come forward with further evidence of their activity. Which is exactly what I am doing now. The other night I delivered a talk before the Midwest Writers' Conference on "The Writing of the Quality Novel." To enliven the discussion, and to summarize some of my thoughts, I prepared the enclosed, which I facetiously entitled "Ten Commandments for the Novelist." To my amazement I saw my audience taking notes. Several young writers asked for copies. I don't know whether it would have wider interest, but it is a writer's reaction to the contemporary scene in letters, and for that reason I am sending it to you. It may amuse you.

TEN COMMANDMENTS
FOR THE NOVELIST

1. Thou shalt not write with one ear to the cash register, for the clink of coin may deafen thee to the rhythm of thine own prose.
2. Thou shalt not have contempt for thy reader. He may yet write rings around thee.
3. Neither shalt thou befuddle him with obfuscations thou understandeth not thyself.
4. Thou shalt not covet the success of thy neighbor: neither his style, nor his plots, nor his characterizations, nor his royalties.
5. Honor thy language and write earnestly. Master the tools of thy trade and be as good a joiner in words as a master carpenter is in woods.
6. Be not hasty after the plaudits of the multitude, for they will pursue thee in thy measure and worth, and though they come not quickest to those who are lacking in greed, yet they stay the longest.
7. Despise not those masters who came before thee, and neither do thou worship them blindly.
8. Thou shalt not pose nor regard thyself as anointed, for the seeds of talent are as the sands on the seashore and ten thousand may spring into bloom and expose thee for a weed.
9. Thou shalt not look away from the life about thee for in it lie thy roots and thy nourishment.
10. Write from the depths of thy soul and men will know thee from its quality.

LOUIS ZARA.

Chicago, Ill.

A Word for the Doughfoot

SIR: I wish to take issue with one sentence in Mr. Michael Straight's review of "Over to You" which appeared in your issue of March 9. Mr. Straight says, "No group of men were forced for as long and as steadily, beyond the limits of human endurance" in referring to a group of RAF pilots who participated in the recent war.

So much backbiting goes on between the various services and branches today that I hesitate to add my voice to the clamor. However, facts *prove* that the infantrymen, American, British, and German, "were forced for as long and as steadily."

Pilots had beds; ground force troops had holes. Pilots had food; ground force troops had nauseous vitamin concoctions, or nothing at all. Pilots had relief; ground force troops had none. Pilots could relax; ground force troops could not. Pilots looked forward to home after fifty missions; ground force troops looked forward to horrible death, fugitives from the law of averages.

PAUL FUSSELL, JR.

Camp Swift, Texas

"After all, being a first class power was quite a strain."

"Guy" Again

SIR: In your issue of March 9 you print a letter from one St. John Ervine berating Allan Gower of St. Paul for using the word "guy" in the expression, "Who is this guy?" Has Mr. Ervine never celebrated Guy Fawkes Day? Has he never listened to W. S. Gilbert's "Mikado" singing "The lady from the provinces who dresses like a guy?" If the word is objectionable, please note whence it came.

We in America have not accepted many of the diverse dialects of Britain, but we shall continue to enjoy the natural earthiness of Sam Weller and Dan'l Peggoty. Incidentally, by what classical authority does Mr. Ervine justify his use of that illogical, ungrammatical crudity, "What sort of *a* smirking," etc? Surely not "from the well of English, pure and undefiled."

ERNEST R. CLARK.

Spencerport, N. Y.

Demurrer

SIR: I was reading with great interest the article on "What Pocket Magazines Feed On" in the March 9 *SRL*, when I was startled and puzzled by Mr. Butterfield's reference to "faked names," naming mine. Just what did he mean?

Although the name was Clemens, we don't think of Mark Twain as a "faked name." The Pope and Stalin were once known by other names. Lord Mountbatten was formerly Lord Battenberg, I believe. Although it started out as Sixth Avenue, the Avenue of the Americas is still an honest address. A pen-name has always been considered a perfectly acceptable part of a writer's trade, just as an actress may have a professional name. It isn't any more "faked" than a nickname or a petname.

For Mr. Butterfield's forthcoming magazine I hope he finds just the right name.

APRIL TAYLOR.

New York, N. Y.

Group Prejudice

SIR: It was a pleasure to read Dr. Fairchild's wise editorial "Knowledge, Feeling, and Race Prejudice" (*SRL* March 16). His plea for a fuller study of group-feeling is well worth heeding. May I suggest one or two further inclusions needed in such a study? Universal as prejudice undoubtedly is, in the sense of "liking our own kind of people more than we do other kinds," the most serious expressions of this feeling come when organized groups make a point of whipping it up in those who already have it and of spreading it to those who may not. Whatever the harm in disliking Eskimos, Blackfeet, Baptists, or vegetarians, it is small in comparison with the hurt done by groups deliberately organized to use press, radio, pulpit, whispering campaigns, to arouse others against the "menace" of Eskimos, Blackfeet, etc.

A much-needed service is to turn all possible light on how such groups work, where they get their funds, what insecurities they exploit, and how these can be treated more wisely. Dr. Fairchild need not be told how these groups include honest fanatics and also politicians of the least admirable kind. The latter care very little whether a Hottentot gets a job or loses it, but they do care very much whether they themselves keep or achieve power. The recent filibuster against the Fair Employment Practices Act was employed by a group aware that it was a minority but bent

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on keeping its own power in Congress and elsewhere by playing up an ugly trait in their constitutents.

A related problem is the need for a social application of the meaning of libel. America's tradition of libel is still individualistic. One man can invoke the protection of the law against the injury done to his reputation by another individual. But what protection does he get when the harm comes from libelling his group? He suffers as an individual. But the law cannot restrain the persons who harm him by defaming the group. Among the serious problems raised by this need to revise our tradition of law is, of course, a possible danger to our civil liberties. But for this very reason it is much to be hoped that Dr. Fairchild and his fellow-students will give us this further benefit of their thinking.

HENRY NEUMANN

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Voice From Holland

SIR: We, the inhabitants of the smaller Western European states, have the doubtful privilege of knowing that (while we have no say in the directing of international politics) any future conflict between the big three dictators of our destiny will in any case be fought within our boundaries. Nevertheless there seems to be only a very small tendency to enlighten us either as to the chances of such a conflict occurring or about the issues depending on it and the arguments on either side.

Information about international affairs, apart from the special problem of the Dutch East Indies, is practically nil here. The daily papers appear five times a week in a size of four pages of the *SRL*, once of eight pages and not at all on Sunday. Of the four pages, two and a half at least are taken up by advertisements, local news, lists of coupons, radio programs, etc., which leaves about a page and a half to be divided between home politics, theatre, music, movies, and reviews, one or two leaders, and the rest—about one column—for international news. The weekly publications are not much better. Add to this the fact that the papers, with one or two exceptions, have no foreign correspondents—I do not know a single one with a correspondent of its own in the States—and that their editors of foreign affairs have not been abroad since 1939, and you can imagine how much the average reader can learn about the things that are of vital interest to him. But there is another factor at least equally important. Due to the paper shortage and to the lack of currency to pay for publication rights, there are no books about international affairs. Since my return from Belsen camp nine months ago I tried in vain to find the texts or summaries even of the Atlantic Charter, the Charter of UNO, the San Francisco conference, Bretton Woods, etc. It is purely my personal good luck of having relations in the States who were willing to send me some books and pay for some subscriptions to magazines in the U.S.A. and in England that I managed to gain even the slightest knowledge of what every newspaper reader in New York, San Francisco, or Eagle Pass, Tex., can get for pennies. People over here are eager for news and new ideas, but I dare you to find one hundred men or women in the Netherlands who have ever heard of "One World," "The Anatomy of Peace," "Modern Man Is Obsolete," or the report of General Marshall, or five in a thousand who could tell you what the CIO is or whether the Republicans or the Democrats are more conservative. Although everybody knows the parties of Churchill, Eden, Attlee, and Bevin (and not much more about English politics), very few people could state if Mr. Truman is a Democrat or head of the G.O.P.

Why, then, should it not be possible for your government or a private organization to send us books? They don't have to be on good paper or with beautiful bindings; the only things we ask are that they would represent all kinds of views in decent translations and *not* be propaganda of the goody-goody-from-shoeshine-boy-to-President-God's-own-country-we-are-the-one-and-only-air-conditioned-glass-steel-cement-and-plastics-salt-of-the-earth type. And we would like some representative fiction in English, a language spoken by many of this seafaring race. Perhaps Bantam and Pocket Books would be a solution.

How about an Office of PEACE Information? You know better what publishing costs in America are, but I guess that you could give a lot of information to the nine millions of the Netherlands for one hundred thousand dollars.

Even if it were all a gift (which would be quite unnecessary), it would be money well spent for the good will of a nation. How does anybody expect to get the coöperation of other nations if he does not tell them how he wants them to coöperate? A few ambassadors, delegates, and foreign ministers can surely not get very far towards international unity of purpose if their peoples don't know what the purpose is. The elections over here in May—the first after the war—will take their course without a possibility for the electorate to take a stand on international affairs because they don't know what is going on and don't even have a chance of knowing. Why when so much is said and written about the necessity of educating youth in the different countries towards mutual understanding is there so little information for the adults who must educate them (and themselves)?

There is still another side to the picture. Why does the American press not think it worth while to report on the situation in the smaller countries of Western Europe? Why are the occasional articles about them even in magazines of otherwise excellent standing so well-intentioned but so misleading after a stay of obviously not more than a few days without knowledge of the language, apparently written to cover travelling expenses from one bigger country to another bigger one? Why does not even a junior member of the London or Paris staff of the important American papers get the assignment to learn the language and to report about and keep in touch with developments say in Holland and Belgium? This is not wounded pride speaking or the desire to see more about the country we live in in the columns of the New York papers. It is a suggestion to draw the attention of the American public toward the very real importance of the political situation in these countries for their own safety and well-being. I know that these countries are small and weak in a military sense, but I do know also that it will be important for the people of the United States if the nations on the southern coast of the English Channel are likely to be friendly, indifferent, or hostile in any crisis and even if they feel themselves more drawn towards the American or the English Labor Party's concept of economic organization.

Add to this a strong feeling over here that there is a distinct tendency in America toward a new kind of isolationism due in considerable part to the complete lack of understanding of the people and quite a number of their delegates in Congress of the situation and the possibilities in Europe and—I hope—you will find yourself willing to help by bringing my suggestions for more information—and in both directions—to the attention of wider circles. Information, PLEASE!

G. WALLER.

Amsterdam, Netherlands.

"What do you say we have some fun and switch around the last chapters?"

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The Religion of Howard Spring

AND ANOTHER THING . . . By Howard Spring. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1946. 265 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THERE are two things which every man knows—that he exists and that beyond and about him in the world there is another existence. In his moments of intuition he knows that these realities are identical, and that laws which he can neither fathom nor change govern them. Yet constantly during his immersion in time and space he has tried to evade the rules, to set one existence at the service of the other, to escape the ultimatum of harmony and interdependence. The results are explosive, always, and the explosions, lately, have been growing in frequency and force. As a consequence some of the more intelligent humans are beginning to remark that it may be necessary to adhere to the law in order to avoid extinction. People with faith, of course, have known this all along. So have the children.

When a person such as Howard Spring. a man of sense and a writer of stature, sets forth this contention and supports it with all the skill of his mind and the vigor of his art, it is profitable to examine just how he arrived at such a conclusion. For Howard Spring is one of the large number of men of good will who have had to flounder toward a set of moral values without metaphysical or philosophical aid. In our time this is the rule rather than the exception, for the appointed purveyor of these precise and subtle instruments of decision, the orthodox Christian church, has failed to follow its trade. It has dogmatized and judged, but it has not taught and explained.

Mr. Spring, in this rambling essay which he wrote while the war was still on, observes first of all the fact of the church's deviation from the basic Christianity of Jesus. He points out that governments as well as individuals have long been accustomed to call on God rather than Jesus for blessing and approbation—God being the more primitive and martial diety of the Old Testament. We no longer attempt, he points out—and everyone knows this—to bring about the kingdom of Jesus on earth, but are content with maintaining a semblance of order according to the Mosaic law. By way of illustration he mentions that when a London vicar appealed for gifts for German prisoners, a vicar of Ipswich sent a tin of rat poison.

It is easy to make this point; it has been done again and again. But Mr. Spring artfully supports it by telling his personal experiences as a boy and a young man with two of the Christian sects, the Plymouth Brethren and the Wesleyans. With the former group he was bitterly unhappy: "It lacked all that a man needs: beauty, humility and love." With the Wesleyans he was happy, mostly because the social and athletic activities sponsored by that church were pleasant diversions for his adolescence. But in the end he left them, thinking that "the glory of a church is not to be measured by the acreage of its playing fields."

He was left then to draw his morals and ethics from such variable idola as literature, the code of a gentleman, democracy, and the romantic traditions of monogamy. That from these scattered sources, plus an occasional amateur foray into theology, he was able to put together a system of belief with precisely the basic tenets of all truly mystical techniques, is a heartening indication that even when left entirely on its own the inner nature of a good and sensible man will find its way to the fifth chapter of St. Matthew and the Sermon on the Mount.

It is, indeed, a heartening thing for all of mankind to know that this is so. Mr. Spring is no more than a babe in philosophy and metaphysics, but his reasoning is sure, his intuition is certain, and his heart is sound and sweet. This is the leaven in the lump. It is not large, but it need not be. A little in each of us is all we need.

Howard Spring "is no more than a babe in philosophy and metaphyics, but his reasoning is sure, his intuition is certain and his heart is sound and sweet."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

BETS AND BETTORS IN FICTION

Do you remember the famous wagers in literature that are briefly sketched below? Allowing 5 points if you can recall the name of the story and another 5 for the author who wrote it, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 72.

1. Its owner bets $40 with a stranger that his educated frog can outjump any other frog in Calaveras County.
2. A stockbroker bets $10,000 that he can tell the literal truth for 24 hours.
3. A young lawyer wagers his time against 2,000,000 rubles that he can endure voluntary solitary confinement for 15 years.
4. Although he tries desperately to lose at roulette by letting his winnings pile up on one color, a spendthrift millionaire breaks the bank at Monte Carlo.
5. A Jew not only defeats his Roman rival in a chariot race but ruins him financially by winning 100,000 sestertii at 6-to-1 odds.
6. To win a bet of 50 imperials, this Russian soldier sits on the outside of a sloping third-story window sill and, without holding on to anything, drinks off a bottle of rum without stopping.
7. While traveling abroad, this Genoese merchant brags so much about his wife's virtue that he is induced to wager 5,000 florins on it.
8. A London clubman wagers 20,000 pounds that he can travel around the world in 80 days.
9. An expert deliberately admits the loss of a $100 bet concerning the genuineness of a string of pearls rather than embarrass a lady who claims to have bought them for $18.
10. His partner having lost their horses on high throws in a dice game, a soldier stakes both horses' equipment against one horse, and rolls a three.

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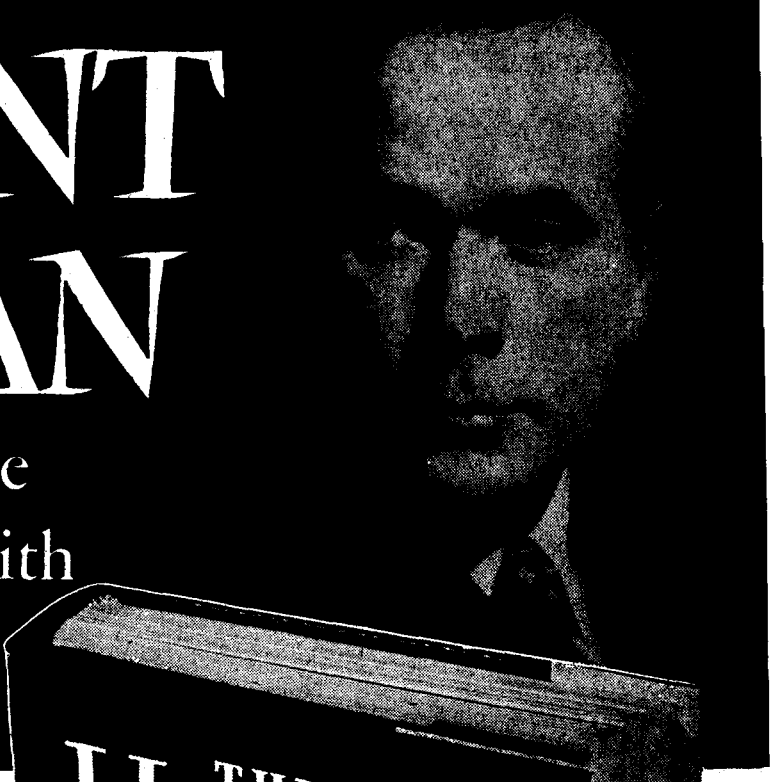
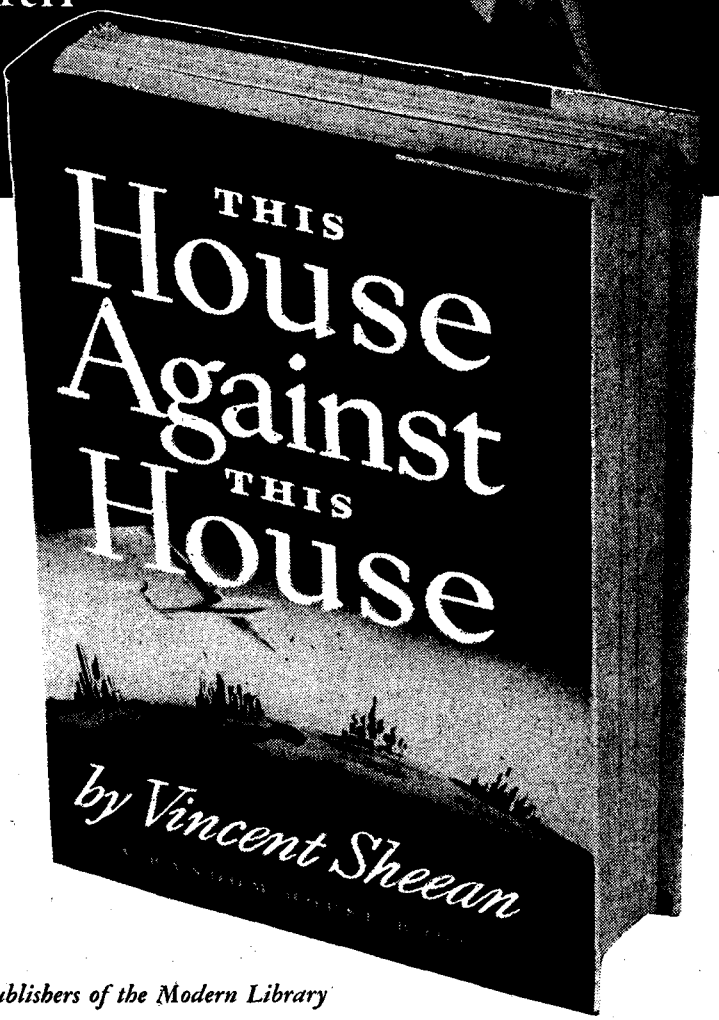
Read What

VINCENT SHEEAN

has to say about the final showdown with Soviet Russia, in –





HIS FIRST BOOK IN THREE YEARS . . .
AND TIMED TO THE MINUTE!

➡ Here is an eyewitness report of history in the making by one of the truly great journalists of our day. In the years since BETWEEN THE THUNDER AND THE SUN, Vincent Sheean has been on two major war fronts as an Army Air Forces officer and in three countries as a war correspondent. He also took part in the North African and Italian invasions. Here, magnificently told, is what he saw, what he did, and what he thought during the three momentous years between the invasion of North Africa and the San Francisco Conference.

The story begins at Versailles as the treaty is being signed, and it ends with the meeting of the United Nations at the Palace Hotel. These two meetings, 27 years apart, point up a strange fact—that though Russia wasn't even present at the first, she was one of two most powerful nations at San Francisco. The other nation was the United States. The emergence of these two powers as the mightiest on earth, with all that that implies and threatens, explains the book's title.

There is a lot of loose talk about the future of the British Empire and our lack of a foreign policy. There are some who say that unless we help Great Britain hold her empire together, Russia will surely engulf us. Vincent Sheean has been all over Europe and met all kinds of people. He has had time to see what is going on and to understand what it means. This book, a full and honest report of what he has learned and discovered, will help you to clarify your own thinking on these current confusions.

JOHN GUNTHER: "His best book since *Personal History* . . . nothing in the past ten years quite rivals it for a detached maturity of view . . . It is beautifully written."

420 pages, $3.50 **RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.,** *Publishers of the Modern Library*

From the waist up she was very much a woman

➡ Of course everyone knew there was no such thing as a mermaid. But Arthur had caught one—and she was in his wife's bathtub.

How she got there, and what happened when his wife found out, is the riotous story of a fantastic adventure in a Caribbean colony.

Peabody's Mermaid

By GUY and CONSTANCE JONES

Everywhere, $2.50
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y., *Publishers of the Modern Library*

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TRADE Winds

THE MOST DISTURBING and provocative book I have read this year is Morris Ernst's "The First Freedom." Ernst has piled up impressive evidence to support his charge that the instruments for dissemination of facts and propaganda—press, radio, and motion pictures—are falling into the hands of a small group of increasingly powerful men. Ten states have not a single city with competing daily newspapers. A thousand independent papers and thirty-two hundred small-town weeklies have vanished in the past few decades. One third of all regular radio stations are interlocked with newspapers. Eleven advertisers contribute approximately fifty per cent of all network income. Five companies control the twenty-eight hundred key movie theatres of the nation. Two companies produce about ninety per cent of all our raw film stock.

The dangers implicit in this situation are set forth by Mr. Ernst without sugar coating. He names names. Anybody connected with the book business in the most remote way should read "The First Freedom" very carefully.

Book publishers are getting a foretaste right now of troubles to come in their frenzied efforts to speed production of their books. Raw materials and printing and binding plants are being acquired steadily by the big fellows. Almost every week you read about some paper mill or bindery falling into the hands of a great publisher of magazines or books who eventually, if not immediately, will use its facilities exclusively. Book publishing was one field where a newcomer always could get a foothold, with no monopoly to nip him in the bud. If a time comes when he no longer can find a plant to print or bind his books, what chance will he have to survive?

The vast expansion of the book market in America is attracting the attention of some very big shots. Let's see to it that they don't end up with the whole pie! . . .

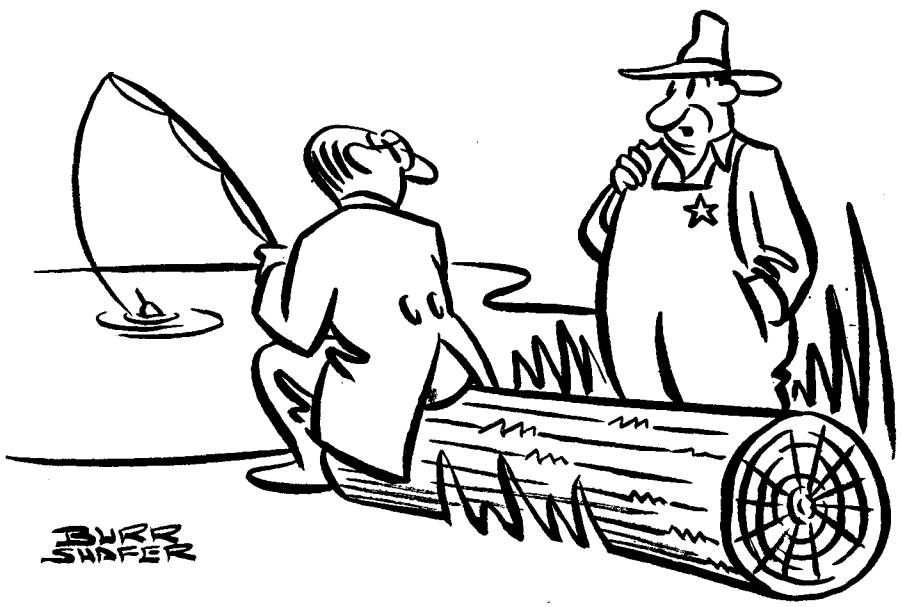
THERE ARE SO MANY ghost writers in California these days that they've formed a protective organization! *Tide* reports that the officers include a Chief Spectre, a Keeper of the Ectoplasm, and an Invisible Ink. . . . Readers of "Duel in the Sun," who remember it as an extremely entertaining but unpretentious "Western," are wondering how even so lavish a producer as David Selznick could have spent six million dollars on the screen version. Remembering what he did with "Rebecca" and "Gone With the Wind," however, they are betting five to one that he'll get away with it. . . . Elliot Roosevelt is writing a book entitled "Franklin D. Roosevelt as World Leader" for summer publication by Duell, Sloan and Pearce. . . . The same firm sponsors "How to Grow Old Disgracefully," by Norman Anthony, one-time editor of *Judge* and *Ballyhoo*. It packs a lot of laughs. . . . As head buyer for the Brentano chain, Joe Margolies has had full opportunity to observe how easy it is to sell anthologies in the field of the supernatural. Armed with this knowledge, he has spent his spare time happily editing a collection of his own. Whittlesey House will publish it under the title of "Strange and Fantastic Stories." . . . Back to the subject of color, John Woodburn takes time off from his labors at Harcourt to suggest that all "No Trespassing" signs be printed gway. William Norwich adds that a bride is wed, and a customer always white. And I add that all future bulletins on this subject will be consigned to the garbage tan. . . .

THE PUBLISHING WORLD rates the Hampshire Bookshop, at the gates of Smith College, among the half dozen best in the country, due in no small measure to the exemplary management of Miss Marion Dodd. On the side, Miss Dodd has been working for years with Esther C. Dunn, star of the Smith English department, on a Trollope Reader. The Oxford University Press will publish it this fall.

Says Miss Dodd: "This Reader will provide a fascinating cross section of life in England in Trollope's time. The excerpts stand on their own. We think the book will make many new readers of Trollope, for when a person once acquires a taste for his novels, he or she keeps one in the offing for years on end. Many of his novels are as interesting as, if not more so than, his famous Barsetshire series. I have been reading Trollope for twenty-five years and Miss Dunn is equally familiar with the material. *The pleasures of reading Trollope,* therefore, will be uppermost always in the makeup of the Reader."

This letter was so persuasive that we forthwith decided to add Trollope's "The Eustace Diamonds" to the Modern Library series. . . .

ROOTS . . . . The happy-go-lucky Ludwig Bemelmans experienced many meteoric ups and downs before he landed in clover for good. One night a friend stopped at his house to pick him up for a dinner they both were invited to attend. "It's six miles away," said Bemelmans glumly, "but I'm afraid we'll have to walk." "What about that shiny Cadillac limousine I saw in your garage?" protested the friend. "We can't use it," said Bemelmans. "I have no money for gasoline." . . . Milton Berle, author of "Out of My Trunk," confided that on his first vaudeville tour, one theatre at which he appeared was so small



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"I'm sorry, Mr. Thoreau, but Mr. Walden says you can't fish in his pond."

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"The Colbys don't live here any more . . . don't you read Winchell?"

that every time he took a bow his head hit the box-office. . . . When Ferenc Molnar took his first wife to the premiere of "Liliom," she wept so bitterly that she implored him never to write anything like it. Molnar says ruefully, "I'm afraid I never did!" . . . Before he authored "All Quiet on the Western Front," Eric Remarque served briefly as drama critic of a Berlin newspaper, but resigned when a group of actors he had roasted waylaid him in an alley and beat him up. . . . James M. Cain was also something of a critic in his salad days, contributing occasional reports of musical events to the now defunct *New York World*. George Antheil's "Ballet Mecanique" and all the lurid publicity attendant thereto raised a series of Cain columns so blistering that Antheil sought him out and offered to play several compositions for him privately. Cain accepted, listened appreciatively, and wrote a public apology. In his lively autobiography, "Bad Boy of Music," George Antheil throws a sprig of laurel Cain's way for "the only newspaper apology" he ever received. . . .

JEAN BREIG, of the John C. Winston Company, received the following application for a job:

> Gentlemen: Now that O.P.A.'s lifted regulation on printing paper, I feel that the only hindrance to the young aspirant is the fully manned staff by which publishers all too often excuse themselves from them.
>
> I write you this card in request of an answer to this simplest of queries: Is your staff fully manned? If so, I must go on to another publisher in that unending search for recognition, lest, as indeed it may, my works go unnoticed; if it is not crowded, and you do find place for a hitherto unaccommodated poet, I would that you let me know; I shall, with all alacrity send you copies of some of my better poems.
>
> I remain, as ever, in joy or in desperation. . . .

Miss Breig failed to tell me whether or not the poet got the job. . . .

HENRY CANBY came home from Australia with convincing tales of the effective part good books have played in spreading abroad a knowledge of the American scene and the American way of life.

One of his own books, however—his excellent biography of Thoreau—was the cause of a certain regrettable occurrence. Mr. Canby's Melbourne host thought so well of it that he insisted upon reading it aloud to his family. His oldest daughter, a senior in high school, listened carefully. Too carefully, perhaps. When the day came for her final examination in geography, she confidently stated, "The three principal bodies of water in the United States are the Mississippi River, the Great Lakes, and Walden Pond!"

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

IN this world of uncertainty it is comforting to know that there are still a few things we may count on, more or less. One of these is Spring. No one can say whether Spring this year will come on winsome tiptoe in soft skirts, or swiftly with tresses of shrill rain. But not even a theoretical physicist would care to doubt the peeping, breathing little evidences.

Almost everyone is partial to his own neck of the woods, but I wonder how many people have known the magnificence of the coming of Spring in Britain. I am not attempting to be specious when I say that from where I sit, the grass looks greener in England. A protective blanket of soft wilting fogs, and trees, drunk with nitrates, hibernate until late March. Then it comes, that bursting, that melody of juices and flowers and birds that has beaten in the pulse of English writers from Chaucer on through the centuries.

It even makes this writer, 3000 miles distant, go hog-wild at the thought. But now he curbs his exuberance and returns within these granite walls to tell about two books from Britain. One is **The Mayfair Squatters** by ANNE MARY FIELDING, a direct descendant of Henry Fielding. Lively, spiced with wit, it might be called a contemporary period piece. There is in this story of a sprightly group who take over an elegantly deserted Mayfair mansion, the language of the well-turned finial. Yet the author is never musty. She manages through her characters to throw open the Georgian doors and let the sunlight in. And now and then she is liable to hang an umbrella on the arm of the statue on the staircase landing.

Torchlight Procession by HELEN IRVINE DOUGLAS of *77 Willow Road* takes us up to Scotland and back to the days of Victoria. A story of lost romance, written with insight and the rare color of a bouquet of heather. And for me there is a link with the past in the thought that I had a classmate who took part in the St. Andrews Torchlight Procession.

paul
DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH

A SAD-FACED man entered one day a doctor's office. The melancholy of his expression was the reason for his being there. He was profoundly distressed.

Day and night, night and day, for months he had been the victim of an increasing despondency. In his eyes was that far-away look which can be found in the eyes of those who, sensing that their life here is threatened, appear to be peeking into the next world. Although the doctor gave him a thorough examination, he could find nothing wrong physically.

"All you need is a good laugh," said the doctor at last in despair. "Why don't you go and see George L. Fox? He's one of the funniest clowns in America. He'll make you laugh."

"But, doctor, I *am* George Fox."

More than being one of the most venerable of wheezes, this George Fox story is also one of the most adjustable. It must have been told about every other major clown. The name does not matter. Grimaldi, Grock, one of the Four Fratellinis, or Deburau—any of them will do. No doubt all of them have served. Each one of them is an entry in that relay race run eternally by the tribe of Pagliacci.

The melancholy of clowns seems to be almost as much an occupational disease as is the goodness of prostitutes in our more romantic plays and novels. Not without reason. Because, to evoke laughter, clowns must be on speaking terms with pain. The beatings they take, the indignities to which they smilingly submit, are a vital part of their contribution to joy. Their discomfort is our pleasure.

One of this country's great clowns was Frank (Slivers) Oakley. It was he who, all alone in the huge arena, used a play a one-man game of baseball. In "This Way to the Big Show" the late Dexter Fellows, the circus's famous drum-beater, tells us that Slivers once showed him a long scar just below his right eyebrow.

"That's a souvenir of an appearance in Chicago," confided Silvers. "As I was entering the arena, a youngster threw a tin can at me. The blood gushed out of my eye. As I was mopping it up with my handkerchief, I overheard this conversation:

'Say, Pa, did you see me hit that clown?'

'Yes, son.'

'It was a peach of a shot, wasn't it?'

'It was, son.'"

Trusting that the ragged edges of the tin can had not torn his eye out, Slivers jumped into the ring and went through his act, while thousands roared with laughter.

Mr. Fellows has yarn after yarn to tell of this same variety. Perhaps the most touching of these is the one about an old clown; a man who had once worked with Slivers. In all the years that he had capered on the tanbark, this clown had won only one real laugh. He had won this when an elephant had stepped on his foot and smashed it flat. Not realizing that an accident had occurred, the audience had screamed with delight while the clown screamed with pain. He was groaning and biting his fingers foolishly, as his fellow-zanies carried him out. But for once, at least, he was rewarded with deafening applause.

Apparently being funny in a sad world is a grave business. Even we who are not clowns know how much pain is centered in our funny-bones. It is the hint of tragedy, of course, which makes Chaplin sublime, and which dignifies all of Jimmy Savo's drolleries. This realization that tears and laughter can be as near neighbors as are pain and pleasure is the cliché of all writing about the circus and its unmerry Andrews.

It is upon this inescapable motif of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" that Andreyev based his "He Who Gets Slapped."*

Twenty-four years have spun around since the Theatre Guild first staged Andreyev's circus play. To most of us of a certain vintage that first New York production, though blurred, has refused to quit our minds.

I know at least that I was pleased and surprised to find how these memories were jostled into life by the Guild's present revival. They returned as hazy images; bright in their colors, indistinct in their lines. They flickered out of the darkness of time for an instant. They caught the light as goldfish do in a curtained room. And surrendered it as quickly.

*HE WHO GETS SLAPPED. *By Leonid Andreyev, English version by Judith Guthrie. Presented by the Theatre Guild. Staged by Tyrone Guthrie. Settings and Costumes by Motley. Production under supervision of Theresa Helburn and Lawrence Langner. With a cast including Dennis King, Susan Douglas, Stella Adler, John Abbott, and Reinhold Schunzel. At the Booth Theatre.*

—*Vandamm Studio*

"Leonid Andreyev's 'He Who Gets Slapped' is a play the significance of which must be taken on faith."

The quiet authority of Frank Reicher's owner of the little circus; the pathos of Richard Bennett's He; the blonde innocence of Margalo Gillmore's Consuela; the buzzsaw stridency of Helen Westley's lion-tamer; especially the happy focus, the shadowy beauty, and the varying levels of Lee Simonson's background, which made it one of the most distinguished settings our theatre has seen—all of these recollections superimposed themselves upon the new production until the vision with which I saw it became intermittently bifocal.

We may not have understood all the details of Andreyev's play in 1922 any more than we can pretend to have mastered them now. Whether "He Who Gets Slapped" was intended as an allegory, or meant to be merely a melodrama, remains a question; as much a question as the degree to which it is mystical or realistic.

The script could always claim those illusive points which literal Americans are fond of describing as "Russian." To those who are never happier than when confronted with what they do not understand, "He" was, and doubtless remains, a sheer delight. To those who like to keep pace with what they are seeing, it still has a perverse way of playing "Hide and Seek" instead of that other game known as "Shedding Light."

This much it says to anyone. Its story of the disillusioned author who seeks refuge from the world's cruelties as a performer in a circus is the age-old fable of the clown whose heart is broken. Moreover, this man's attempt to save a little bareback rider from the rich old baron, to whom she is being sold by her foster-father,

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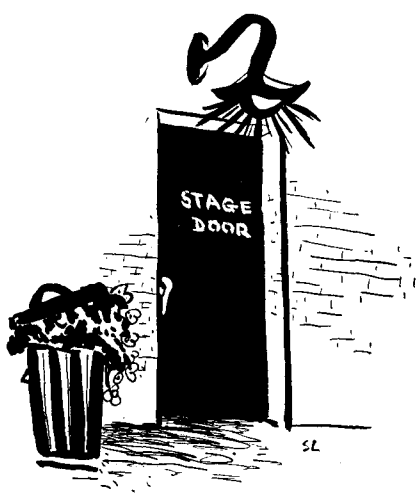
affords the stuff of good, abiding theatre.

Encasing both this situation and this melodrama, the way china is packed in excelsior, are whatever mystical or symbolical overtones the spectator may choose to read into the text, or be able to derive from it. I must admit that for me the play's symbols have never proved tinkling. I have never understood what Andreyev meant by the passion his lion-tamer feels for her big cats. I remain as mystified as I was in 1922 by the hints given of the life that He has previously led. Although I understand that He finds in Consuela, the bareback rider, the realization of his dream of goodness and innocence, I do not pretend to know precisely what the baron represents. Or the gentleman from the outside world who is He's rival in both literature and love. Or, for that matter, Bezano, the young



equestrian with the Kelvinator heart, who is Consuela's partner.

Andreyev's is a play the significance of which must be taken on faith. As a melodrama it is simple enough. But as an allegory it leaves much to be desired. Unquestionably the dark clouds which obscure the text's clarity add to its suspense. They prove irritating only when one tries to see through them. This is why I, for one, found greater pleasure in the original New York production than I was able to find in the revival.

That first production did not endeavor to blow away these clouds. It was far more romantic, and far less realistic, than is the present version. No one contributed more to the sense it gave of finding Pirandello nestling close to a samovar than did Mr. Simonson. His settings left the imagination unchained. Right you were, if you thought you were, in bringing any interpretation you desired to the play. Motley's background is not only far less distinguished in its lines; by intention it is much more realistic.

"He Who Gets Slapped," however,

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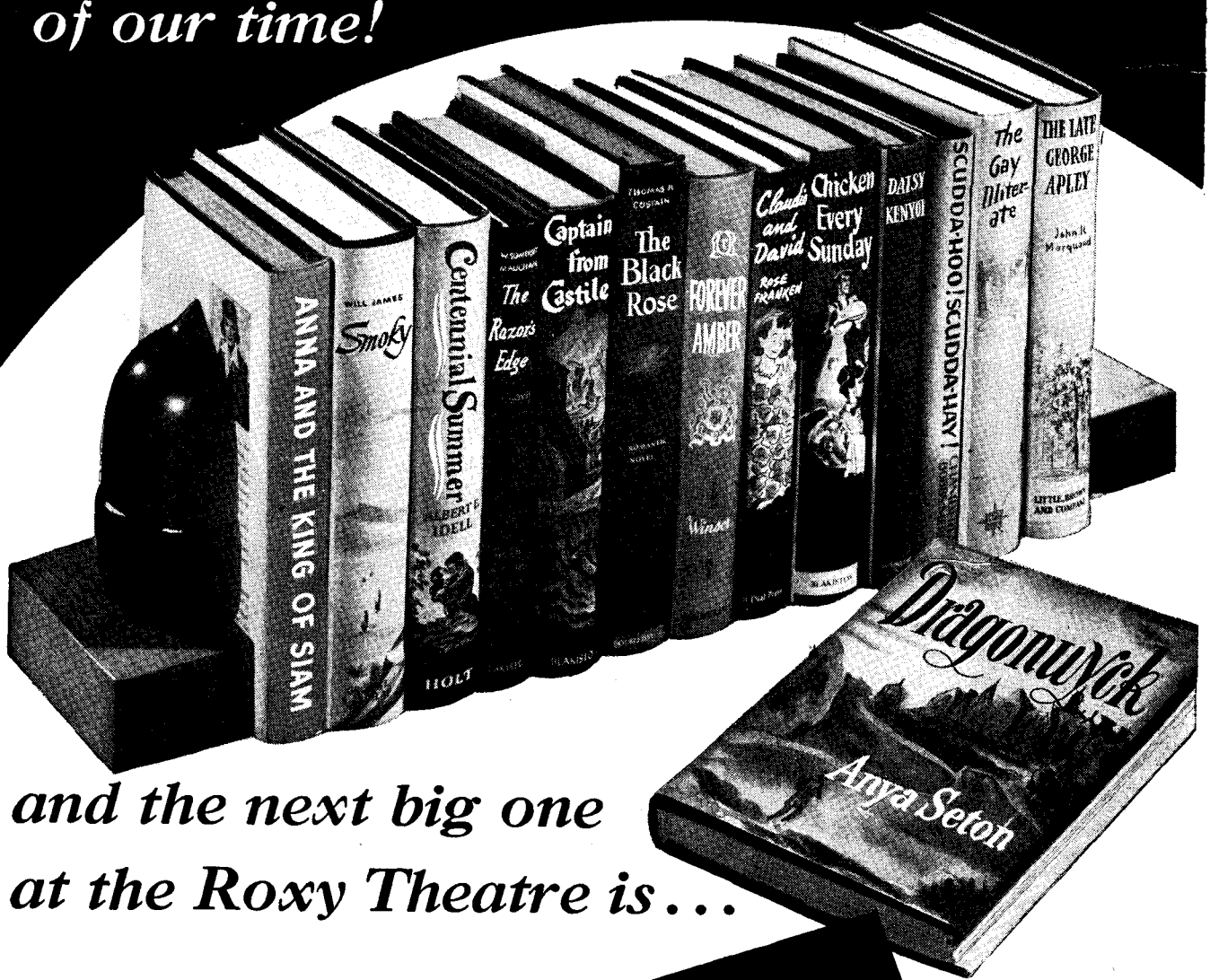

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refuses to be taken literally. The more one attempts to drag it into the sunlight, the more the dark spots in its writing show. Unfortunate as the revival may be in such a performance as John Abbott's Mancini, it can claim its genuine virtues. Among these must be listed the unfailing authority and technical excellence of Dennis King's He; the quiet despair of Reinhold Schunzel's baron; and the Consuela of Susan Douglas who needs only spiritual radiance to crown her youthful innocence and charm. Most especially, the revival benefits by the way in which, with a virtuoso's ease, Tyrone Guthrie has directed the difficult crowd-scenes and supplied the circus atmosphere.

But, above all, the play proves valid, at those moments when it still includes us, because of its poignant awareness of the sadness that underlies gaiety. This is what is at once oldest and freshest in its theme. Dexter Fellows's crony, Slivers, would have understood this. So would George L. Fox and any of his tragi-comic crew. Just now it should be easily within the comprehension of us all.

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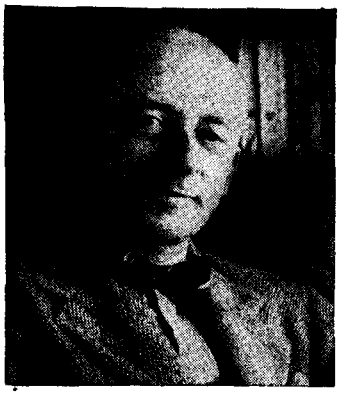

Photo by Joseph Breitenbach N.Y. C.

Confessions . . .

On the twelfth of March, 1933—when Nazi terror had already replaced legal processes throughout most of Germany—the magazine *Simplicissimus,* published in Munich, brought out an issue of incredible daring. Following the line it had taken ever since the advent of the Nazis, it ridiculed and satirized the stupid little men in brown shirts who were raging hysterically through the land. On March 20, the courageous editor of *Simplicissimus* crossed the Swiss frontier — just one jump ahead of the Nazis.

That editor, FRANZ SCHOENBERNER, has now written his memoirs. The book is not an account of exciting personal adventure; instead, it is a banquet of fascinating reminiscences and literary digressions by a distinguished editor who knew many prominent writers and artists. Here are pen-sketches and anecdotes of D. H. Lawrence, Rainer Maria Rilke, Hans Carossa, Hermann Kesten, George Grosz, and others whom Mr. Schoenberner knew at first hand. He also records many interesting things told him by friends who knew personally Tolstoy, Anatole France, Nietzsche, Stefan George, and others.

But the CONFESSIONS is more than a book of delightful literary gossip. Mr. Schoenberner, son of a Protestant pastor, was born into the intellectual middle class, a caste composed of ministers and professors, doctors and lawyers. In these circles money was considered almost indecent, something never to be mentioned. "Practical" was a word of condemnation, and an engineer, for instance, was looked down upon as a cross between a businessman and a factory worker. An "intellectual" by birth, tradition, and training, Mr. Schoenberner is able to picture the European intellectual as a type, with all his charms, virtues, and futilities. And, as he tells about the rise of fascism in Europe and the reactions of intellectuals to it, he reveals something of the reasons for their failure to combat it successfully, and gives a warning for the future.

Confessions of a EUROPEAN INTELLECTUAL

By Franz Schoenberner

(SIMPLICISSIMUS)

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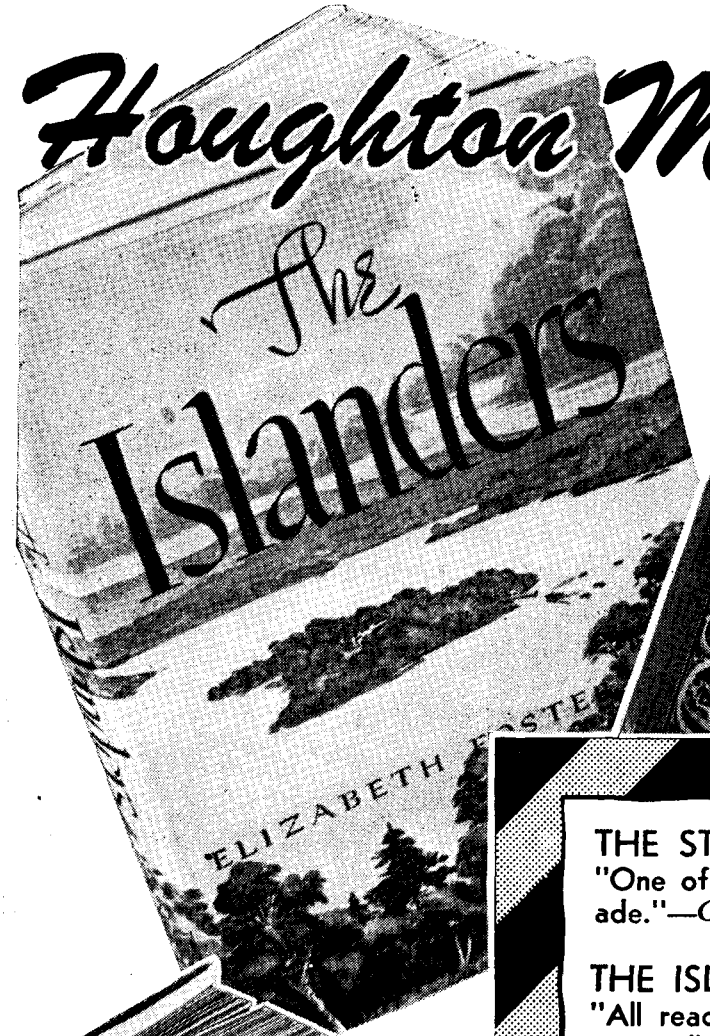

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any BEST SELLERS in 1946

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HEARING THINGS

CONDUCTING AND CONDUCTORS

THE conductor raises his baton, the audience is hushed, and the concert begins. The gyrations of the baton, imperious gestures of head and body, vivid facial expression, here approving, there pleading, seem to draw the music from the orchestra as if by magic. The magic is the more convincing because quite often there is no score in front of the conductor and everything seems to be concentrated in, and emanating from, the slender piece of wood in his right hand. There can be no question that the admiration bestowed a generation ago on the great virtuosos of the violin or piano cannot compare with the worshipful reverence accorded to our present-day virtuoso conductors; the answer is, of course, that they are not entirely free from the suspicion of sorcery.

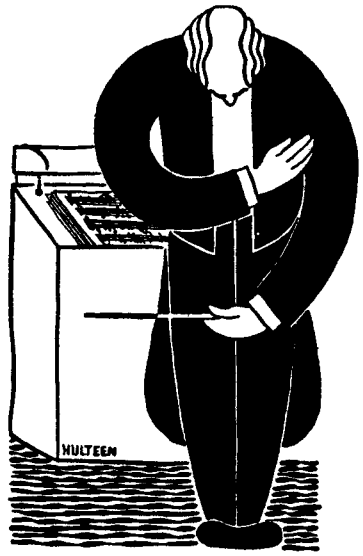
The reaction to the conductor's mysterious doings is different, however, on the part of those who face him, for to them it is of vital importance whether those gestures have any practical meaning upon which they can rely during the execution of the work. An experienced orchestral player can tell after a few measures whether the conductor is attending to his business or is indulging in hocus-pocus for effect, and will govern his playing accordingly. Because—and this is not sufficiently appreciated by the public—he *can* play without paying much attention to the conductor.

The art of conducting is ninety percent rehearsing, with ten percent added for the performance. The gestures are largely meaningless unless the all-important essentials of a composition—such as tempo, dynamics, phrasing, balance—in short, the depth and breadth of the composition, are communicated to the orchestra in detail. All this takes place during the rehearsals, when the true skill and mastery of the conductor count. Many a person who unreservedly believes in the limitless memory and sovereign ease of action of our famous conductors would be surprised to see them in their overalls when, *with a score before them*, they rehearse a symphony.

On such occasions a few of our glamor boys cut a sorry figure in the eyes of their players. In the "old days" the conductor was a man who knew his score inside out before starting on the first rehearsal; yet he would not part with his copy. Today, some of our star conductors do not bother very much with their scores in advance. At the first rehearsal or rehearsals they sit up in the balcony and have the orchestra put through its paces by the assistant conductor or concert master, usually a very efficient musician thoroughly capable of familiarizing himself with the score in short order. Having thus painlessly gotten an over-all picture of the score, the conductor can proceed to invest it with the tricks of the trade, the oomph the public expects from the virtuoso conductor.

This business of conducting without a score has a curious origin. It is due mainly to the fact that Toscanini's eyesight is poor and he became compelled some time ago to conduct without the score. This he offsets by studying his scores with the utmost care until he really knows them. The great Italian's misfortune was turned into a fad, and nowadays most conductors of position consider it their duty to avoid being seen in public with a score.

Needless to say, this silly custom sets various limitations on their freedom of action. They may know a work in its broad outlines but can seldom master its details without the orchestral score, hence the players do not benefit from subtle and precise guidance, but get only the obvious cues which they do not need but which the public will instantly recognize as a magic stroke of the baton. In turn, the players are under a strain, as they can never fully rely on help from the leader. Another natural consequence of this concession to showmanship is the narrowness of the conductor's repertory. He will know the staples—and in our well organized standard repertory he can go a long way with a couple of dozen works—and will avoid any new works if he can. (One approved way out is to let the composer conduct his new work; this looks like an honor, whereas it is likely to be plain indifference and laziness.)



The committing to memory of the orchestral score of a large symphonic work is a gruelling and unnecessary task, not to be confused with the relatively simple memorizing of compositions for a solo instrument. Memorizing a piano sonata or a violin concerto is considerably aided by the physical memory of the fingers; as a matter of fact, there are many celebrated performers whose digital skill and memory are vastly superior to their musical talents. No one is altogether at ease when conducting by heart; the score should be there to be read so that the complete picture of the work is constantly before the maestro. In contradistinction, we seldom if ever see a conductor in an opera house lead a performance without a score, for the very simple reason that such bluffing as is done in the concert hall would soon end in disaster. The well-organized symphony orchestra can muddle through without a mishap even if it does not get much help from the conductor—the New York Philharmonic Orchestra used to play every piece to the bitter end even under Stransky. In the opera everything depends on the conductor. The singers, who sing from memory, need his constant vigilance, and the orchestra, usually less efficient than a good symphony orchestra and much less rehearsed, is not free to shift for itself; it must keep its pace with the stage. The really great conductors are made in the opera, and some of our most celebrated heroes of the concert hall would not last half way through "Hansel und Gretel." Those leisurely gestures, elegant grimaces, expressions of rage or grief which hypnotize the unsuspecting public are of no avail in the opera pit; the conductor must watch his prima donna lest the lady—seldom altogether sure of her music—will start too soon or too late, and a down beat must be a down beat for her, a pirouette won't do.

To be sure, a good performance is immeasurably aided by a fiery and enthusiastic conductor, but we must not forget that the motions of the baton are not for the purpose of churning up an ethereal whipped

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a painting for *Tom Sawyer*
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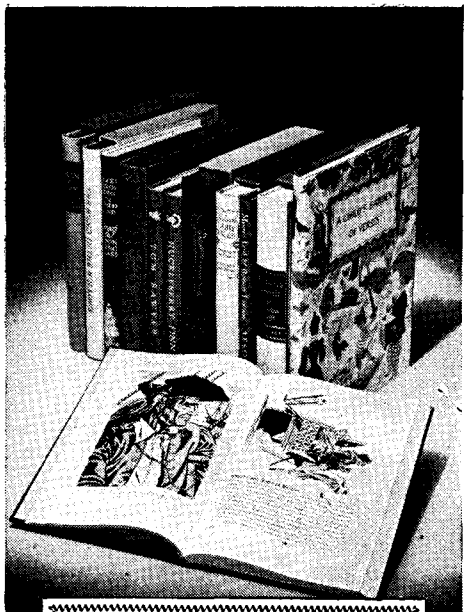
RAIN, a drawing by ROGER DUVOISIN for *A Child's Garden of Verses*



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cream; every one of those motions is part of a basically very simple pattern of beating time. In the eighteenth-century French orchestra the conductor whacked his desk with something resembling a baseball bat —Rousseau called him "the wood-chopper." After a while this practice was abandoned as being too noisy and conductors led their forces with a rolled sheaf of music paper, later, from about Mendelssohn onward, settling on the present-day method of the silent baton. Still, in a way, that pounding was very practical compared to the senseless baton meanderings of some of our conductors.

Most of our eminent orchestral leaders know just how far they can go in their showmanship without endangering the performance—or at least themselves. Some years ago I watched Koussevitzky gloriously at sea in the very first chorus of Bach's St. John Passion. This music not being in his bailiwick he had the score in front of him, but his antics got him in trouble and he lost his way. Not so the Boston Symphony players, to whom this was a very simple task, nor the Harvard-Radcliffe choirs, superbly trained in their difficult parts by expert if unglamorous musicians. The piece ended with both conductor and performers still together—but it was *they* who led the conductor. The public does not notice such little contretemps, which are not unusual, but the musicians know it instantly and come to the conductor's rescue. It is ironical, indeed, that the ethics of the trade forbid even mentioning such weaknesses in the armor of the knights of the baton.

Our musical life would gain much if we could return to the eminently professional, and of course artistic, customs of the days of, say, Karl Muck (since we have singled out the valiant Bostonians), but a conductor with a score and an unequivocally intelligible beat has no such chance until our public will realize the value of artistic integrity in conducting, and will place it above histrionics.

PAUL HENRY LANG.

Chaucer In His Time

GEOFFREY CHAUCER OF ENGLAND. By Marchette Chute. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 347 pp. $3.75.

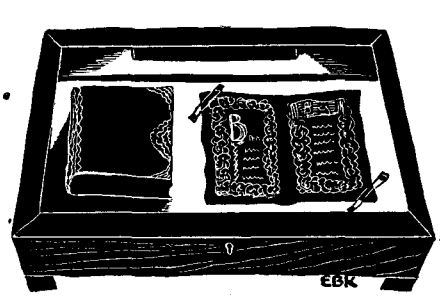
Reviewed by
HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

And for ther is so gret diversite
In Englissh and in writyng of oure tonge
So prey I God that non myswrite the,
In the mysmetre for defaute of tonge,
And red wherso thow be, or elles songe,
That thow be understonde, God I beseche!

THERE never was a poet so easy to read as Chaucer. He is as clear as a May morning. The best way to understand him is to read him. If you have to spend a few minutes, once in a while, checking up with a glossary, that's fun, too, because words have an interesting life of their own, and can be good friends at need.

So the modernizations, thank God, have not displaced the original text; and we may be grateful that this latest effort to make Chaucer known to millions has not sought to do it by way of a hybrid versification. This is a "life" of Chaucer, and such quotations as it contains are left in the original metre—almost, though not quite, unfortunately; some lines have final syllables lopped off and do not scan. What enjoyment there can be in such mutilation, I cannot see. It is particularly irritating when, after scolding poor Lydgate for his "sloppy" verse, the author quotes the old monk without the final syllables to which he is entitled.

Next to reading Chaucer, the best way to understand him is to see him against his literary and historical backgrounds. For the literary background, read John Livingston Lowes's superb "Art of Geoffrey Chaucer" and "Chaucer and His Genius." For the historical background, read this book by Miss Chute. Here, for the first time, is a really adequate treatment of Chaucer's life in its content—political, social, personal. The reign of Richard II, "he of Bordeaux," makes clear why Chaucer wrote what he did, and why he went through his long apprenticeship in artificial modes before he found reality. Better even than the masterly handling of the larger issues is the recovery of Chaucer's everyday life. His friends and contemporaries, Gower and Strode and Wyclif and the rest, are brought in simply and naturally in a smooth-flowing narrative that is so simply patterned as to disguise the really solid scholarship underlying it.



The first chapters are **particularly** good reading, really first-rate biography of the new kind, made possible by a full half-century of research in the archives, and fully digested so as to be genuinely interesting even to the general reader.

Miss Chute is perhaps more conservative than I like in rejecting the suggestion of Margaret Galway that Joan of Kent was Chaucer's chief patron in the art of court poetry, the Alcestis of his dream. She is also too sceptical, I think, of some of Manly's identifications. She overstates Gower's reputation in later centuries; surely this is not borne out by manuscripts, editions, or allusions.

But the book is valuable not so much for its literary judgments, or its summation of the poems—though these are in the main adequate, they have been better done—but as a most pleasant and thoroughly readable "companion" to Chaucer's own text, which, it cannot be too often repeated, presents no real difficulty to any American reader with a one-hundred I.Q. The book will be highly valued as supplementing class work in high school and college, and even more in adult education and self-directed reading. Veterans who have never been to college, and don't intend to go, if they will read this book, will find their interest whetted, and will not hesitate to take the first plunge into the original Chaucer. After that, it's as easy as swimming. Come on in, the water's fine.

The Bond

By Edith Henrich

I KNOW whoever
in life goes forth,
with joy, with joy,
upon the earth,
who, hurt or threatened,
turns, and knows
the sudden valor
of teeth and claws.

I know the runner
who flees from death,
the horse and hounds
he races with,
how he lies low
in thicket, fearing
any return
or brook or clearing.

I know one other:
he does not have
speed or weapon
to make him brave,
he freezes on granite,
his throat and breast
brightening with terror:
I know him best.

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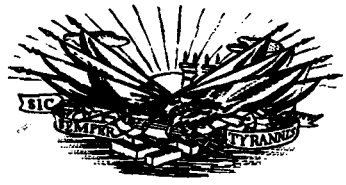

by Alan Moorehead

Here is one of the best books in any department of literature any publisher has ever had the honor of issuing. It is at once brilliant and full of humanity. Certain passages are as exciting and moving as anything in *War and Peace.* In addition, Moorehead's pictures of the general strategy and statesmanship of World War II lift the book to a plane of the best and most vivid historical writing. $2.75

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Police As Masters and As Servants

GOVERNMENT AGAINST THE PEOPLE. By Asher Brynes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 265 pp. $3.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

THIS book by Asher Brynes, author of "Revolution Comes of Age" and Guggenheim Foundation fellow, should have as its subtitle "The Police Idea," for it is an adequately conceived and competently executed consideration of the character and function of the police force in various countries, chiefly Russia, England, and the United States. The title of the book, "Government Against the People," points to the degradation of the police idea: the police state. Mr. Brynes's book is not, therefore, merely a contribution to the history of an institution; it is also a study in political development, with far-reaching implications and lessons for the future of civilization. In writing this book Mr. Brynes has exercised not only an acute and disciplined historical judgment, but a moral judgment no less acute and disciplined.

In a chapter of some eighty pages the author traces, with dramatic skill, the ancestry of the NKVD back to the GPU, back to the Cheka, back to the Okhrana, back to the Preobrazhensky Guard of Peter the Great, back to the Opritchniks of Ivan the Terrible, back to the Strelksi. In our own day the Extraordinary Commission to Fight Counter-Revolution became the Special State Political Institution, a rose known today by the innocent name of the People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs. Brynes shows that the pedigree of this institution is the most ancient in Russia: the line of descent of Russia's political police goes back to the establishment of the independent Russian state more than four centuries ago.

From the time of Ivan, through the days of his successors, including the present incumbents of the Kremlin, Russia has presented the picture of a nation in arms. The army has been the first concern of all branches of the Russian government. The result was a use of force and arbitrary police action in domestic affairs. Opposition to this policy was always broken with ferocity: towns of people have been slaughtered, populations have been shifted, compulsory labor has been enforced.

This despotism has been suffered, says Brynes, because the Russian people have always thought that they faced a choice between a foreign despotism and a domestic despotism, and they chose the latter as the lesser evil. Under the latter the Russian people have learned to think of their government as essentially democratic "in the sense that it has always been an enemy of aristocracy in any shape ever since Peter made all Russians equal in their obligations to the State. As for the people, as persons, being equal in property, privilege or rank, that is another story."

But why should the Russians have stood in such mortal fear of a conquering foreign despotism? The answer to this question presents the provocative thesis of the chapter: Russia alone of all great nations of our time had been conquered and for centuries kept down by an alien people (the Tartars). The vastness of the territory and the relative backwardness of the people constituted a standing opportunity for an invasion. After the Tartars were disposed of, the Russian rulers acted on the principle that the more territory Russia conquered, the less remained for others to conquer and the safer the Russians could feel themselves to be. Autocracy thus acquired a great value.

For it did not need to show internal accomplishments. It justified itself by reminding the people that it prevented foreign subjugation. In order to maintain the biggest army, the government found it necessary to maintain the biggest police force. To defend the nation meant first of all a big army, and secondly a big police force to maintain the government which controlled the army. Always exposed to invasion and war, Russia has always been an armed camp; its leadership had to be of a military character; military leadership needs a police force like the Preobrazhensky Guards of Peter or the NKVD of Stalin in order to keep its people in the army, its workers in the factories, its peasants in the fields, and itself in the Kremlin.

To the English, however, because they have been sheltered by water from invasion, the police idea has meant civil, not military, organization. The principle of the English Constitution is that the people should police themselves. Until the nineteenth century Englishmen knew nothing of the police as a special state institution. The Hue and Cry, the Watch and Ward were sufficient—the community rose en masse to capture the criminal; conscripted civilians served as sentries when disorder was threatened. At various times the state created king's officers such as sheriffs, constables, coroners, sergeants, and justices of the peace, but all ended by becoming local officials. There was no centralization of police authority as a state function. This meant that the civil police was dependent on the coöperation of the local community. Mr. Brynes concludes from these facts that "the existence of a civil force betokens a degree of democracy wherever we find it established." This, he says, "is the one indicator of democracy that cannot be faked." On the other hand, when police forces, as in Russia, are fully militarized, or when the ordinary police are outnumbered by a secret or political police, "it is certain the State does not depend on the coöperation of the people and that therefore there is no democracy."

With the rise of the proletariat in England—when workmen began to form unions and when workmen began to smash unfriendly machines—the manufacturing wing of the middle class in industrial counties began to feel the insufficiency of local police protection. With them was born the police idea of the industrial age: a professional police force, professional magistrates, professional prosecutors. In 1829 Peel and Wellington succeeded in putting through Parliament a bill for establishing a metropolitan police office. Before these new policemen had a chance to see real fighting they were daubed Peel's Bloody Gang. The establishment of a professional police force, however, has not seriously affected British liberties. Laws, to be enforced, must be popular. Just as Russia is organized for war even in times of peace, so England is organized for peace even in times of war.

The United States, even more than England, enjoys a complete barricade of water. Americans are, therefore, even more suspicious of police than are the English, and we keep a less efficient system by preference. The factors which in the nineteenth century led to a collapse of the system

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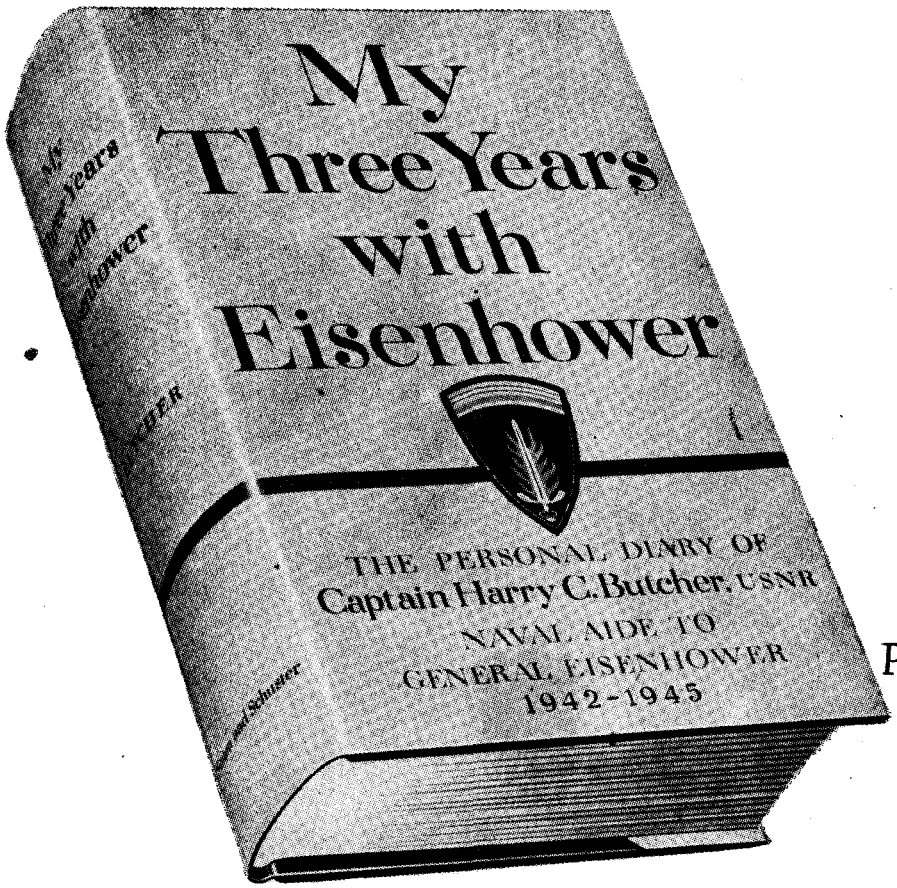

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of the Hue and Cry and of the Watch and Ward led to its collapse here too. In 1844 the New York legislature made the first attempt to introduce the idea of a modern municipal police system. In 1905 Pennsylvania set the model for the other states with its state police, of which the immediate cause was a successful strike by anthracite miners. When World War I came the other forty-seven states followed the Pennsylvania pattern But while the early Pennsylvania state police regarded strikers as the Texas Rangers had regarded Indians, today the state police wherever found "are extremely wary of strike duty and it is now the practice to stay out of local disturbances unless local authority issues a written invitation and the governor countersigns it."

As we have said, Asher Brynes applies to his material not only historical judgment, but moral judgment as well. The countries that are democracies in fact should use their credit resources and machinery to do business with, and help, only those countries which comply with an international standard of police, which has three characteristics: (1) There must be genuine local autonomy in the management of the police forces, subject to rules of technical competence and professional equipment that the government may establish for policemen in general; (2) the scope of central police agencies must be limited to specific tasks, without discretionary jurisdiction of a general nature; (3) there must be no political police of any description whatever. "Where there is a political police the people are not sovereign no matter how many popular votes the State is able to gather, no matter how big the parades it is able to produce."

Mr. Brynes's book is written on a foundation of sound scholarship, in a tone of moderation and reasonableness, in a style which has the imprint of personality;. It will interest and win the respect of the general reader as well as of the expert in political science, the specialist in police and judicial administration, and the student of international affairs.

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Dryden and the Poetic Tradition

JOHN DRYDEN: A Study of his Poetry. By Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 298 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by THEODORE SPENCER

MR. VAN DOREN'S admirable study of Dryden, which first appeared in 1920, has been out of print for a long time; his publishers are to be congratulated on making it once more available. It is by far the best work on its subject, and a rereading of it only confirms one's original impression; it is a first-class example of solidly-based and judicious criticism. Except for a few verbal changes here and there (not always for the better), the book is the same as when

it was first printed, though it has been reset and produced in a much more attractive format.

Dryden is a poet who, more than most, needs to be studied in relation to the age he lived in. I do not mean by this that we have to be informed about the political or religious subjects about which he so frequently wrote, though of course such information is helpful; I mean rather that the form and technique of his verse need to be studied in relation to his literary background and environment. Dryden is not merely important in himself; he is immensely important, as T. S. Eliot has pointed out, for the tradition of English poetry. His vocabulary, his versification, his poetic forms, his poetic tone, all these he developed from what was given him by his generation, and passed on to later generations, in a way that makes his career more significant for literary history than that of any other English poet. He came at a time when the reins were slack and the horses grazing aimlessly at the wayside grass; after a few adjustments, he took the reins firmly into his capable hands and gave an example of spirited driving (with occasional stumbles) that was to be a model for three generations, that can be a model still. He did not create new forms, he perfected those that his predecessors and contemporaries had begun; he is the greatest clarifier, both as poet and critic, among the English poets.

One of the highest merits of Mr. Van Doren's book is that he so ably relates Dryden to the background of his time. He judges him in relation to contemporary critical theory and poetic practice, so that we are able to estimate his weaknesses and his triumphs in their proper setting. He places him in the general perspective of English poetry, and the placing seems as authoritative now as it did twenty-five years ago, when Mr. Van Doren's book first stimulated T. S. Eliot to comment on it, and to add the weight of his own critical authority to Mr. Van Doren's estimate of Dryden's greatness. Mr. Van Doren's "Dryden" takes its place as one of the classics of American literary criticism.

In the brief preface to this new edition, Mr. Van Doren complains that though his book, and the renewed interest in Dryden which it heralded, has emphasized the importance of Dryden as a great writer, "contemporary poetry — and criticism— give no evidence of having benefited by the study of Dryden's art." To some extent the complaint is justified; even among the most talented of contemporary poets there is a technical sloppiness and illiteracy which a study of Dryden would unquestionably help to cure. But I seriously doubt if Dryden is the right poet to cure it. His authoritative sureness, his Parnassian tolerant laughter, his rational control—all these characteristics, however energetically they may be expressed, do not instinctively attract as perturbed a generation as our own. We admire them, we may look at them with envy, we may even say, "I will strive for that vigorous simplicity, that clarity, that skill." But in the end we must turn away from such a model, for the awareness we have to deal with is too complicated to be treated with Dryden's externalized assurance. It is only in academic circles that we hear, or have heard in the last generation, of the possibility of a new classical age.

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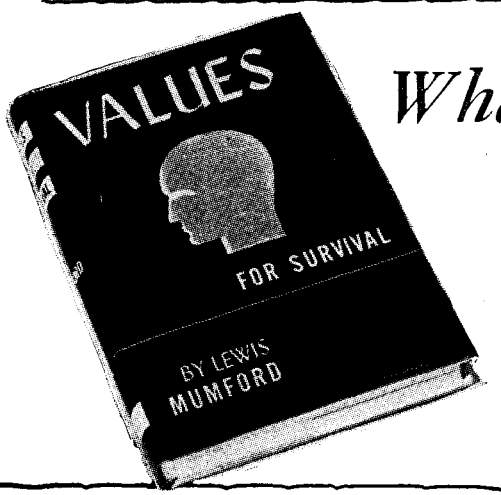

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Life, More or Less, With Father

MY FATHER WHO IS ON EARTH. By John Lloyd Wright. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 195 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ELY JACQUES KAHN

WHEN a book by Frank Lloyd Wright appears, one must read it and realize that a great figure of our time is alive, working, thinking, and in spite of his years, daring to challenge all that is smug and static in our architectural world. It is no small compliment to Wright that he stands alone, serene in the thought that some worship him, and some fear his boldness, but no one doubts his courage nor the fact that he still pours out ideas that bear no tint of the commonplace.

His son, John Lloyd Wright, has written a book called "My Father Who Is On Earth," and one is puzzled in trying to be fair in judging it. It is a variety of anticlimax to read odds and ends of family history and certain quasi-scandalous items. For some reason or other, the enthusiast about Frank Lloyd Wright is not particularly concerned with these details. He will live as an architect and not as an element of romance. Certainly, today, the minor peculiarities of the master may be of interest to a few people, but there is no reason to expand them into a volume that, while it gives glimpses of a man at work, does little more than reflect the theses thoroughly developed in Wright's own books. The author had the opportunity of being in Japan with his father while the Imperial Hotel was under construction. It would have been interesting to see noted how Wright went about his job, and learn less of the son's concern about salary and similar details.

It would appear, actually, that the son, in spite of the glamor of having known Louis Sullivan, the original master who guided Frank Lloyd Wright, and later, through his contact with his father, actually obtained little more than surface ripples from these great men. It would not be important were it not for the fact that he attempts to depict a character, and in spite of his intimacy, seems to have concerned himself more with incidentals than with the steel frame under the velvet skin of Frank Lloyd Wright.

The story of the master is indeed fascinating—his marriages, romances, the development of his career, his problems, setbacks, the high spots of success; all of these are sketched in the book so that the reader, if he is not already acquainted with Wright's history, may obtain some idea of how he developed. What the book does not do is to emphasize the latent strength and the terrific power of a man who quite naturally ignores the trivia of our society and carries his head high above the stupidities and absurdities of everyday life.

The book adopts a few tricks of expression that in the case of Frank Lloyd Wright might be accepted as prerogatives of a Wright. In this case, one is not so easily satisfied. For example:

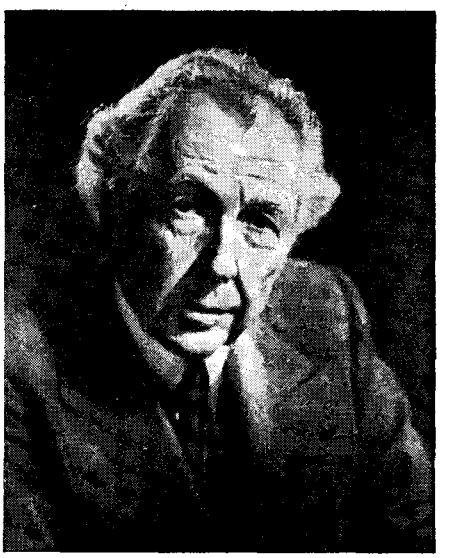
> Papa liked Mrs. Waller—Mr. Waller, too!
> Mrs. Waller liked Papa—so did Mr. Waller!

and a little later on the same page:

> Papa liked Mrs. Dana!
> Mrs. Dana liked Papa!

There is much of this sort of flippancy, which may bring out personal details but becomes a bit tiresome to one who would prefer more real data as to how Frank Lloyd Wright came into being.

There is ample material for a book in the life of Frank Lloyd Wright. This particular one is a collection of first-hand notes that appear to go no deeper than the surface. The reader will enjoy the anecdotes and be amused at some of the recollections, but he will not get a glimpse of the real character. Frank Lloyd Wright is more than something to shoot barbs at. It seems a pity that the son should have found it necessary to concentrate on minor matters and have failed to use his unusual opportunities to present to us details in the life of his father that would eventually have helped in realizing a true picture of a great man.



Valentino Sorra

Frank Lloyd Wright "carries his head high above the absurdities of everyday life."

The Battle for Baltimore

THE PERILOUS FIGHT. By Neil H. Swanson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1945. 545 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IN St. Paul's Cathedral is a monument erected at the public expense to Major-General Robert Ross, "who having undertaken and executed an enterprise against the city of Washington, capital of the United States of America, which was crowned with complete success, was killed shortly afterwards, while directing a successful attack upon a superior force, near the city of Baltimore, on the 12th day of September, 1814." We all know about the capture of Washington. We know how Ross's troops met about 7,000 Americans at Bladensburg, mostly raw militia very hastily collected, and sent them in headlong flight; how he occupied Washington and burned various public buildings, including the White House; and how he then retired unmolested to reëmbark his forces on the British fleet. Everybody knows that a British demonstration against Baltimore followed, which according to their official report was intended to be converted into a real attack "should circumstances appear to justify it." But circumstances compelled a breaking off of the attempt. After some indiscriminate fighting, in the course of which Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," the hostile fleet and army drew off. Ross had been killed, and Baltimore had not been taken.

What were the circumstances which compelled the British troops under Brooke (who took command on the death of Ross) and the British ships under Cockburn to withdraw? This is the question which Mr. Swanson, hitherto best known as a historical novelist, answers in this minutely-studied and trenchantly-written piece of military narrative. The background against which Key's song has generally been projected has been a background of defeat. Instead, declares Mr. Swanson, it should be one of victory; not merely because the British ships could not get past water obstructions and shore batteries, but because the American troops were at last rallied and fought

(*Continued on page* 56)

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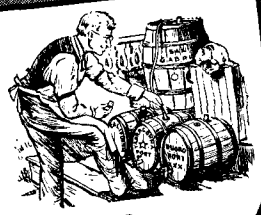

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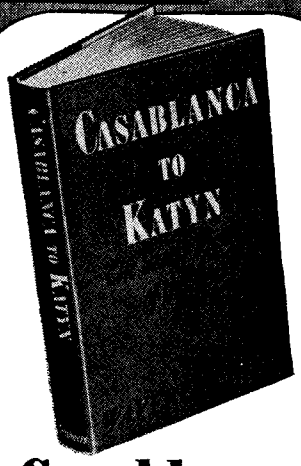

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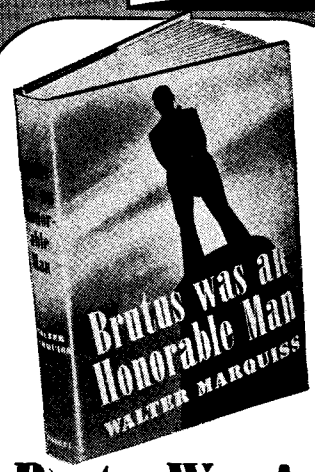

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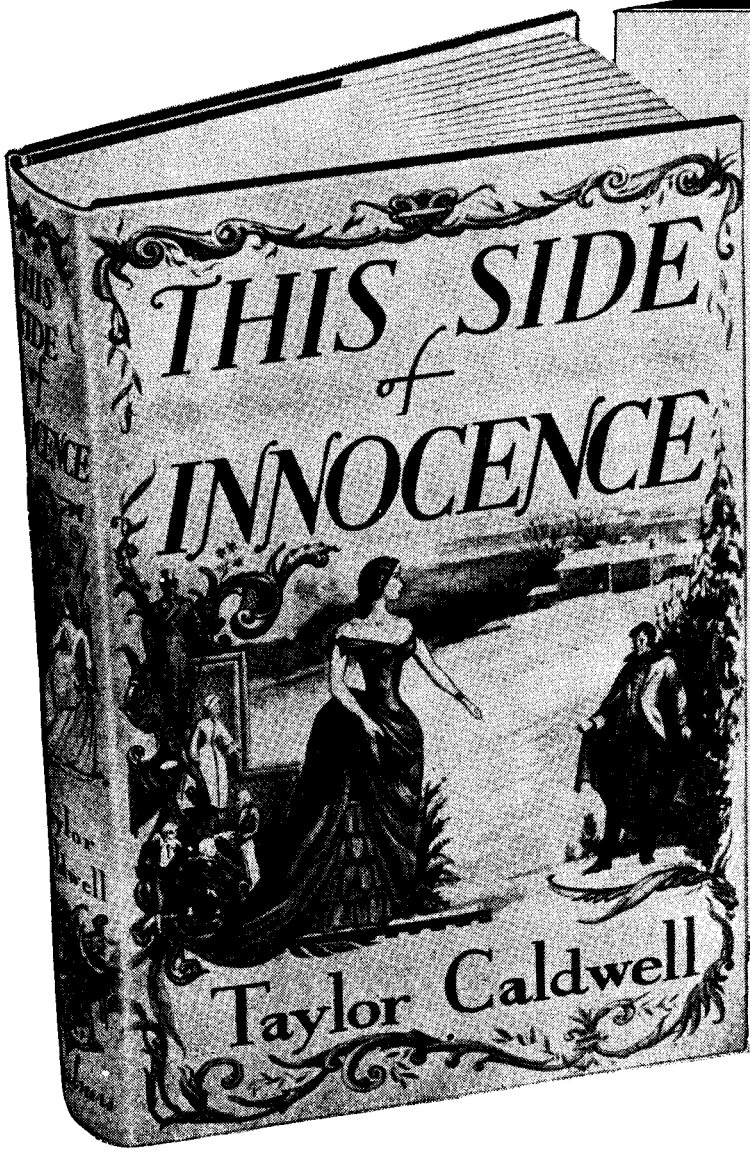

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(*Continued from page 52*)

with a valor that should have wiped out all the stain of Bladensburg. It is on these land operations outside Baltimore that he focuses his attention. Some students of military history may not place as high a valuation as he does on the forgotten battle of Godly Wood; they may not accept his view that when the smoke cleared away the British "had won the field but the militiamen had won the battle." The orthodox British view is that Brooke pushed within one and a half or two miles of Baltimore on the east, reconnoitered for a night attack, and then retreated because he could not get naval support. But no one can deny that Mr. Swanson has given us a superb story of the campaign, and that he has proved that the ultimate American record was far more creditable than most people suppose. It was, indeed, heroic.

With the qualities of a good historian, Mr. Swanson unites the gifts of a practised imaginative recreator of past scenes. He has based his work upon solid research in official documents, old letters, and personal narratives. Strict solicitude for accuracy animates the volume. But not a page, not a paragraph, is heavy with erudition. The distinguishing merits of the book are its rapid narrative pace; its vivid depiction of the private soldier of that day, his accoutrements, speech, modes of thought, and capacities for alternate panic and bravery; its careful presentation of landscape and terrain; and its lifelike presentation of the principal commanders—most notably the redoubtable Sam Smith on the American side, who at last comes into his own. For its portrait of this leader alone the book is worth reading. The War of 1812 has too long (for obvious reasons; on the land it was not a creditable war) been neglected by historians. At last full justice has been done to one of its most exciting and memorable campaigns. It is to be hoped that Mr. Swanson will continue to write not merely historical fiction but such authentic history as this.

Tolstoy's Moral Philosophy

TOLSTOY: AN APPROACH. By Janko Lavrin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1946. 163 *pp.* $2.

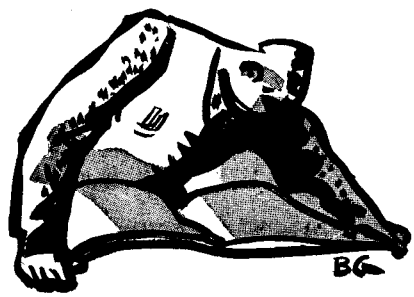
Reviewed by ERNEST J. SIMMONS

THIS unpretentious little book is the latest of Professor Lavrin's studies of Russian authors. The approach, as in the case of his works on Gogol and Dostoievsky, may be described as psychological interpretation. Tolstoy's eighty-two years of vigorous living and the ninety-odd volumes of his writings do not lend themselves easily to an interpretation of such limited scope, despite that magical solvent of all human behavior and artistic mysteries—modern psychology.

Though the book is "an attempt to interpret Tolstoy, the man, the artist, and the thinker in the light of some of our present-day needs and problems," there is little unity of impression to be obtained from this series of separate essays, elaborations of previous studies of the author, on Tolstoy's attitude toward religion, social problems, and sex. The author's fundamental thesis is the traditional one, though rendered less tiresome in its new psychological dress: Tolstoy the artist was a great genius, but as a moralist and thinker he was third-rate. When Tolstoy was only thirty and had momentarily decided to turn his back on literature in order to serve man in a practical way, Turgenev angrily wrote to a friend of this resolution: "What a man! With perfect feet, he is determined to walk on his head!" And in one form or another this has been the attitude of most critics ever since, especially when they have failed to perceive that if Tolstoy had refused to accept the challenge life offered him, he would have effectively clipped the wings of his genius.

"What is the meaning of life?" Tolstoy asked, and for Professor Lavrin this challenge was simply the result of the inner contradictions of Tolstoy's nature, which he resolved by embracing an "impersonal group-consciousness in order to find in it his own personal salvation." And Tolstoy did his utmost, says the author, "to confer upon such a flight from individualism a religious halo."

If by "a flight from individualism" is meant a condemnation of man's selfish desire to exploit his individuality in order to assure his own personal happiness, then the author is right. In reality, Tolstoy's religion amounted to the fullest expression of the individual personality in an effort to approach closer and closer to moral perfection through service to others. He did not believe that man fulfilled the order of his being by submerging himself into an "impersonal group-consciousness." On the contrary, he opposed all organized effort, whether of a religious, social, or political nature, to achieve human betterment. Even Tolstoyan colonies drew his fire. "To stand aloof," he told one of his disciples, "to shut oneself up in a monastery, surrounded by such angels as oneself, amounts to creating a hothouse and those conditions in which it will be easy to be good oneself, but no one else will be warm. Live in the world and be good —that is what is needed."



Professor Lavrin seems to be vexed over Tolstoy's attack on the organized religion of the churches and over the fact that Christ as a living personality did not exist for him. He was concerned, says the author, only with Christ's rules for living. It is true that all Tolstoy asked of mankind was that it should literally live according to Christ's precepts in the Sermon on the Mount and not merely pay them lip-service. And that these moral precepts were the common property of all the great religions of the world only fortified Tolstoy's conviction concerning their universal appeal. Yet it is a mistake to regard him, as Professor Lavrin does, as a mere religious reformer. If there were no God, he might not have invented one, but if the five commandments he accepted as his rules of life had not existed in the Gospels, he would very likely have formulated a similar series of rules that he would have regarded as his religion. Unlike the traditional theologians, he was not at all concerned with the personality of God or the creation and redemption of the world. He simply wanted an explanation of the meaning of life, and he found it in some Higher Power that manifested itself through the workings of his reason and conscience.

An important fact overlooked by many interpreters of Tolstoy's thought is that the initial formulation of his views in publications that often achieved widespread popularity is not to be taken as the final formulation. He frequently developed and at times significantly changed his views in later works that have been disregarded by his critics. Professor Lavrin, in his treatment of Tolstoy's position on God, art, violence, and sex, often fails to go beyond the first statement of these views in such well-known works as "What I Believe," "What Is Art?," "The Kingdom of God Is Within You," and "The Kreutzer Sonata." In his diary in

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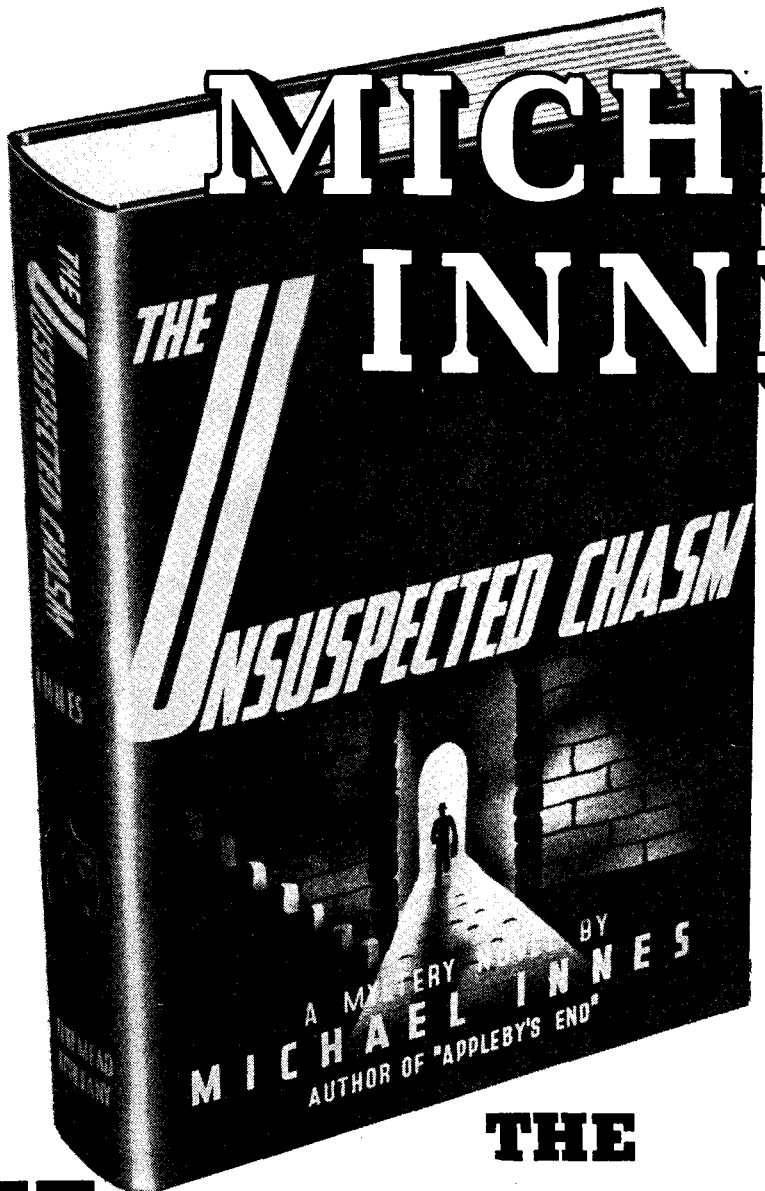

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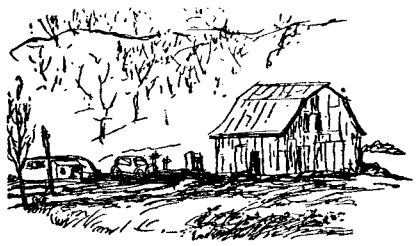
1898, Tolstoy complained of the critics who misunderstood his beliefs because they failed to consider their ultimate development. People say that he denies God, he remarked, whereas he has consistently maintained that God is the unattainable good, the beginning of everything. Then some accuse him of preaching that it is unnecessary to fight evil, but all he has said is that one ought not to resist evil by violence. Nor has he denied marriage or preached the destruction of the human race, as many charge. All he has asked, he writes, is that "one ought to strive towards chastity and that on this road the highest grade will be virginity, the second a pure marriage, and the third not a pure marriage, that is, not a monogamous marriage." Finally, he remarked, critics accuse him of saying that all art must be tendentious, whereas what he has written is that art is an infectious activity, and that the more infectious art is, the better it is. Much of what Professor Lavrin has written about Tolstoy's beliefs has little point in the light of these final formulations.

In his excellent chapter on "Tolstoy and the Revolution," the author for the first time appears fully to realize that Tolstoy's thought should not be studied apart from the active role he played in his own lifetime. Lenin clearly recognized the impact of Tolstoy's thought on society when he dubbed him the "Mirror of the Russian Revolution." Yet like some sage whose wisdom is timeless, Tolstoy would have been no more convinced by the successes of the Soviet Revolution than he had been by the accounts he read of the French Revolution. He knew only that power corrupts, and that this was just as true of a democracy or a socialist state as of an absolute monarchy. For him, political progress could not be measured in terms of democratic or socialist progress, for he saw both the hypocrisy behind universal suffrage and the ever-present danger of corrupting power, even though held by the few elected by the many. His writings are implicit with prophecies of democratic and socialist states turning into monstrous dictatorships; of non-military democracies becoming powerful military states; of the highest civilized countries championing fiendish theories of racial superiority; and of all the wonderful advances of science being turned into frightful instruments of war to kill most expeditiously millions of people. All this, he foretells, will be achieved in the name of political, social, and scientific progress. And there will be no end of such "progress," he warns, while humanity continues to worship



the law of man as higher than the law of God.

In this atomic age, when we have made a practical demonstration of how two little bombs can annihilate 125,000 men, women, and children, it is crass stupidity to dismiss the moral philosophy of Tolstoy as third-rate and unworthy of consideration. The panacea he offered to cure the world's ills that he so correctly diagnosed is not merely a moral incantation from which we can learn nothing, as Professor Lavrin seems to suggest. Tolstoy's great virtue and largest service to humanity was precisely his insistence that most of the suffering of mankind has resulted from a failure to abide by moral laws. For the failure of both the established government and its revolutionary opponents in the Russia of his own day and elsewhere was caused then, and always will be caused, by the absence of morality in man's striving for political, economic, and social betterment.

A Shadowy Transcendentalist

THE JOURNALS OF CHARLES KING NEWCOMB. Edited by Judith Kennedy Johnson. Providence, R. I.: Brown University. 1946. 299 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

CHARLES KING NEWCOMB was a minor member of the intellectual group of which Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, and Margaret Fuller were the leaders. Emerson praised this "youth of the subtlest mind" when he met him, a boarder at Brook Farm, in the early forties; and Emerson's friend, Caroline Sturgis, was obviously drawn to him, or at least he to her. Even his puny and sickly body, his habit of withdrawal into himself, and his peculiarities of dress and conduct did not prevent the prediction of noble achievement. Then his mother, from whom this sojourn at Brook Farm was a temporary and ineffectual escape, drew him away, and his life and capacities dwindled and narrowed. The twenty-seven volumes of his manuscript journal, his total accomplishment in this world, constitute a long and painful record of material and spiritual failure. Beautifully written in spots, even the carefully selected passages in this volume do not reach a level of excellence that would make them intrinsically worthy of preservation.

Why, then, preserve them? It would perhaps be going too far to say: Because they are a horrible example of the price that introspection demands of a "life without principle." Yet the chief value of these journals lies in their use as a "control" for the understanding of other and more stable members of the group. But for the grace of God, here go Emerson and Thoreau, and, with less of that grace, Alcott and Margaret Fuller. Endowed with their intellectual and emotional gifts, Newcomb was fatally lacking in the cohesive qualities of character and the certainty of faith that gave substance and relation to their insights. Accepting all the moral criteria and all the techniques of introspection and meditation which created a vigorous renaissance in the American mind in the mid-century, Newcomb, partly because of inherent weakness of character and partly because of circumstance, chose a way of life which was the direct antithesis of all he said that he stood for. He rejected the life of learning, but leaned heavily on Shakespeare and the Psalms and the classics; he praised nature with the eye of a landscape painter, and chose to live in a boarding house room in Philadelphia; he idealized the life of action, and found only ice-skating open to him; he scorned writing as an exhaustion of powers that should be put to use, and spent hours every day on his journal; he reasoned marriage into a position as the social and personal key to sound conduct, and died a bachelor.

Dr. Johnson hints at but does not fully develop the psychological significance of the case. Perhaps this is just as well, for its morbid implications are almost too obvious. Her task was to present the journals and the facts of their composition, and this she performs competently. She offers enough samples to allow diagnosis of Newcomb himself and use of him in the interpretation of the work of others. Her comments on the virtues and defects of the journals themselves are necessarily apologetic, but she is led to undervalue such qualities as the keen sense of color and line which give Newcomb's nature descriptions significance as impressionistic word-painting. But the excellence of Newcomb even in this respect is not striking. Let us merely be grateful for the new insight which this story affords into American—and human—nature.

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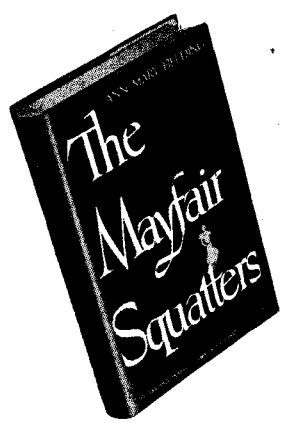
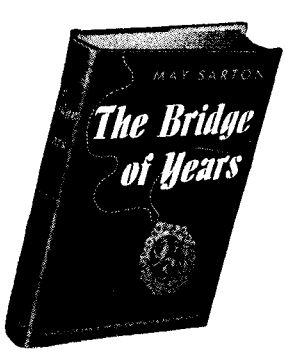
ANN MARY FIELDING, a direct descendant of *Henry Fielding,* has become the talk of England with her lighthearted first novel THE MAYFAIR SQUATTERS. She tells the spritely story of Nina, Harvey, Chloe and Bryn, four charming vagrants who took over the imposing London mansion of an absent millionaire, where they lived with gayety and spirit and a battered dignity, until the law stepped in. Perfect for anyone who likes to laugh. Just published, $2.50



THE BRIDGE OF YEARS



MAY SARTON, author of *The Single Hound* and *Inner Landscape* presents a magnificent and lovable heroine in a novel that bridges the years between 1918 and 1939. Mélanie Duchesne is Belgian, but she is universal, the kind of woman that gives families and even nations strength. This is the story of her triumph in imparting to her family and friends her own serenity and faith throughout the years that tried them all. Coming April 18th, $2.75

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The Politics of Economics

WORLD POLITICS FACES ECONOMICS. By Harold D. Lasswell. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. 1945. 106 *pp.* + *x.* $1.25.

Reviewed by THOMAS K. FINLETTER

MR. LASSWELL'S major premise is not to be denied. It is that the main objectives of American economic policy (high levels of productive employment, a rising standard of living, and the attainment of these goals by means compatible with freedom and security) cannot be realized if there is a next war. The first economic problem to be solved is therefore a political one —how to prevent war, and Mr. Lasswell rightly faces up to this question at the outset.

The political solutions which Mr. Lasswell offers are unsatisfactory. He does not recognize the revolutionary impact which atomic weapons and the other developments of modern applied science for destruction will have on our political institutions. Indeed he minimizes the new weapons to a point which necessarily orients his political recommendations toward past practices. He listens approvingly to "the voice of experience saying that inventions which strengthen offense are likely to be nullified or mitigated before long by inventions in aid of defense." Indeed, he tells us, "experiments are already under way to deflect atomic missiles from their targets or to force a premature and comparatively harmless discharge of the bombs."

Granted these premises, it is not surprising that Mr. Lasswell's political program for preventing the next war accepts the traditional nation-state maneuvering for zones of influence, alliances, and armaments—that is the strategic happenings of peacetime, the purpose of which is to prepare for the next war—as the inevitable rules of the future political game. His purpose is to make them work for peace; and there he is on shaky ground. For how can a system whose purpose is to prepare for war achieve the opposite? In the past these nation-state maneuverings have always ended sooner or later in war. How can we assume that the result will be any different this time?

The most interesting part of this book is that which deals with the effect of economic policy on political policy. An erratic economy in the United States will create uncertainty in the rest of the world, then frustration, and eventually war. Therefore our first policy must be to stabilize the economy of the United States. Our second policy must be to conduct our dealings with the rest of the world so as to foster "balanced" economies, as opposed to "predatory" economies. In a predatory economy the privileged few ("imperialists," if we are talking of dependent areas) seek their own national advantage without substantially improving the position of the rest of the community. A balanced economy on the other hand is one in which there is the maximum sharing of power, income,

and respect among the members of the community, in which the power structure is relatively democratic, and the direction of evolution is toward a relatively unified and free society. If the United States can stabilize its own economy and create balanced economies in the states intermediate between the United States and Russia, much will be done to avoid trouble between these two great power centers. And if we can keep the peace for a while, perhaps the great gap between the political thinking of Russia and the United States will be lessened. Russia's problem is to move from centralization to decentralization, from dictatorship to democracy, from regimented communication to free communication; while the problem of the United States is to achieve a more stable economic basis for freedom.

In economics as in politics Mr. Lasswell accepts the proposition that the world is composed of nation-states whose jockeying for position with an eye on the next war is not only the present fact but is also the necessary condition of the future. This leads Mr. Lasswell into one of the most interesting parts of his book. If we must be resigned to that kind of world we must of course try to reduce the area of likely political conflict. It would therefore be well for Russia, Britain, and the United States to try to agree on (1) a fairly exact delimitation of the areas in which each is respectively to be dominant and (2) the rules which are to govern them in the areas in which their interests overlap. But what about economic affairs? Can you have a zone of influence policy in politics and a universalism in economics? Will not the political organization of the world control its economic organization? Is, for example, the State Department's policy of seeking to remove barriers to trade consistent with the rapid increase in the delimitation of political influence among the Big Three?

Mr. Lasswell apparently would be willing to go the whole way in setting up zones of influence in economics as well as in politics. A possible policy for the United States would be, he says, to establish a "territorially independent, non-exchange economy"—that is, a clearly defined United States area of economic influence which we would dominate and into which others would not be allowed except as a result of bargains between governments. And vice versa, of course. But, after making this proposal, Mr. Lasswell abandons it because it is not feasible; the United States would never be willing to remodel its economy in this way.

The underlying notion which runs through the discussion of economics as well as politics is the domination of the world by Russia and the United States, and the need to orient all United States policy, economic as well as political, to achieve agreement between these two great powers. Certainly no one will deny that friendship between Russia and the United States is a very desirable aim, or that it is essential to the preservation of the peace. But we must object to stating it as the only aim. The problem of peace is much more complicated than that, and must rest on sounder foundations of principle. Peace must be sought in many ways, all to be pursued at the same time, but with varying degrees of emphasis because of differing degrees of urgency. Besides the solidarity of the great powers, we must seek to improve the fundamental social and economic conditions of mankind so as to create the bases of world community without which peace cannot exist. And, more urgently than that, and as an emergency need at least as great as big power solidarity, we must seek a rule of world law.

A word is necessary about the form of this book. Its ninety-one pages of text consist of a series of statements, each of which is followed by a brief comment. This style is appropriate to, say, the American Law Institute's Restatements of Law; but it is not suitable to a subject of such general interest as this.

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Columnist of Queen Anne's Day

NED WARD OF GRUB STREET. By Howard William Troyer. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1946. 210 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

STUDENTS of English pamphleteer journalism know of Edward (Ned) Ward as the author of "The London Spy," "The Rambling Rakes," "The Forgiving Husband and Adulteress Wife," and other bawdy descriptions of city life in the early eighteenth century. They are also aware that he kept a tavern and was pilloried briefly by Pope in "The Dunciad," but aside from these meager facts Ward is a forgotten man. This very interesting book brings him back, for a moment, into the limelight.

Ned Ward was a green country lad with a writing itch when he arrived in London about the year 1690. His first idea was to make his living as a poet, but he soon went broke at that, so he began to write short, racy pamphlets about things he had seen and heard. He hung around street corners and taverns in the busiest parts of town, picking up information and scandal about rich men, racketeers, politicians, painted hussies, and funny things that happened in the teeming, brawling London crowds.

Ned Ward's specialty, as he said, was "the Night-Accidents, the Whims and Frolicks of Staggering Bravados and Strolling Strumpets," but he was interested in everything. When the famous poet John Dryden died, Ward hurried around to attend the funeral, and later told how Dryden had suffered from an ingrown toenail which was so bad the doctor wanted to cut off his leg. But Dryden would not allow it, and so he died. This kind of behind-the-scenes reporting wasn't done by the newspapers or serious-minded magazines of the day, so Ward had the field pretty much to himself. He became the first of the gossip columnists.

He was his own leg man, and he worked hard. He visited Bedlam and Ludgate Prison, and wrote hilarious (to contemporary Londoners) accounts of the maniacs and drunken prisoners he saw. He walked down to the waterfront, making notes on "the Dutch-Buttock'd Lasses, with sea handkerchiefs about their Pouting Bubbies," who sat in the doorways.

He went out to a fair at a place called "Cuckold's Point" and got drenched with sewer water thrown around by the holiday crowd. He traveled down to Bath and described the wealthy ladies wading in their pool, with servants pushing floating bowls of "Confectionery Knick-Knacks, Essences and Perfumes" along in front of them.

He talked his way into one of those incredible London institutions called flogging houses, where elderly sensualists came to be whipped—and reported that bunches of twigs hung on the wall, each with a different colored ribbon to denote its owner. He talked with a blustering old Army surgeon who owned a "Bargaining Skull"—when some patient protested against his prices the doctor tossed the skull onto the table and shouted, "There, my Master, on the Table is the Skull of just such an obdurate Person as your self."

He even made a quick round-trip to Jamaica once and wrote an impudent description of the colony as "The Dunghill of the Universe . . . The Receptacle of Vagabonds . . . a Close-Stool for the Purges of our Prisons." This caused a violent explosion among the merchants and speculators at the Jamaica Coffee House, but the rest of London laughed itself sick over Ward's debunking pamphlet.

Like most columnists today, Ward had strong political opinions. He was a Tory and he got into much trouble with the Whigs who ran the government under Queen Anne. They arrested him and put him in a public pillory at Charing Cross, with one of his offending pamphlets fastened to his head. But Ward continued to be the robust enemy of all Whigs, Presbyterians and Independents, and of their proletarian political mobs in London.

By 1712 Ward was the most famous gossip-writer in London and the second Englishman in history to make a decent living in journalism. (Defoe was the first.) But newsmongering was still "a Scandalous Profession," and a very precarious one at that. So Ward undertook to raise his station in life by becoming first, the keeper of an ordinary ale-house, and later on, the host of the famous Bacchus Tavern in Moorfields. It was at the Bacchus that Alexander Pope first saw him—a jovial veteran of the literary and political wars, who was proud of his many books.

He still wrote, too—in the "Delights of the Bottle, or the Compleat Vintner," he gave a fascinating description of the many tavern pests who cut down his profits and tried to make his life miserable: of the "Plate Twirlers" who wore out plates by balancing them on the end of a pewter spoon; the "Table Whittlers" who carved up the furniture; the "Pan Soppers" who made a free meal by dipping up drippings from the roast with discarded bread crusts; the "Cook Teasers" who sneaked into the kitchen and stole tidbits; the "Stingy Wranglers" who quarreled over every bill.

Pope made fun of Ward in "The Dunciad" on two counts: (1) that his books sold better in foreign "ape and monkey lands" than in England; and (2) that he kept an "ale-house." Neither charge was true, and the second was a deliberate insult, for there was a great social distinction between

—*From the book*

Eighteenth-century coach-yard, after Hogarth.

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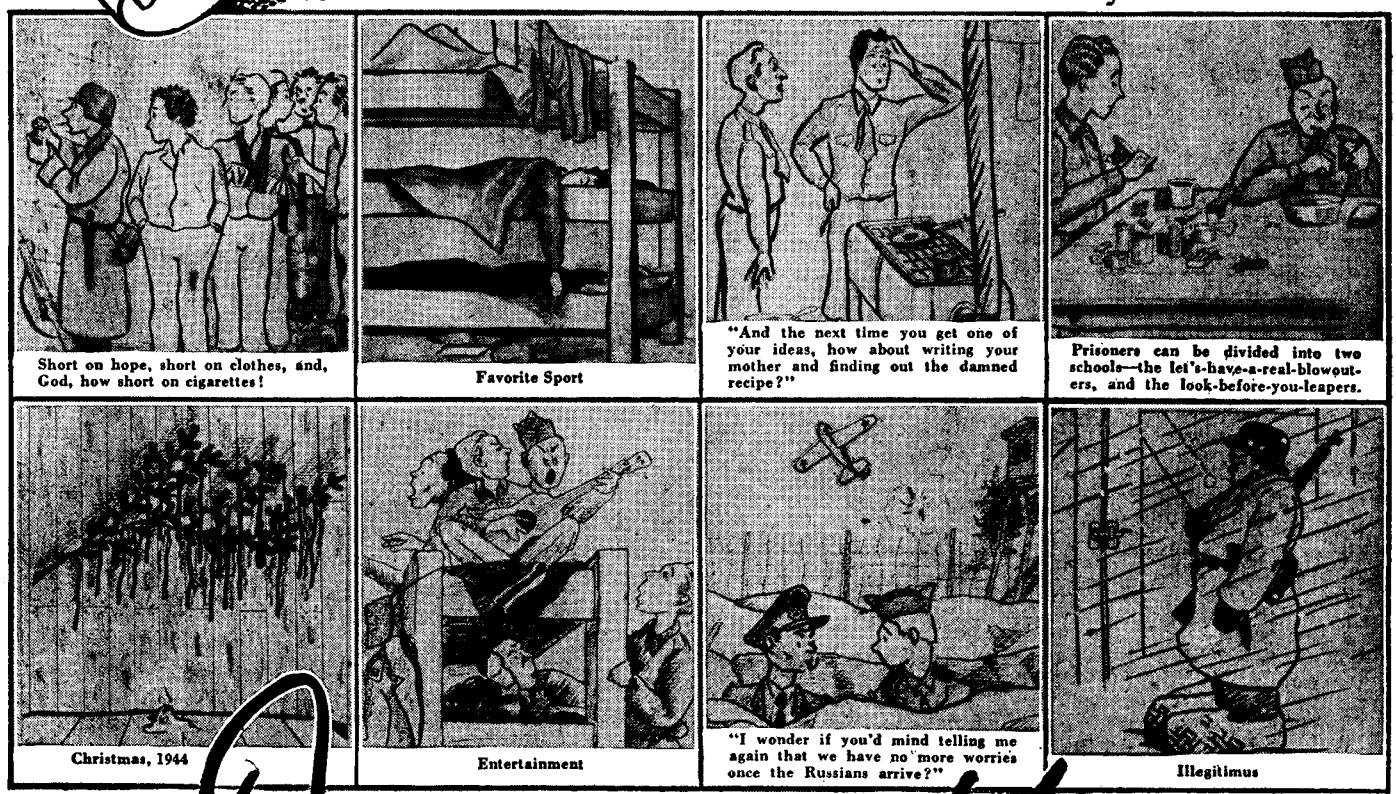
When you're a prisoner-of-war,
(if you're Ed Beattie) the motto is . .

NE ILLEGITIMI CARBORUNDUM

freely translated as

"Don't let the bastards wear you down"


Short on hope, short on clothes, and, God, how short on cigarettes!
Favorite Sport
"And the next time you get one of your ideas, how about writing your mother and finding out the damned recipe?"
Prisoners can be divided into two schools—the let's-have-a-real-blowouters, and the look-before-you-leapers.
Christmas, 1944
Entertainment
"I wonder if you'd mind telling me again that we have no more worries once the Russians arrive?"
Illegitimus

Diary of a Kriegie

by EDWARD W BEATTIE, JR.

Author of "Freely to Pass"

WHEN in September, 1944, ace U.P. correspondent Ed Beattie found himself a prisoner-of-war, he started a diary which by some miracle was never permanently confiscated or censored. Here he tells in his own inimitable fashion not only of the trials of the *kriegie* but also of the death-throes of the German nation. "The diary is rich with incidents, tragic, humorous, brutal, brave. It paints a vivid picture of prisoners' pathetic efforts to keep themselves informed and amused . . . he has enriched his book with forty-six full-page drawings, done with humor and expressiveness." — *New York Herald Tribune Books*

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an ordinary ale-house of that day and a tavern for gentry, such as Ward's Bacchus. Pope knew this very well, but apparently he also knew that Ward was sensitive about his earlier connections, and purposely rubbed in the "alehouse" in footnotes and index to his poem.

The old muckraker wrote a fiery reply called "Apollo's Maggot in his Cups, or the Whimsical Creation of a Little Satyrical Poet," in which he tried to explain his side. The quarrel seems trivial today, but Mr. Troyer makes it clear that it was provoked by Pope, who "mischievously, if not maliciously, distorted the truth," while Ward in his statements struggled to be reasonable. Ward died a couple of years later, but it was probably Pope's disparaging couplet that kept him alive in literary histories. For Ned Ward did not write for posterity—he wrote to sell, as well as to amuse the people he knew, and he was lucky enough to succeed in both.

Mary Mian's Second Country

MY COUNTRY-IN-LAW. By Mary Mian. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1946. 197 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THE Creuse is a district of France never invaded by the tourists. Except for the looms of the weavers at Aubusson there is nothing to attract the sightseers, and since the Creusois are not particularly religious, there are no outstanding cathedrals or churches. There is no vintage, and so little wealth that even the Nazis stayed away during the years of occupation. There are small, well-tended farms, and the men are the best masons and stonecutters in France. That is all. As James Thurber points out in his introduction to "My Country-in-Law," there is only one restaurant in the whole district deserving of mention in the "Guide Michelin."

But Mary Shipman, the daughter of a New England Congregationalist minister, married Aristide Mian, a Creusois who had come to America to study sculpture in Greenwich Village, and so eventually she went with her husband and small baby to spend a summer at the Mian farm in St. Yrieix-la-Vallèe. She met la Mère Christine, her mother-in-law, and la Mère Marie, her grandmother-in-law, and Papa Gène, and her brother and sister-in-law Auguste and Marcelle, and their various children including Christiane and Dede, and eventually all the relatives and neighbors in the community. Being a democratic American and gravely aware that all persons, however different, are equally the creations of God; and being a young wife and mother anxious to please her husband's family and win the title of *brave et travailleuse,* she accepted all of them as if they were no more foreign to her than the farmers of Kansas. And indeed they were not, if we are to believe her delightful account of them.

The older women fussed about Mary's newfangled methods of caring for her baby. They did not believe in letting the child cry, or sleep alone, or go to bed without being rocked. They saw danger in open windows during the night—all sorts of things might come in. But they did not think it either dangerous or unhealthy for the little one to take her nap during the afternoon near a manure pile. Nor could the young mother find anything in her book from the Department of Agriculture relative to manure piles and napping. One night a trained bluejay flew into the bedroom just after *la piquita* was put to sleep. Waking, the child caught the bird and, laughing with delight, pulled out its feathers. The jay's cries brought the whole household running, and the older women, snatching *la piquita* and carrying her downstairs, were triumphant. Something had come in the open window.

Women and children did most of the work on the farms of the Creuse, for often the men were away, working at their trade. The farms were self-sustaining, except for things like coffee, and there was a distinct feeling that time was a river running by in the distance, leaving the district untouched.

Occasionally there was a fair or a christening. Once a year on Midsummer Eve a great bonfire was built on the hill of the Croix de Jacques, and all the people went up to it, each man bringing a bottle of wine and each woman a fagot of broom. Each year, too, when the summer drouth brought the water to its lowest level, the village fountain, center of community life, was cleaned. And there was always the arbor of Vergne, the gay little man who sold drinks and took charge of the social life of the village. Once Vergne went to Aubusson to look up two girls he had loved and not married. Each was bitterly unhappy, one with a mate who was a drunkard, the other with a husband who would not speak to her. So saddened was Vergne that on the way home he burst into tears, lost his way, and fell into a bog. His wife, who had to pull him out, understood the metaphysics of marriage. "If you put all the husbands in a sack and shake them well," she said, "you pull out your own in the end."

There are legends in the Creuse, of course, and since with the men away so much of the time the society is a matriarchy, women are the heroines of folklore. In most of the tales they outwit the devil, who is not very bright. There are powers and magic also. In the Mian family there was a woman who had the power of lifting fire—she cured burns by the touch of her hands. Auguste himself was a water witch, and Papa Gène invented things which worked.

When the new war came the Creusois were not much bothered, and they lived almost as well as ever they had, for the land sustained them. Aristide and his family came to America, but the rest did not change their environment or their habits. But they took in a refugee family. And in the single chapter which tells of this there is gathered all the heartbreak of France. There was a boy, Alain—when he saw bread on the table he patted it again and again. When he had eaten he fell asleep, and "the two old women took Alain between them and they went upstairs, moving slowly and painfully because they were so old and tired, and because Alain was dazed and could not see where he was going. Then they undressed him and put him to bed."

There have been all sorts of books about France, but never one quite like this. Mary Mian tells of the peasants without imposing either an attitude or an opinion. She is neither snobbish about their shortcomings nor sentimental about the simplicity of their existence. She does not point a finger at their curious beliefs. They are, so far as she is concerned, just people, and people are the most wonderful things in the world. That is the ideal relationship for a writer to have with his material, and it usually brings excellent results. "My Country-in-Law" is no exception. It is charming from first to last, full of the sweetness, pathos, humor, faith, and endurance of the common people of the earth.

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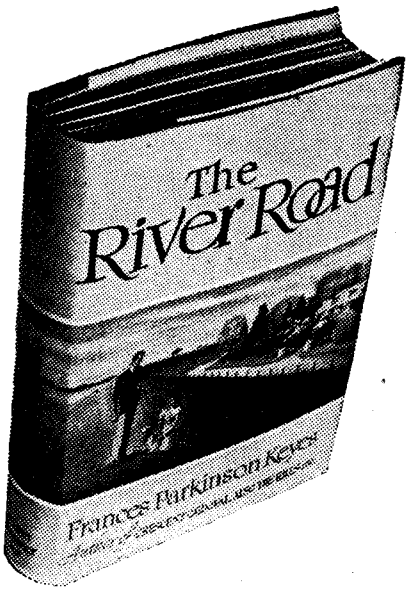
Frances Parkinson Keyes takes you there



RARELY does the author of a novel recreate so faithfully the atmosphere of a place that we come to feel that we ourselves have been there. Such a novelist is Frances Parkinson Keyes. Such a book is THE RIVER ROAD.

Most of the readers of THE RIVER ROAD have never seen the Louisiana which she describes so enchantingly. Yet, through this entrancing novel, its storied homes and plantations, exotic traditions, and lavish countryside have all become part of their own experience.

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No matter what the locale of the story, Mrs. Keyes' readers feel at home there, because she herself does. When she plans to write a book about any particular corner of the world, she begins by living there. CRESCENT CARNIVAL was the result of a year's work and study in New Orleans. ALSO THE HILLS was based on her many years of residence in New Hampshire and Washington.

THE RIVER ROAD, hailed as her finest novel so far, was written on the scene in the heart of the Louisiana sugar country. The research required was enormous, involving intense investigation of local history, relics, and family archives in several languages. But all her painstaking diligence was well rewarded when the *Baton Rouge Times* said of THE RIVER ROAD:

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The *N. Y. Times Book Review* called THE RIVER ROAD: *"A fascinating Creole saga, rich in history, drama, and romance."* The *Boston Herald* told its readers: *"You'll enjoy reading it as much as Mrs. Keyes must have liked writing it."* The public has shown its agreement by buying over 200,000 copies to date, keeping THE RIVER ROAD high on the bestseller lists since December.

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To Whom We Point With Pride

AMERICANS: A BOOK OF LIVES. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The John Day Co. 1946. 392 pp. $5.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

THE life stories of seventeen American men and women who lived in this century are told in this book by Hermann Hagedorn, biographer of Leonard Wood and Edwin Arlington Robinson, but best known perhaps for his many inspirational books about the life of Theodore Roosevelt. The seventeen are: Mark Twain, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Edison, Luther Burbank, Booker T. Washington, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Jane Addams, John Dewey, Louis Brandeis, George Washington Carver, Henry Ford, Helen Keller, Will Rogers, Herbert Hoover, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and Wendell Willkie.

These subjects were chosen through a poll taken by the East and West Association as part of its campaign to "increase mutual understanding between peoples of different nations" through books and motion pictures. The brief biographies, part of what seems a legitimate attempt to sell the United States in other countries, were originally intended only for publication abroad.

The biographer evaluates his product and states his purpose in the first paragraph of his foreword:

> These are stories. They are not studies in psychology, nor essays in appraisal or criticism. They are just stories of great lives lived in the United States during these first four and a half decades of the twentieth century; national sagas dear to the hearts of Americans. They have been recorded here in the conviction that international anarchy can be overcome only by the growth of international understanding, and that great lives are international currency on the highest levels of trade.

The biographer's description is accurate both to the content of his work and to his approach. Though political, economic, and social forces are recognized where in each case they apply, there is little that is new or penetrating in the way in which these familiar stories are told. They are the life stories of the famous and successful told by one who obviously believes in the greatness of great men and women, in heroes and heroines, and does not hesitate to show himself a discerning hero-worshipper. The seventeen are shown in their most attractive aspects, sometimes suffering but always enduring and advancing through their unusual gifts and through display of the manly or womanly virtues. The biographer's treatment is unsubtle, often sentimental, but not unintelligent. His stories are skillfully, pleasantly, and vigorously told.

As the seventeen include writers, jurists, inventors, social workers, educators, a philosopher, an industrialist, an entertainer, scientists, three presidents of the United States and one defeated aspirant for the presidency, many phases of American life are pictured. The opening biography is that of Mark Twain, born in 1835, whose boyhood and young manhood were spent in the opening West. The closing biographies are those of almost contemporary Franklin Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie. Biographies between, as those of Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, and George Washington Carver, belong to the great industrial era. Thus "Americans" serves in part as a history of our recent development seen obliquely through the lives of the men and women recorded in its pages.

Presumably not as familiar with these American figures as we are, the foreign readers for whom "Americans" is primarily intended should find these somewhat idealized biographies entertaining and enlightening. Readers here will find it a kindly, rather old-fashioned, pleasant collection of biographical tributes.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 147

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 147 will be found in the next issue.

ZYXWVZU TSX XWR

VZQVZVXR OVXN VM

MSQQVLVRZX QYK XWR

VZQVZVXR OHXWYM YQ

WSGHZ FVQR.

EYMROW MWYKXWYSMR* * *

EYWZ VZUFRMHZX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 146

The purification of politics is an iridescent dream.

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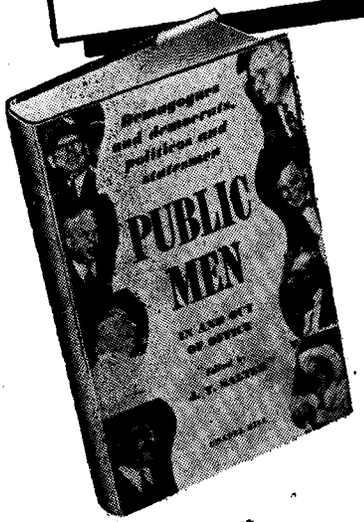

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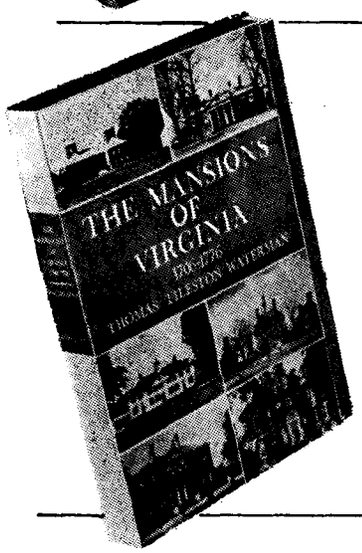

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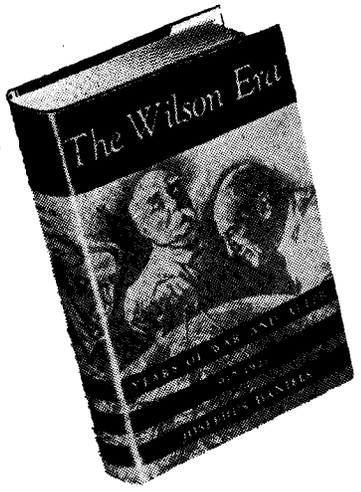

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Sixty Years of Britain

GROOVES OF CHANGE. A Book of Memoirs by Viscount Samuel. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1946. 378 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by NORMAN ANGELL

THE historians of the next generation, whose job it will be to try to explain the role of Britain in the world between, say, 1880 and the close of the Second World War, will value highly such a book as Herbert Samuel's memoirs. It will help them to understand the forces underlying British policy in that period; in what circumstances Britain came into the war in 1914 (Samuel being then a member of the Cabinet); why it came about that Britain made war on Germany in 1939, instead of becoming her ally in order to fight Russia (as so many progressives throughout the world insisted that she would do); will help to explain some of the forces which gave to Britain the political primacy she held when Samuel entered politics, a primacy which was the culmination of four hundred years of increasing power for this small island off the northwest corner of the European continent.

Herbert Samuel—the Right Honorable Viscount Samuel, Privy Councillor, Fellow of Balliol, honorary D.C.L., Oxford, G.C.B., G.B.E.—has been in an almost unique position to judge of the politics and life of England in the momentous age during which he has lived. He was at the very center of things, yet better able than most to judge them with detachment. A Jew, and when he entered politics an orthodox member of the Jewish community; born to wealth and easy circumstances, surrounded by wealthy conservatives, but early becoming an ardent radical and reformer, fully conscious of the social evils of the Britain of his time, he was able to look impartially at the political and social panorama. Impartiality demanded that he should be able to look at the scene without resentment arising from the sense of being the victim of race prejudice or exclusion. Happily, there is not a trace in these memoirs of his ever having suffered the slightest degree of discrimination on the grounds of race or religion. This fact itself tells a good deal of English political society which, supposedly exclusive, so readily in its "highest circles" absorbed a Jewish radical, conferring upon him high office and great honors. (Incidentally, the book tells of the author's religious pilgrimage from, at first, the faith of his fathers to agnosticism, and from agnosticism to a humanistically religious interpretation of life which repudiates the Eddingtonian interpretation. He is the author of a book entitled "Belief and Action: An Everyday Philosophy.")

Viscount Samuel "makes it clear the Zionist *is* an infinitely complicated question, not possible of simple and generally agreed solution . . ."

Among the chapters to which any conscientious historian of the future will turn are those that give an account of Britain's entrance into the war in 1914, and again in 1939. The story told in those chapters has in some respects a frightening resemblance to what seems to be taking place now. In 1914 the British government suddenly found itself confronted with an act of aggression by the greatest military power in Europe. There is no doubt that all the members of the government passionately desired to avoid war. Yet the country was drawn in. Samuel (then a member of the Cabinet) deals with the criticism that the government should have given a definite warning to Germany that if she made war Britain would enter against her. He describes the risks of doing this, the principal one being that the declaration would have divided the British people, provoking passionate protests from influential sections of the electorate.

"The nation would have been torn in two," writes Samuel. The dominions would have been alienated, and a war started in those conditions might have resulted in military defeat. "Then indeed critics would have had ground for condemnation." Yet the fact remains that if ever military power is to be the means of preventing war instead of being merely the means of winning once war has come, the aggressor must know beforehand that he will meet effective resistance. What Samuel's story amounts to is that the British public, like the American, was not intellectually prepared for the crisis with which they were suddenly faced. It was the same story in another form and with much less excuse in 1939: Had the public in America and Britain been ready to take early the decisions which events compelled them to take late, war might have been prevented. It is easy of course to be wise after the event. It is also wise.

One could have wished that the author, for so long the main pillar of the British Liberal party, had explored more fully than he has done the causes of the eclipse of that party. In dealing with the election last year he points out that the Labor party polled less than half the votes cast in the election and that the political situation created thereby "may not prove nearly so stable as . . . it now appears." We shall see.

The chapters which will have the greatest interest for very many just now, and which could be of extreme value in a highly controversial matter, are those dealing with Palestine, of which Samuel was the first high commissioner under the mandate, having some years previously been warmly attracted to the idea of a national home for the Jews in Palestine. His story, detailed and authoritative, ought to settle many questions which have arisen in the course of the Zionist debate.

But it won't actually settle them at all; not because his story is doubtful or lacks precision, but because the questions have passed beyond the stage at which objective fact has much influence on opinion. It would be unfair perhaps to indicate in a brief review just what Samuel's own conclusions are, the policies he has urged in the past, his general attitude to this infinitely complicated Zionist problem. Still, this much may be indicated: He makes it clear that it *is* an infinitely complicated question, not possible of simple, quick, and generally agreed solution; that any solution, including those which he himself has urged, would encounter from some quarter or other violent opposition on grounds which the apponents would declare to be those of justice. For the rest the interested would do well to read the pages, which constitute something like a third of the book, which Samuel devotes to this subject.

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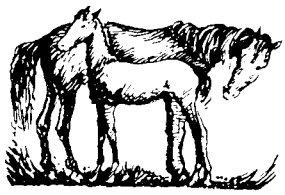

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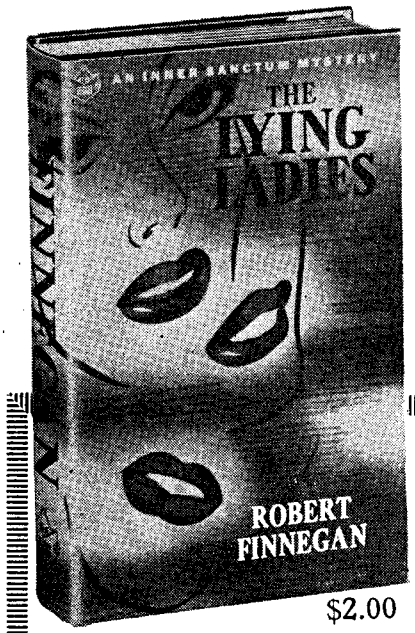

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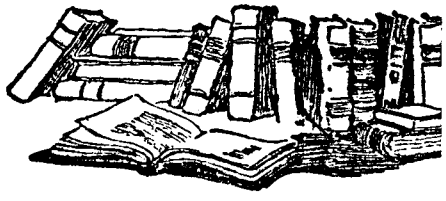
Things To Cling To

IVY GRIPPED THE STEPS. By Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 233 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THESE twelve short stories, by one of England's most brilliant writers, are not war stories in the commonly accepted sense. They were all written between the spring of 1941 and the late fall of 1944, but, says Miss Bowen, "There are no accounts of war action even as I have known it—for instance, air raids. These are, more, studies of climate, war-climate, and of the strange growths it raised." These are glimpses of the subtler violence of war, violence done to personality; of the escapes, the subterfuges, the defenses people raised in an environment shaken out of all normality. Many of them are concerned with the fantasies, the hallucinations with which people consoled themselves in a world where the immediate events were too enormous to be comprehended. What was happening was all out of proportion to their faculties for knowing, thinking, checking up. To survive, people sought something indestructible in the midst of destruction, some part of themselves, some memory, some dream in which their identities stood fast. "Individual destiny," says Miss Bowen again in her preface, which is itself a masterly analysis of her book, "became an obsession in every heart . . . every writer was aware of the passionate attachment of men and women to every object or image or place or love or fragment of memory with which his or her destiny seemed to be identified, and by which the destiny seemed to be assured."

The book opens with a story of a woman who clung to social trivialities, to the conventional pattern which she could not allow herself to break because it was identity-saving. In another story, the same pattern appears in the polite, vacant conversation of a group of people seated on the terrace of a Dublin house, people who, in a contrived temporary isolation, have reduced the war to something one does not like to talk about. Only the girl, Maria, struggles to touch reality, and even Maria is frustrated by the overpowering, stylized sentimentality of an eternalized Sunday Afternoon atmosphere. Again this deliberate retreat from reality, this fixing upon banalities and trivialities, is focused in the light chatter of the story, "Careless Talk." Yet underneath these delicately vitriolic and unsparing studies is a pity and an understanding of people who were neither heroic nor even admirable, but pathetic.



In "Songs My Father Taught Me" a girl talks to herself, more than to her uncomprehending suitor, about her memories of her father and the effect which his abandonment of her and her mother has had on her life. In the title story, a man returns to the seaside town in which he had spent his boyhood, and peering through the rusted coastal fortifications and down the dim deserted streets reviews the adolescent tragedy which has warped his capacity for normal love. In "The Happy Autumn Fields" a woman escapes wartime London in the memory of a romantic girlhood episode, a crisis which, unhappy as its revival is, releases her from an immediate emotional pressure which she is unable to endure. In all these stories the delving into the past anesthetizes the bewildering and overpowering present. In another, a girl escapes by projecting herself into an imaginary world, a better city than the London in which she and her lover can find no place to sleep securely in each other's arms.

Individually these stories are glimpses, snapshots, disjected views, revealed and illumined by Miss Bowen's extraordinarily delicate and subtle style. But the cumulative power, and the central theme, is the laying bare of that desperate will to survive, that resistance to annihilation of the spirit, that determination to hold to the "I," through subterfuge, hallucination, or whatever device was at hand.

These are deeply charged, intensely subjective stories, compactly and beautifully written. Much has been written about the actual physical violence of war; in these stories the physical violence is present chiefly by inference, but there is an atmosphere of terror and savagery which by its very underplaying is the more pervasive and compelling. Miss Bowen gives us an emotional landscape through which the senses go, alert, bare-nerved, watchful. Her place among contemporary writers is already assured; this collection only further emphasizes the brilliance and distinction of her talent.

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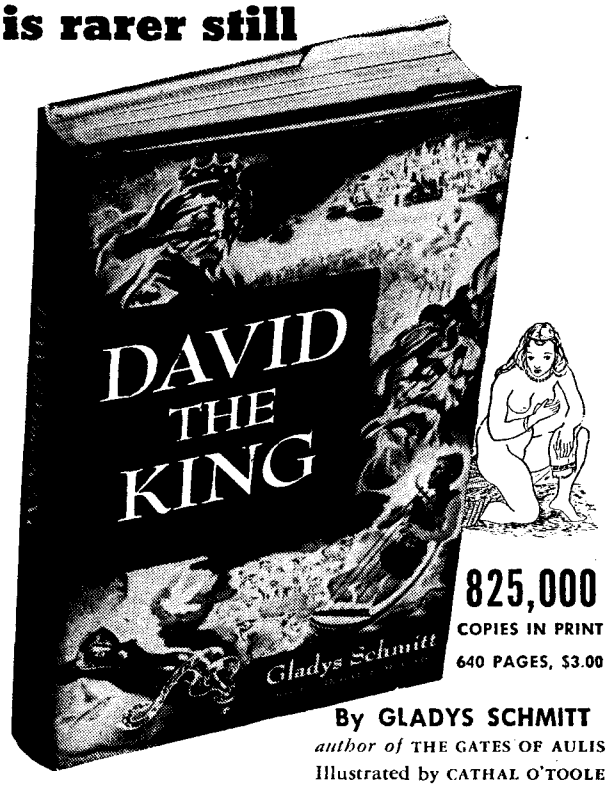

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Life in the Early 1800's

THE FIELDS. By Conrad Richter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 288 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY

THIS is another of Mr. Richter's carefully worked pictures of Early American frontier life. It carries on the theme and many of the characters of "The Trees," his success of 1940. Sayward, the young girl of the forest in the earlier book, has become the wife of lawyer Portius Wheeler and is the mother of nine by the end of this one. The great trees and the butts have been cleared away; the Shawnees and other Indians are no longer a grave menace;

the whole economy of the region west of the Alleghenies and north of the Ohio is beginning to change from a hunter's world to that of the farmer.

It was not a particularly glamorous or momentous period, at least on the surface. Hard work and slow growth were its underlying principles. The Revolution and the heroic days already seemed remote and the great issues of the Civil War were not clearly seen as yet, or were thought of only on a local and personal basis. It was time to till the land and build cabins and a meeting house and school, while the America we know was taking shape. In the end there was a settlement, crude but full of promise, on the river bank where Sayward's cabin had stood alone, and the settlers waited for the keel boats to bring goods and the news from the coast.

The whole story depicts admirably the second stage in the conquest of our frontier areas to the west. Mr. Richter has hoarded up every savorous and homely detail of the life of the early nineteenth century in those parts, and now pours them out in profusion. The result is as American as goldenrod or Indian pudding. Sometimes, though, the author neglects his story. "The Fields" tends to fall into a series of sharply separated episodes, held together only by the unities of place and family. Some of these episodes are striking enough and sufficiently strong in narrative interest to be good short stories in themselves. Through them all Sayward moves, "cam" and collected except when she finds that her husband has been carrying on with the young schoolmistress and is the father of her child.

Like the author's other books, "The Fields" is written with infinite care to make the atmosphere and backgrounds authentic and convincing. The furniture and utensils in the cabin, the phrases of the dialogue, the food, the hymns sung at the prayer meeting— all seem just right. But one might admire Mr. Richter for his exactitude on these points and still not count him a good novelist. However, he does also succeed in making the stuff of life flow in the veins of most of the people who inhabit these careful settings of his. Sayward is a shade too perfectly the Early American frontier woman. Her children are more human and fallible, and so is her oratorically inclined husband, forerunner of so many political spellbinders of later decades in this part of the country. Mr. Richter can be intensely dramatic and moving, too. The death of little Sulie, Sayward's first daughter, is fraught with terror and pain. Elsewhere the book has tenderness and humor as well.

In short, "The Fields" lives up to Mr. Richter's high standards, though it is never very exciting. Like the American Wing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, it is a perfect reconstitution, and as such commands respect rather than a more emotional response.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Jim Smiley, in "The Celebrated Jumping Frog," by Mark Twain.
2. Robert Bennett, in "Nothing But the truth," by James Montgomery.
3. "The Bet," by Anton Checkov.
4. Monte Brewster, in "Brewster's Millions," by George Barr McCutcheon.
5. "Ben Hur," by Lew Wallace.
6. Dolohov, in "War and Peace," by Leo Tolstoy.
7. Bernabo, in "The Decameron," (Second Day), by Boccaccio.
8. Phileas Fogg, in "Around the World in 80 Days," by Jules Verne.
9. Max Kelada, in "Mr. Know-All," by Somerset Maugham.
10. D'Artagnan, in "The Three Musketeers," (Ch. XXVIII), by Alexandre Dumas.

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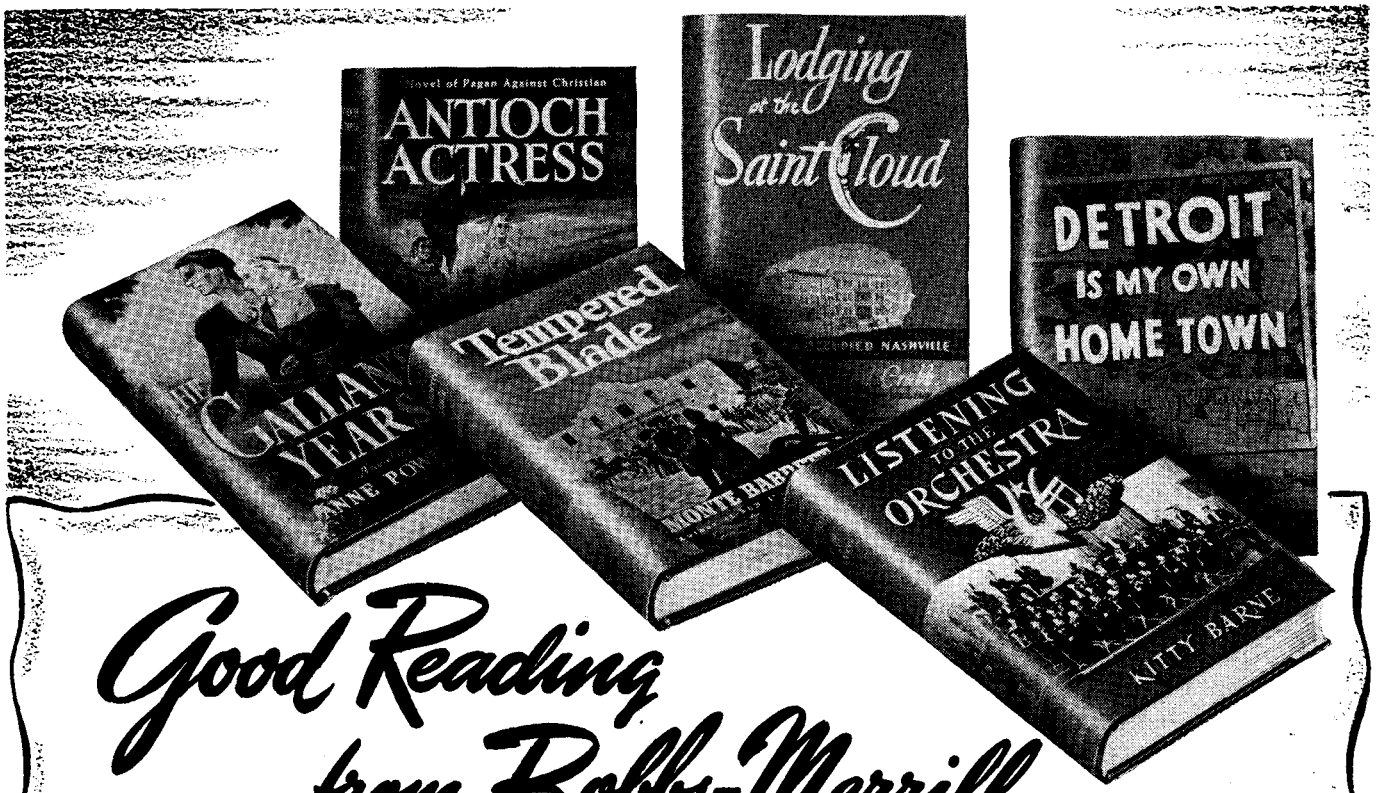

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Hard Times and Soft People

THE RAGGED EDGE. By Jack Karney. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 405 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

IN the year 1932 the Slater family came to Marshall Place . . . The unsuccessful search for rooms all morning had taken its toll. They had stopped often, looked at rooms, inquired the price, walked on. Either the rent was too high or, as usually was the case, Poppa had been asked to pay a month's rent in advance. Poppa being flat broke, they had not found an apartment."

Thus the reader knows at the very first page what he is in for (or up against): another novel about depression years on New York's Lower East Side. Yet chances are that he will read this one to the end.

Not that Mr. Karney's characters, or his story, are more original than the kaleidoscopic background of his book. John Slater ("Poppa"), the day-dreaming would-be writer with some standards of decency, is, in fact, a little reminiscent of the equally well-meaning and equally irresponsible underprivileged paterfamilias of a recent bestseller. John, then, has been tricked into marriage by Ann when she was pregnant from a runaway lover. Trina, her daughter (and for all "Poppa" knows for a long time, his), has grown to be a beautiful red-haired lass. Dave Blakely, the boy from next door at Marshall Place and the honest social worker of the neighborhood, seems a good match. He is in love with her. But Trina gets herself seduced by Blackie Dawson, a slick and fascinating gangster. He deserts the girl—who yet, after having gone through the harassing experience of a backroom abortion, marries the man when he comes back.

The two years or so which it takes Trina to travel that road also see her family slide down and off the edge on which they have always managed to live. "Poppa" takes to drinking, and gradually loses his self-respect. In Ann penury and hopelessness bring out what must be an innate meanness (if, in the author's opinion, there is, besides environment, such a thing). Soon Joe, the older boy, rolls over the line which separates inventiveness from crime. His mother doesn't ask where the money comes from. One has to live. Only when the lad is killed by the cops—it isn't his first encounter with them—and "Poppa" dies from a broken heart, does Ann seem to realize her accumulated guilt. Still she tries in her selfishness to prevent Danny, the little one, from getting out of the "rat-hole." It needs Dave Blakely again (and Trina who, tired of her marriage, returns to him) to save the thirteen-year-old's future.

That partly-happy ending appears as if glued on to the story. And so, I'm afraid, does Dave Blakely. No trees grow on Mr. Karney's East Side. But within the many scenes of filth and brutality which he draws with a sure hand—it is the episodes, not the plot, which distinguish this novel—there is often a minikin moment that infuses a ray of humor and hope and even beauty into the gloomy picture. Sometimes it is no more than the fraction of a bit of repartee which produces that effect, sparkling up as a gem from the gutter. Yet such trivia succeed better in arousing our sympathy than the idealistic political activities of Dave Blakely, or the incredible patience of his love for the fickle girl. None of the characters of this book are entirely painted in black. There was no need for any glaring whiteness.

Mr. Karney's style is forceful, and his dialogue free from labored corniness. He will write many good scenes yet, and, perhaps, even a first-rate novel some day.

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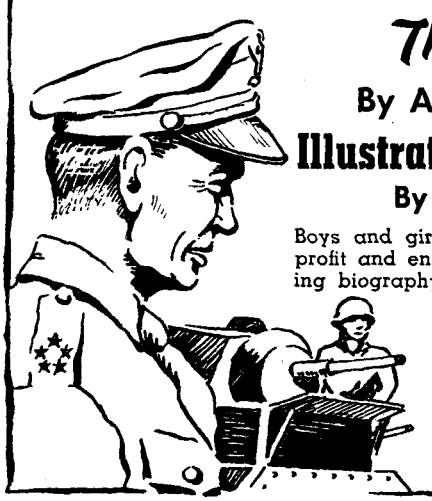

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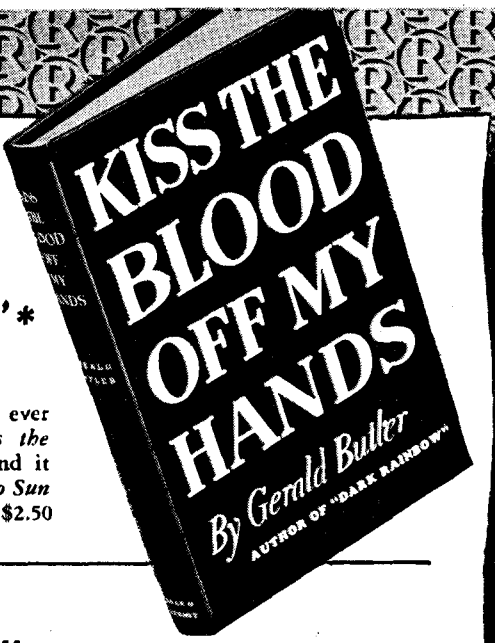

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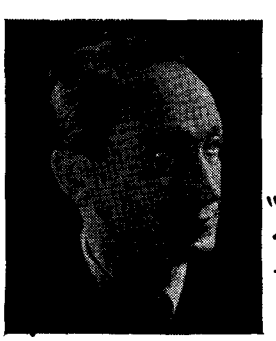

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A Major Brazilian Novel

ANGUISH. By Graciliano Ramos. Translated from the Portuguese by L. C. Kaplan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 259 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HERNANE TAVARES DE SÁ

WITH this translation of "Angustia," a major novel of the contemporary literary movement of Latin America becomes available to the American reader. The author, Graciliano Ramos, is today one of Brazil's leading writers. He has achieved the distinction of being known to Brazilians by his first name—a privilege accorded only to nationally known figures.

Yet his fame is relatively recent. Of humble extraction, living in the remote state of Alagoas, thousands of miles from the literary and publishing centers of Brazil—Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, and Porto Alegre—Graciliano wrote poems and short stories for obscure papers that hardly anyone read.

When he was finally "discovered" it was in a rather unusual way. After having been a store clerk and a small-town merchant for years, Graciliano had drifted into local politics and had become mayor of Palmeira dos Indios, a minuscule town in the hinterland of Alagoas. At the end of the fiscal year all mayors were supposed to send a report to the state governor. When Graciliano's report duly arrived, it was found to be a strangely non-bureaucratic document written in a tight, sardonic vein. His terse, wry observations on municipal doings like taxes and sewers, his vivid, flowing style make it a little literary jewel which is still fondly read by his admirers.

Raul Bopp, a writer who had been in the vanguard of the Brazilian literary renaissance of the twenties and who himself had written one of the best books on Amazonian lore, was then head of the Agencia Brasileria, a news service. Bopp chanced on Graciliano's report, about to be buried in the state archives. He put it on the wires and it was reproduced in newspapers all over the country. Overnight Graciliano was recognized as an important writer. Shortly afterward he published his first book; he was then forty years old.

"Anguish" is a bitter and depressing story. There is not one moment of gaiety or even lightness to it. All the characters are entangled in a mesh of mediocrity, frustration, poverty. The central character, Luiz da Silva (whose name, appropriately, has in Portuguese the anonymity of a Smith or a Jones in English), is a "poor devil," as he describes himself. A small government clerk in a small provincial town, he also ghost-writes mediocre literary compositions for the local pseudo-literati who want to see their name in print.

The great event in Luiz da Silva's life comes when he falls in love with the sensuous body of Marina, the girl living next door. They are engaged for a few uneasy weeks during which she strips him of his painfully accumulated savings. Then one of the local literati, fat and prosperous, steals the girl away from him, and deserts her when she becomes pregnant.

Little by little Luiz da Silva builds himself into a paroxysm of hatred and jealousy and finally murders his successful rival. He then sinks into insanity. Described thus in its essentials, the story seems little more than a melodrama, but what gives it its power and its grip on the reader is the accumulation of vivid details, the artful repetition of incidents that builds it into an almost unbearable intensity, and above all the matter-of-fact, driving, almost casual style. There is no self-pity in the story, which is told in the first person.

In spite of its setting in a remote section of Brazil, the story will not seem too outlandish to the American reader. The exotic touch is buried under the accumulation of prosaic details. For every reference to macumba (Brazilian voodoo) or Sao Joao (local fiesta), there is one to trolley cars, underpaid typists, and other products of our banal urban civilization.

What is more exotic is the emphasis on sex. The morbid, gnawing, all-consuming jealousy which drives Luiz da Silva relentlessly toward murder and then self-destruction is readily understood by Brazilians, who have it in their blood and mores. Luiz da Silva's descriptions of his visit to the brothel, of the girl's ordeal at the abortionist's, of the amorous embraces of the next-door neighbors heard through the thin wall—all contribute to bring out the obsession with sex which is so characteristic of Brazilian life.

I am afraid that Miss Kaplan's translation cannot be termed more than just adequate—at times not even that. It is true that Graciliano's style cannot be easily transposed into another language. It is too rich in colloquialisms, too integrated into the living slang that gives vigor and sparkle to the speech of the people in Brazil.

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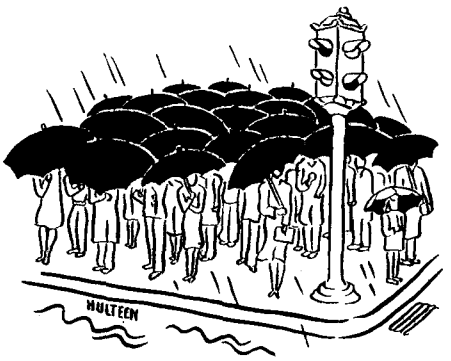
On the Forbidden Theme

THE SINGLE PILGRIM. By Mary Roland. New York: Thomas Crowell. 1946. 279 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

FOR once a jacket blurb calls a story terrific which turns out to be terrific—not in any overwhelming grandeur of style or compelling characterization, but in the bold use of plot details and theme which novelists hitherto have left alone. Although we read frequently (and fail to remember) the disturbing statistics concerning the prevalence of venereal diseases in England and America, particularly in wartime, this common distress of mankind is circumspectly left alone by novelist, dramatist, and (of course!) film writer, unless for grim and obvious didactic purposes. Mary Roland, however, daringly infects her romantic heroine with syphilis and marries her off to an aristocratic officer who is as fastidious, priggish, and opinionated as he is honest and gallant. It is difficult to think of any other romance which is so unromantic.

After Stephanie Thorne is orphaned, she is educated in a convent school, and finally turned out into the world a pauper and an ignorant intellectual and near-sophisticate, an up-to-date sophisticate who yawns at Huxley and quotes Trollope. She drifts from one mean job to another,



her rigid convent training enabling her to preserve her integrity in the world of predatory males—one frustrated lover brands her a professional virgin. At the outbreak of the war she becomes a hostess in a gay country hotel near a large R.A.F. base. With her good taste, wit, and beauty she is popular, and finally becomes engaged to Adrian Orde, whose parents are "county." When he is reported killed at Dunkirk, her world goes to pieces about her; in her numbing bewilderment and cynical despair she yields once to the importunities of a Byronic sort of airman, who infects her with his dread disease and then flies away to death in battle. Before her V.D. treatment is concluded, her fiancé turns up and insists on immediate marriage. The novelist now has her heroine in a fine predicament indeed, and the story sweeps with turbulence and courage to its just believable dénouement.

So much of the novel is hard and brassy in its wry, satirical humor and its unprettified picture of life in the besieged island when many found their old sense of values tumbling that the efforts of the novelist to create a deep emotional interest in Stephanie are not very successful. We follow her through her calamitous adventure with the pleasant horror aroused by a distant victim of mishap and gossip; she is not a moving figure of tragedy within our gates. Although "the novel has something to say and says it," a perfected use of penicillin or some improved drug may render its theme obsolete tomorrow.

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More Than a Stuart

LADY SARAH LENNOX. By Edith Bodker Curtis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 346 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

CHARLES BUNBURY was not much of a match for Sarah Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, direct descendant of King Charles II. Bunbury was a neat, foppish man, a great "sportsman," of no fortune and bad reputation. Whether he was impotent or sterile gossip never decided—nor did the distinction mean much to the scandal-mongers of the eighteenth century. Why Sarah married him no one knows. She was in her teens;—she had as near a direct proposal from the King, George III, as that mother-shackled, Bute-ridden, awkward young man could make, and there were plenty of suitors after the lovely Sarah. After all she was not only a Stuart; she was Henry Fox's sister-in-law and so had the entry not only into one of the dullest and most respectable courts in Europe but to Holland House, where wit and worldly wisdom were so long endemic. Why marry a worn-out man about town like Charles Bunbury who, once married, lost even the faint interest in her he had managed to assume?

In her careful, rather laborious biography of an entrancing woman Mrs. Curtis never answers this question. Sarah was impulsive, a coquette, an Irish flirt (for she had caught something of Ireland when she stayed with her sister Lady Kildare); she was slightly chagrined at the manner of the royal jilting of her rather than at the jilting itself, but there was no need surely for a woman of seventeen to act so hazardously on pique at a disappointment which meant little to her. The marriage was a failure; and loyal as Sarah was in her letters to her great friend Susan Fox-Strangways, she could not keep hid from anyone the indifference of a husband who spent long times away from his wife.

The end came in Paris. Her friend Susan had married an Irish actor, William O'Brien, and been shipped off with her husband to the American colonies; and Susan was one of the few people who had influence with Sarah. There was no one to check her when, in Paris with her husband and Lord Carlisle (an admitted suitor never to be satisfied), Sarah was courted violently by one of the great professional lovers of the French capital, the Duc de Lauzun.

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GOETHE's FAUST, the MacIntyre translation, with illustrations by Rockwell Kent and the German text included ($3.50).

HARRY BROWN's *The Violent,* a book of poems by the author of "A Walk in the Sun" ($1.00).

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Sarah was then only just of age; and she became Lauzun's mistress when she was twenty-two, after he had followed her to London. Mrs. Curtis, rightly in my opinion, accepts Lauzun's "Memoirs" as genuine; and from them it is easy to see how Sarah broke so swiftly from her first lover. She was not a light woman. In her the Stuart cynicism had turned to romance; and there is no reason to doubt Lauzun's story that she asked him to flee with her to Jamaica. He refused, of course; and soon after Sarah broke off the affair.

From that time it looked as if circumstances would drive her into rakishness, and Mrs. Curtis accepts the ugly story of her going to a house of assignation in Long Acre, where her name was found cut in the window-glass. It seems out of character, this sordid business; and if she ever did go there to meet a man, Powell the actor or another, she was more likely to have tormented and teased her suitor—as for months she teased Lauzun—than to have yielded. When she yielded again, Sarah again expected a great passion; and when the liaison with Lord William Gordon had as consequence the birth of Louisa (legally Bunbury's child) she threw her cap over the windmill. "Mr. and Mrs. Gore" retired to a country cottage, and for a time were happy. But again the man couldn't stand the racket; his family, as important as Sarah's, detached him, and her family descended on Sarah and kept her and her daughter in such seclusion as the dirty gossip-columns and itching scandal-mongers of the day would allow.

It seemed the end for Sarah; it was only the beginning. There was the prolonged business of her divorce by Bunbury; the quiet life, the kindness of some friends and relations, the disgust of others who could not forgive Sarah her flaunting of her liaison. Sarah was grateful for the kindness shown to her, and cared nothing for the snubs. So for years, not quite rehabilitated, she lived quietly, wrapped up in her daughter, to whom her brother the Duke had promised his protection. And then, when she was thirty-seven, she was wooed and married by a solid, respectable soldier, Colonel George Napier, and became the mother of one of the most famous men in the British Army. She bore her husband five sons and four daughters, lived to over eighty years and, though afflicted by blindness, never seems to have repined or blamed anyone but herself.

Mrs. Curtis's book is rather a drab account of so vivid and spirited a creature, but it is carefully written and well documented.

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YOUR WORLD, TOO

(Continued from page 15)

argument he offers in favor of "giving away what we have" is one which he attributes exclusively to "the liberal press"—we shall poison the world atmosphere of friendship and trust by a restrictive policy. Maybe those Russians are going to get the secret, he says, but let's don't help them.

It isn't only the liberal press which is in favor of a less restrictive policy on atomic energy information than we have today; most of our scientists want such a policy, for a reason much more cogent than that of sweetening the international atmosphere. Right now, our progress in nuclear physics and in its applications to warfare and to peacetime technology has been nearly halted, as a direct consequence of the widespread misunderstanding of what is involved in keeping "the secret of the atomic bomb."

Men in the Army's lodge know a good many tricks of the nuclear trade which were entirely unsuspected before the war. The most important is that a bomb can be made; this was given away by the explosion over Hiroshima. Another is that, in the words of Professor Smyth's report, "an unforeseen poisoning effect . . . very nearly prevents operation of the Hanford piles, as we shall see later." (We never do see this, in the Smyth report). Another is that the exact means for exploding the bomb is almost certainly not that of shooting together two sub-critical masses, since Smyth suggests this method. Still another is hinted at by recent reports that plutonium can be "denatured" so that it cannot then be used for a bomb.

This is a pretty good little hatful of "secrets," all of which have been officially revealed. They differ from the ordinary secret in that anyone who works in the field of nuclear energy will find them out, whether or not we help him. Remember that the Smyth report tells of several occasions on which large-scale construction of a production plant was undertaken long in advance of the detailed theoretical and engineering solution of many difficulties and problems connected with the processes the plant was intended to house. The necessary answers were obtained during the construction time. This suggests that the time required for plant construction was far more important in setting the schedule of the bomb project than were any scientific secrets." So does the fact that the project was put in charge of an Army engineer

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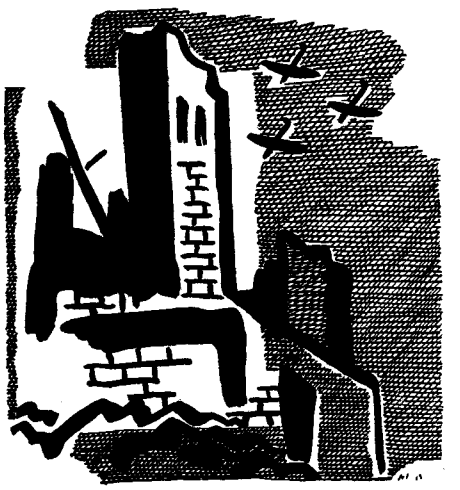
who had specialized in construction.

If we want to fight Russia with all the atomic bombs on our side, we shall have to do it within the next few years, no matter what policy we adopt with respect to scientific secrecy. If we believe in the possibility of achieving enduring peace, we cannot tolerate scientific secrecy, for it systematically withholds from the people at large the benefits of technical progress. (As an example, if the appreciation by our government of the meeting of the atomic "secret" were greater, people suffering from cancer would today be under treatment with radioactive substances from the nuclear "piles" of the Manhattan District). If we believe that we may have to fight a war after a few years, we cannot tolerate scientific secrecy, either; for we need the greatest possible rate of progress to



keep our lead in an armaments race, and we shall certainly not make adequate progress under conditions as they are today.

Thus, either for the peaceful era we all hope will come, or for the armaments race and eventual war we all fear, our present policy is bad. It can make sense only in terms of an early war with Russia. This should be clearly understood, and not befogged by reference to "liberals" who are panting to give away the bomb.

In "One World or None," you will find neither these remarks nor an argument for immediate world government. You will find stated the problem presented by the atomic bomb, on good authority and in one place. You may believe, with me, that we must forge a workable scheme of world government; you may believe, with Mr. Davis, that no world is the best solution. In any case, you ought to read "One World or None."

Louis N. Ridenour was advisor to General Spaatz during the war. He is returning to the University of Pennsylvania as Professor of Physics.

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Lots of Gore

KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY HANDS. By Gerald Butler. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1946. 216 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

THERE have always been too few writers who could produce acceptable thrillers; recently, in the United States, there have been almost none at all. James M. Cain, practically the only survivor of the blood-and-guts period of the twenties, is, presumably, kept busy banking the checks Hollywood pours in on him for novels and long short stories he wrote years ago.

Gerald Butler's grisly novel was published in England in 1940 and was phenomenally successful there. Most people in the United States first heard about it when *Time* magazine reported the story of a group of United States sailors in the Pacific who avidly devoured the dog-eared pages of a single copy as their transport lazed near Samoa in early 1942, only to discover that the last two chapters of the book had been lost overboard.

Here, then, for the first time in this country, is the complete novel, some two hundred pages of fairly breathless adventure, opening, quite appropriately, with a murder on the first page, and continuing with a cops-and-robbers story of a thug and a shop girl and their fight against and flight from society. The boy is just a cheap stick-up man, a small-time burglar who uses his fists because they are more effective than his brains in the circles he knows, and the girl is a rather simple-minded young thing into whose apartment he runs when he is trying to escape the police. Of course, they fall in love, and it will not detract from the story to reveal that she is forced to commit a murder too—to protect him, naturally.

The writing is tight and tense, and since, fortunately, it is a short novel, no one would or could lay it aside until he had finished the last sentence. Naturally, the book has not an ounce of literary merit, and the ending is unbelievably anti-climactic. The sailors who have been waiting four years to finish the book will be disappointed.

But those of us who unashamedly, never miss a Hitchcock movie, who read mysteries for the pure enjoyment of them (never apologizing that they "relax" us), and who would honestly rather see a new novel by Cain than one by, say, William Faulkner, will be thankful for even so small a favor as this.

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IS THE SOUTH THAT BAD?

(*Continued from page 10*)

Farmers' Alliance and the Populist movement expressed the yearnings of the rural masses, and men who exemplified those yearnings—including, it must be admitted, some egregious rabble-rousers—rode to power on waves of agrarian discontent.

In more recent times, the unusual popularity of President Roosevelt in the South could be readily explained on the ground that his program appealed especially to the Southern masses. The late President was hated and vilified in Dixie as violently as anywhere in the Union, but he always swept the region by huge majorities in his Presidential campaigns. In 1940 and 1944 an uninformed person who heard the uproar created by a small clique of his Southern enemies prior to election day would have imagined that the region was seething with a desire to vote for the Republican nominee—or almost anybody but Roosevelt. The noisiest opposition in the summer and fall of 1944 was in Texas, South Carolina, and Mississippi. Roosevelt carried these states over Dewey and all other opponents combined by two-and-a-half, fourteen, and nineteen to one, respectively. These majorities may be accounted for, in part, by the regrettable penchant of Southerners for voting the straight Democratic ticket, irrespective of who is on it, but the popularity of the Roosevelt program with the average Southerner was also a factor.

A more clear-cut demonstration that the run-of-the-mine voter in the South leans definitely in the progressive direction was given in 1944 when Lister Hill, of Alabama, and Claude Pepper, of Florida, were up for reelection to the Senate. Each was subjected to venomous and continuing attacks, often from ambush, on the part of economic troglodytes and vicious Negrophobes. The most extreme elements of Bourbonism in Alabama and Florida united in a desperate and determined effort to retire both men from public life, and large sums of money were spent. Yet Senators Hill and Pepper were returned by decisive margins, the former by a poll-taxed electorate, the latter by voters who no longer have to pay this levy.

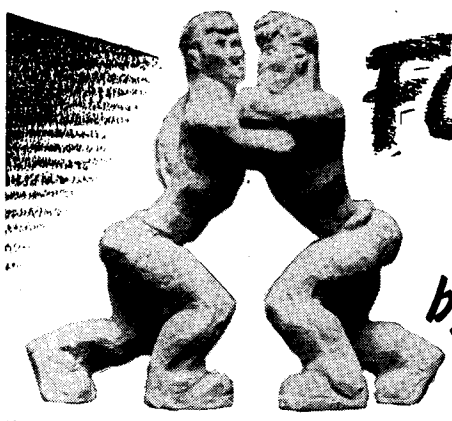
Another frequent criticism of the South stems from its handling of the region's tenants and sharecroppers. Unquestionably these unfortunates are among the most disadvantaged citizens of the United States. Their living standards are far below adequate levels, and their impoverished condition probably represents the greatest single blot on the South. These small farmers, both white and black, must have better housing, better health, better medical care, better diet, and better incomes. Yet it must not be forgotten that the system which led to their poverty grew up in the wake of the Civil War, and that the Federal government after Appomattox did nothing either to alleviate it or to make some more equitable system possible. The Southern planters were ruined financially by the Confederacy's defeat. They were "land poor," and without capital. As they looked about them in the late sixties, they found a great mass of "poor whites" and former Negro slaves who were also without funds.

What more natural than for them to strike a bargain with these laborers whereby the latter would raise crops on the planters' lands, in return for a share of the yield? Given the complete lack of any aid whatever from the Federal government toward the building of a better plan, this system of tenancy and sharecropping took firm root. It is still here today. The most effective attack on it is being made by the Farm Security Administration, an agency which, regrettably enough, has been fought by many large-scale Southern agriculturists. No more constructive work

ANNE PARRISH writes and you will agree

One of the funniest in the book, in any book, but I could hardly bear it. It wasn't funny while it was happening, it couldn't have been. And dear Pat having a good time at the waltz, and trying not to laugh too much. I'll tell you what made me laugh too much--that was the boxing-bout between Mr. Reginald Robertsbridge and Mr. Sidney Hamildowne-Barnes, words and picture. "The minuet went on." Oh, dear me! That I shan't dare think of, except in privacy; if you go around laughing by yourself on the street, or even beaming, you know what people are apt to think.

The Stravinski chapter!



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has been done in the South than that of the FSA, with its loans to hard-scrabbling farmers who have shown their appreciation and their integrity by paying back the money in the vast majority of cases. FSA deserves larger support from Congress.

It is well worth mentioning—a fact which seems to have escaped the notice of our friends from Northern climes—that whereas the South has a fairly valid excuse for its high tenancy rate, the Midwest, with no comparable excuse, has a heavy proportion of this type of farming. Be it noted for the record that the census of 1940 actually showed the percentage of farms operated by tenants to be much higher in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and South Dakota than in Florida, Kentucky, and Virginia, and about the same as in North Carolina and Tennessee. While conditions on these Midwestern farms are better, on the whole, than on those in the South, the notion that the South has a monopoly on farm tenancy is fantastic.

There are also some facts having to do with the urban South which deserve to be much better known. For example, in 1939 the buying power per average urban family in the South, as shown by retail sales in places with 2,500 population or more, was higher than in the East. The rural South was, and is, much the poorest section of the nation, but the urban areas had a buying power per family of $1,639 as against $1,632 for those of the East, as shown by the United States Government Census of Business for 1939. Virginia's figure, for example, was $1,861, as against $1,650 for New York; South Carolina's was $1,874, as against $1,626 for Massachusetts, and Georgia's was $1,655, as compared with $1,561 for New Jersey. The rural South, which constitutes the great bulk of the region, is, indeed, down at heel, but the Southern cities and towns are in a different category. Southern slums are mainly in the country districts, while Northeastern slums are mainly in the populated areas and are inhabited largely by first or second generation immigrants, a type which is comparatively rare below the Potomac.

The Southern cities and towns have managed to show significant advances, although a huge percentage of Southern industry is owned in the North, with the profits drained off to that section. After the Civil War, the North was the only part of the country with substantial capital, and it was able to get a grip on much of the South's productive capacity, as well as its raw materials. Despite freight rates which have handicapped the South gravely in developing its

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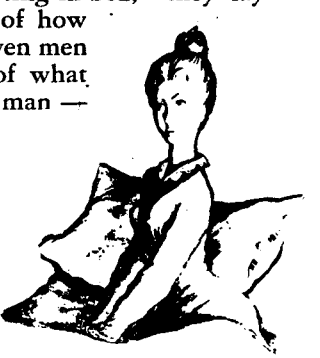

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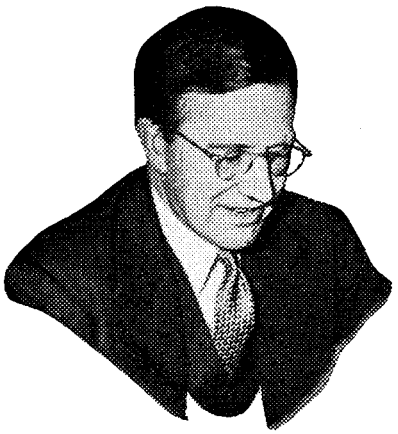

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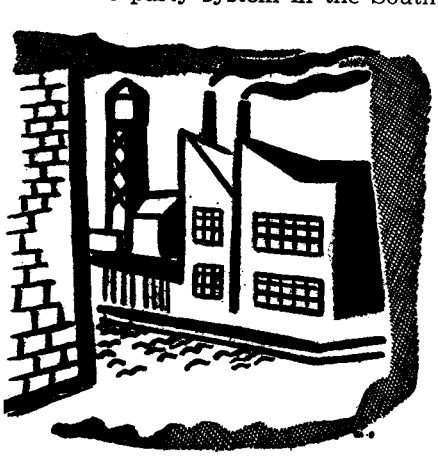
industries, despite tariffs which played directly into the hands of the manufacturing North and discriminated against the agricultural South, the former Confederate states have progressed remarkably. Since the war of the sixties, the region has been virtually an exploited colony, with its major railroad systems, its electric light and power companies, and its tobacco factories almost wholly owned and controlled in the North, and with many of its textile and steel mills, and a great percentage of its raw materials, likewise controlled and managed by outside interests. Yet the urban centers have prospered moderately, while the one-crop system has hung like a blight over the countryside.

Has the South been more anti-union than the North? Yes, and excessively so, because industry came late to the South, and its agrarian climate was less sympathetic to organized labor. Yet given the widespread Northern control of Southern industry, it can readily be seen that many of the South's premier union-busters are either Northerners themselves or are controlled from beyond Mason and Dixon's Line.

We come now to the South's politicians. Unquestionably they are among the most conservative in the country. Many belong in the extreme right wing of the Republican Party. This is not difficult to understand, however, given the fact that most of them went into office on the wings of the poll tax. As long as they can retain that levy on the franchise, a number of them probably can hold their jobs. However, the poll tax is bound to be repealed before many years are past, either by Congress or the several states. When that happens, there is certain to be a liberalization of the South's political complexion, both in Washington and in the state governments. A great mass of voters who heretofore have not gone to the polls will do so then, with what promise to be rather startling results.

The one-party system in the South



is, of course, a terrific drag on the region. It ought to have been liquidated ere this. Tens of thousands of Southerners apparently cannot bring themselves to vote Republican, even when they greatly prefer the Republican platform and candidate. The fact that their fathers and grandfathers were firmly allied to the Democratic party, and considered it hardly less sacrosanct than the sword of Robert Lee, is influencing them today. In this they are stupid and shortsighted—as stupid and shortsighted as the good burghers of Maine and Vermont who, without an excuse comparable to Reconstruction, are sure that the New England sky would fall on them if they ever voted anything but the Republican ticket.

CONTRARY to much of the propaganda that one hears, the South has a great deal in which it can take pride. Has rhinoceros-skinned old Senator Kenneth McKellar sought time and again to wreck the Tennessee Valley Authority, thereby evoking the comment that he is a typical Southern reactionary? Then what is one to say of the spontaneous outburst of wrath from every corner of TVA territory, the resolutions of business organizations, labor unions, farm groups, and consumers' groups blistering McKellar for his effort to get his prehensile paws on the Authority? Which is the more convincing, the action of this one man, or the reaction of hundreds of thousands?

Are the people of Texas to be written down as reactionary because a gang of hatchetmen whose political philosophy is represented by the ineffable "Pappy" O'Daniel succeeded in having the University of Texas regents discharge President Homer P. Rainey? The upsurge of indignation from students, faculty, and alumni, to say nothing of the public at large in the state, does not indicate that there is justice in such a diagnosis. Texas must answer, it is true, for keeping O'Daniel in office—just as other Southern states and districts are guilty of electing zanies to positions of trust—but surely there is a large body of opinion there which regards him as one of the major political atrocities of our time.

Are we to judge the South by its O'Daniels, its Rankins, and its "Goober" Coxes, or by its Rayburns, its Barkleys, and its Arnalls? Governor Ellis Arnall, of Georgia, has accomplished extraordinary things in that state within a period of less than three years, and is one of the most promising young men in American public life. He has recorded his remarkable achievements and won his great popularity in what was regarded

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as one of the most reactionary states. This paradoxical situation calls for a reappraisal of the political milieu in which Governor Arnall has been operating. Was Georgia reactionary in the pre-Arnall era, or was it suffering from reactionary leadership? It cannot be said that Arnall is altogether typical of the New South, but he represents a point of view which is winning a larger and larger following in the region.

Is the South educationally backward? Yes, but its states spend a larger share of their relatively small incomes for public education than those of any other section. No institution of higher learning in America addresses itself more courageously to the problems of its region than the University of North Carolina. The University of Virginia has the same percentage of its faculty "starred" in "American Men of Science" as Yale, and is only slightly behind Harvard. Emory University and Agnes Scott College in Atlanta have coördinated their facilities and raised substantial sums, and they seem on the verge of notable advances, as does the Georgia School of Technology in the same city. Duke, Vanderbilt, Louisiana State, and Tulane are doing important work, as is Texas, despite the recent unfortunate events already referred to. At Fisk University and Meharry Medical College, Nashville, and Atlanta University, as well as at Hampton, Tuskegee, and elsewhere, an extremely high grade of schooling is provided for Negroes.

Yet it is undeniable that a cult seems to be growing up which attributes virtually all the woes of mankind to the South, and especially to "Southern Democrats." Even though the Southern senators indubitably include a formidable phalanx of reactionaries, at least they have the virtue, to a greater degree than those representing any other section, of favoring world coöperation. But in the face of this fact, a leading journal of opinion went out of its way recently to take a gratuitous slap at the South in its discussion of the chances for abolishing the two-thirds rule for treaty ratification. "Isolationist Republicans and Southern Democrats will battle together to keep their present privileged postion," the magazine declared. Similarly a press association not long ago blamed "Southern Congressmen" for the defeat of Federal aid to education in 1943. The incorrectness of the allegation was promptly demonstrated by one of the bill's principal advocates, an official of the National Education Association.

The greatest danger confronting the South today lies in the possibility

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that the attacks being made upon it from other sections in a mounting crescendo will have the effect of stifling the authentically progressive movements which are under way in

the region. Just as in the 1830's the unbridled attacks of the Northern Abolitionists drove the entire Southern people into a defensive position from which they were never able to extricate themselves, and killed the promising indigenous effort for the elimination of slavery, so the assaults being delivered currently upon the South, and many of its more enlightened leaders, tend to discourage, and even to crush, movements which otherwise might bring important and far-reaching advances. Let it be remembered that the Southern people are a proud people. They can be persuaded but they can never, under any circumstances, be driven.

Given the South's history, its social and economic background, and its racial composition, there is no valid reason for pronouncing it preponderantly reactionary or more wedded to the Tory ideology than any other section of the country would be under similar circumstances. It has its mountebanks and mad mullahs, its witch-hunters and warlocks, but there is in the region much genuine liberalism in which the nation can take pride and the South's future, as Donald Nelson and others have testified, is a future completely without metes or bounds.

Virginius Dabney is editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DOLL AND ONE OTHER *Algernon Blackwood* (Arkham House: $1.50)	Two "supernatural" stories, both with English backgrounds, by recognized master in this field.	Slim volume may be read in one gulp and two shudders. Admirable writing and spooky atmosphere make it worthy item.	Add to your Blackwoodiana
ONCE ACQUITTED *Amelia Reynolds Long* (Phoenix: $2.)	Death of Penna. doctor sets sleuth Jeff Carter and lawyer brother at loggerheads. Detective-minded D. A. wins.	Court-room scenes, always hard to handle, are rather tough going. Plot is well constructed.	Average
MURDER STRIKES AN ATOMIC UNIT *Theodora DuBois* (Crime Club: $2.)	Dr. Jeff McNeil and wife Ann "investigate" murder of worker on bomb project—with explosive results.	Pair of semi-pro sleuths do an able job and plot has plenty of odd quirks, also much confused dashing around.	Rather helter-skelter affair
CALL THE NEXT WITNESS *Philip Woodruff* (Harcourt Brace: $2.50)	Death of young bride in Northern Indian village sets two local clans against each other in unscrupulous battle.	Hardly a "detective story" although British police and local authorities are involved—but a realistic analysis of mixed human motives.	Very good
DANGEROUS GROUND *Francis Sill Wickware* (Crime Club: $2.)	Leading citizen—a nasty lot—of Midwest town supposedly poisoned by wife. Local doctor thinks otherwise and proves his case.	Beautifully constructed job of psychological sleuthing with punch ending that may be illegal but is certainly convincing.	Great stuff!
MURDER BY MATCHLIGHT *E. C. R. Lorac* (Mystery House: $2.)	Slugging in London Park during wartime involves houseful of odd characters—and chief Inspector Macdonald.	Better for its character studies than for detective work which is of dogged British breed—with an unusual and effective finish.	Worth while

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Rosie Goes Wild

HONEYFOGLING TIME. By Virginia Dale. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1946. 262 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

WHAT were the ordinary people like in a small town some fifty miles from Chicago around the year 1880? This novel supplies an answer. It was a time when women hid their brains and their legs, when conservatives did not believe in the future of the telegraph or the bicycle, when good mothers deliberately exposed their children to measles in order to get it over with, when girls dreaded the unknown but shameful intimacies of marriage, and when, as Gran'ma Hollis put it, "if a girl's been where a boy *could* ruin her, that's enough. Makes no never mind whether he done so or not."

Thus it was that Rose lost her good name by innocently staying out late one night with a boy whom the whole community considered "wild." Pierre's claim to this adjective derived from his French descent, from his enterprising originality, and from the awful fact that he sold sewing-machines, those tools of the devil designed to lighten the labors of housewives, whose labors, as everyone knew, God never intended should be lightened. What happened to Rose and her family after Pierre left town without marrying the girl he had supposedly ruined supplies most of the plot of the story.

But there are many minor people and incidents to fill out the tale, and the picture of the not too Arcadian simplicities of the town is as important as the plot. This community deludes itself ("honeyfogles" itself) with the notion that its world is static and secure, that its ignorant folkways need no change. Only a few faint echoes of the future reach it, and these are misinterpreted. Pierre spectacularly arrives on a "bone-shaker" and the steam cars occasionally bring Aunt Emma back home predicting that women will one day have a vote. However, the local livery man has no apprehensions about any kind of contraption replacing his horses, and the radical Aunt Emma is universally regarded as a "betsy bug."

The story is fabricated of homely stuff, honestly woven. Like the period and community it chronicles, it achieves no bold or glamorous pattern. The novel consists for the most part of well-realized details and small happenings which seem more likely to interest feminine than masculine readers.

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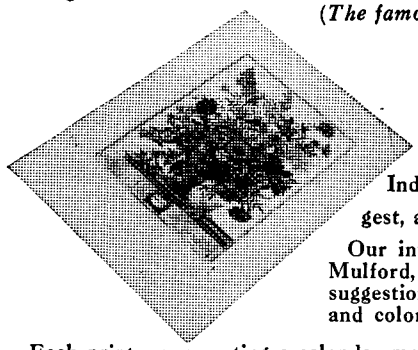

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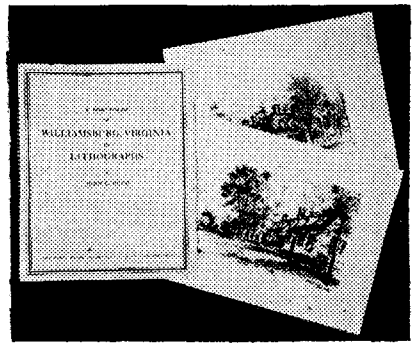
Each print, representing a calendar month, portrays a distinctive and lovely seasonal flower arrangement inspired by the horticultural collection of Robert Furber, gardener at Kensington Palace, England in 1730; and, like the originals which grace the stair wall of the Wythe House at Williamsburg in Virginia, they have been produced and hand-colored in a manner that will both please and gratify all lovers of rare and beautiful things. Thousands of visitors to the Wythe House have admired these Furber prints, many inquiring if reproductions were available; and, because of such interest, a limited number of approved reproductions have been prepared, affording a unique opportunity for those searching for the unusual in their gift shopping. Each print is 18½ x 24 inches, reproduced by the Collotype process on excellent quality rag paper that closely approaches the original paper made in 1730, and colored by hand with the hallmark of the Williamsburg Restoration appearing on the reverse side. They are unusual and beautiful. They compliment the recipient and bespeak the good taste and thoughtfulness of the giver.

Williamsburg in Lithographs



These sixteen attractive single - tone lithographs were made from the original sketches of Williamsburg recently done by John C. Dodd, distinguished artist and architect of Sea Girt, N. J. In each of them, Mr. Dodd has captured and retained the charm and quaintness of the restored Colonial capital of Virginia. They depict with the *finesse* of a great artist the Palace of the Royal Governors, the Capitol, the famous Raleigh Tavern, the Powder Horn, Public Gaol, Wythe House, the beautiful gardens, quaint homes, and the ancient gnarled oaks that have swayed in the breezes as history passed in its procession along the same streets that travelers trod today. You will find much of the soul of America in these sixteen lithographs—and they will be unusual additions to your home and office, and the homes and offices of your friends.

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Voices in the Wilderness

TREASURY FOR THE FREE WORLD. Edited by Ben Raeburn. New York: Arco Publishing Company. 1946. 407 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

BEN RAEBURN and his Arco Publishing Company have done a beautiful job of bookmaking with their treasury. They remind one a little of some of our drug packagers who box their bitter herbage in jewel-case containers to suggest magic cure and palatability. If the format of this volume induces people to peruse it the bookmakers have another splendid argument to justify their craft. For this is one compendium which should be read; more than that, it should be studied. At a time when the country is being overrun with discussion groups, too many of which are on the most superficial level of the newspaper headline and too many of which confuse visceral disputation with logic, there ought to be some groups at least which respect the honest judgment of respected and informed minds and which will sweat over their words to discover the truth in them. Such readers will not find here either nostrums or specifics. They will find a galaxy of men of thought and of action who feel deeply the inevitability of the annihilation which faces us unless we solve the secret of the frightful maze in which everyone in the world is now trapped.

In short, these are voices crying in the wilderness. They are not the only voices, thank Heaven, and we can hope that the growing choir of those who shout the evils of group prejudice, of unhampered nationalism, of conscienceless science, of anachronistic imperialism and the other rat-infested ruins will eventually become large enough to inspire us to reject anything that is not humane or noble. But before that millennium can arrive this book and many others like it must be scrutinized and meditated upon. Only then will its poems be sung, and only then will our social hagiology have room for Carl von Ossietzky, Julian Zugazagoitia, and Stefan Zweig, martyrs of yesterday. The tributes to them included here are the most glowing part of the miscellany.

Since date lines today must be expressed in terms of Hiroshima, it is important to note that this volume was prepared before the first fall of the atomic bomb. Ernest Hemingway feels that this gives the book an advantage:

> The various articles are not full of the knowledge after the fact of the use of the release of atomic energy. We need to study and understand certain basic problems of our world as they were before Hiroshima to be able to continue, intelligently, to discover how some of them have changed and how they can be settled justly now that a new weapon has become a property of a part of the world.

Even so, along with "Treasury for the Free World," should be read the seventy-nine pages of "One World or None" which the atomic scientists have just written.

To prepare our book the editor and his assistants have gleaned from the

The Saved

By Frances Minturn Howard

EXPECT no justice from a slave;
The whip will never bear a flower;
There is no health in scars, that show
Red-signatoried power.

Hostile and unfamiliar
As light to the accustomed blind
Is pity's face to those who wear
Stripes across the mind.

The free alone that never breathed
Less cleanly air can still dispense
A tolerance unknown to those
Nurtured on violence,

As he who walks in health may feel
No strangeness in his upright stand,
Nor know the light a miracle
That trembles on his hand.

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files of the magazine *Free World* contributions of sixty-three writers. These range from men as distinguished in the world of letters as Thomas Mann to men as eminent in the world of science as Einstein. The roster includes philosophers like Ralph Barton Perry, Benedetto Croce, Hu Shih, Bertrand Russell; statesmen like Eduard Benes, Jan Masaryk, Sumner Welles; humanists like Gilbert Murray; politicians, soldiers, journalists — every category of thought, including the poets, some of whose poetry on the general theme brings the volume to a close.

The essays of this eminent group are arranged under subheadings related to major geographic areas or to major issues wherein are found those knotty problems whose unravelling will be the test of our assertion that we are civilized. Even the most specific of these articles lays no claim to sure solution. It is evidence of the enigma of human relations that there are differences among these men and that readers will themselves disagree with some of the observations made and the interpretations of them. More important, though, are the common basic agreements—the alertness to the evils of uncontrolled power and the general faith in human unity.

This kind of discussion is not unfamiliar to those who make a point of following at all closely the outpourings of the nations' publishing houses. There is a marked and assuring similarity in the statements of the conscientious leaders of our times that the technological advances and social awarenesses of today make it impossible for the world to survive if inherited prejudices and historical exploitations are not uprooted. That consensus of those thinking men who are without arrogance is less assuring when it is matched against the incredible apathy and continued selfishness of the larger groups with whom the politician must compromise. Men of good will are in the majority, I am certain, but men of violently good will are rare. The authors of this collection belong to the latter class. They are searching and groping, most of them with humility, however grand the roles they are playing. What they have to offer may not be the answer. But what they are saying deserves to be listened to for whatever light it may shed. Some of it you have heard before—Henry Wallace's famous "century of the common man" speech, for example, which I for my part think was as effective in winning the war as Churchill's more eloquent "blood, sweat and tears"—but it is all stuff that bears repetition and the closest of study.

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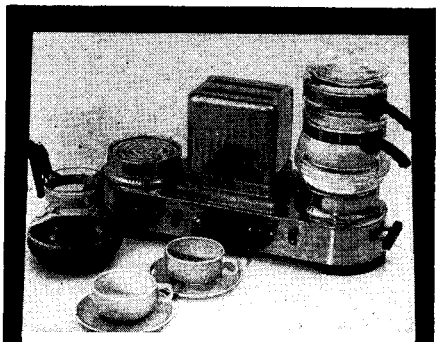

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BEETHOVEN, SYMPHONY #2. Reiner, Pittsburgh Symph.	Good realism. Solos well reproduced.	A	Hasn't high-priced ensemble of Boston-Koussevitsky set, but a vigorous and musical performance.

IT IS already high time for a supplement to my remarks on the plastic record of this January. Even though material, along with everything else, is still short, more plastic records have been appearing, and with mixed results.

Victor released only three plastic albums in the six months through March. All are of excellent quality, and it is more than likely that Victor is holding up production rather than use inferior material at a time when the public is not yet sure of the new record's value. Whether the slow action on plastics is also due to public apathy I don't know, nor would it be easy to find out; but I suspect most of the trouble is of a piece with the rest of our present economic difficulties.

When at last the dam breaks, chances are that Victor will swing heavily to plastic—if only because the Victor solid shellac record continues to be outranked in quality by Columbia's laminated shellac, and it still breaks distressingly easily. As things stand now, the Columbia record at standard prices is very nearly equal (in sound) to the Victor Plastic at double the price.

An unfortunate development is the release of a number of inferior plastic recordings which sell nevertheless at premium prices. As noted in these columns, some new plastics other than Victor's have been excellent; but others by my own personal test sound no better or even worse than conventional discs. No record buyer will pay double for such poor quality, whatever the reasons, and I can only hope that the supply situation eases before we are over-disillusioned.

I am still sure that given the proper light-weight pick-up (all the new phonographs will have it) the plastic record is the best bet for the future. I am sorry that neither Victor nor any of the other companies using plastics have been frank enough to explain that on cheap phonographs with heavy pick-ups and bad needles, of which there are plenty still around, plastics will not be satisfactory. And I think it is a farther mistake which can do a great deal of harm to issue noisy, inferior plastics, even with the best of intentions. At this crucial stage in the game, no plastic record should appear at all at a premium price which is not clearly superior in the surface noise and reproduction to the best conventional record. Furthermore, only the highest quality masters should be chosen, because the listener will instantly blame the newfangled record for any distortion or noisiness he hears, even though it may actually be not in the plastic but in the original recording itself. Caveat emptor.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

Clown's Holiday

By Marie Gilchrist

THERE is a world of sober colors
Lucent and clear, proportioned gravely,
Moving among the other spheres
Neither cowardly nor bravely
But rhythmically and without haste
Busy and not too much aware.
Sometimes, clean and Sunday-faced,
I enter and inhabit there.

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Theme: Readjustment

THE LONG WAY HOME. By Staff Sgt. Millard Lampell. Preface by William Rose Benét. Forewords by Col. Howard A. Rusk and Lt. Col. Merle Armitage. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 1946. 174 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RON SCHILLER

IF YOU have not already done so, chalk the name of Millard Lampell up on your futures board as that of one of America's most promising young writers.

Ordinarily, a collection of fourteen radio scripts, deliberately propagandistic in intent, would constitute a highly insecure pedestal on which to base such a prediction. But these astonishingly good plays have the three dimensional roundness of tiny novels. Characters are delineated in a few strokes with remarkable perception. The dialogue reproduces with uncanny accuracy not only the phrases and sentence structure but the true rhythm of soldier talk. The stories pulsate with understanding and suppressed sympathy. The writing is often so eloquent that it may be criticized—if this is indeed criticism—for lifting the reader out of the script to linger over the phrases. It is difficult to imagine that the plays were actually more effective over the air than they are in print.

Listen to this description of the feelings of a gunner in a high-altitude bomber en route to a target:

> It happens on the first day you go into combat.
> (*Music: sneak—a single oboe effect of vast space and silence*)
> All the clocks in the world stop ticking, and the numbers wash off the calendars, and there are no minutes and hours any more. No yesterday or tomorrow; nothing but the last mission and the next one. A man isn't nineteen years old, or twenty-two, or twenty-five. A man is six missions; his age is three trips to Hamburg and one to Cologne; he is exactly one Air Medal and two Oak Leaf Clusters old.

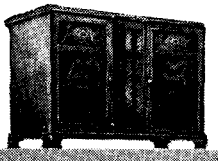
And to this treatment of that most puzzling paradox of war—the utter lack of connection between calm nature, and violent death, the play and its setting:

> It will be remembered that the day was beautiful with winds and sky, and the Burma hills were very quiet when Ed McKenney's plane crashed and caught fire.
> And the truck driver from the Engineers who saw the plane falling and finally found the wreckage and dragged out Ed McKenney's body said only one sentence. . . . "God . . . look at his face. Oh, God!"

Millard Lampell was an experienced radio writer before he entered the Army. He was assigned by the Army Air Forces to write radio plays to rigidly prescribed specifications the way another man might be assigned to overhaul motors. The plays all deal with the homecoming of wounded soldiers. Some of the wounded are missing arms, legs, or the power of speech. Others suffer "wounds that show no scars," battle fatigue, neuroses, or the loss of faith in cherished ideals or life itself. Still others suffer the deep, festering wounds of racial or color persecution. Essentially, all the plays are variations on a single theme. They are designed to explain the problems of the returning veterans to the folks at home, to solicit intelligent understanding and help. It was necessary that they all have happy endings, or at least end on a note of hope.

Considering the limitations imposed by subject matter and plot, this collection of plays is nothing short of a tour de force. The book should, of course, be taken in small doses. But even when read at a single sitting, the plays are never repetitious; they never flag in vigor or deftness of touch, or lose the delicate balance that exists between grimness and humor.

The book is chiefly important because it introduces a talented writer. Unbounded by any restrictions save those imposed by his own talent, his next work should be something of a literary event.

One of the world's  *great radio-phonographs*

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The pink azalea clustering starry wreaths,
Beside the quiet sound of the healing waters,
A long, low car, dark-plumed, moves down the highway,
Bearing a flag-draped bier.

A girl was watching the car from an open window,
Watching it with eyes that were used to tears.
She it was who cried in her sleep last night
And woke herself weeping into the dawn and the gray stars—
O lost rivers,
Strayed feet in the April grasses no longer straying,
Scent of columbine beckoning on farther paths,
Brooks of water cress and silken moss
Across the palms of the feet like a cool caress—
For these in the silent night the hot, swift tears,
Inner, secret drops distilled of lost girlhood
Fleet on the April winds over far, high pastures,
O silver, flashing feet.

And the girl sobbing
Remembers where the bare white feet once startled
In the forest leaves a fluttering, broken wing
Of the crested cardinal, the kingly redbird,
Sprawling away in frightened, tilting flights,
Yet always reaching skyward, only half-conquered,
The spirit still in the trees—O hold, frail feathers,
Capture the wind once more and let the sky
Rest lightly on your breast.
Not yet earth-tethered,
Once again in the treetops over the world
Whistle your silver cry:
The green floor, the blue roof, the tall sky
Clear, clear, clear, clear!
And yet, O fluttering wing, O feather dragging,
What way to that lost perch?

Broken, broken, broken!
What is that swimmer striving there for the shore,
Beyond the breakers, breasting the cold, sharp water,
The lunge of a man's strength, the lifted clean. quick stroke,
Then suddenly striving, stricken, the long legs knotted,
The warm blood draining away, the invading cold,
Dead, white limbs in the water, the blurring pain,
And the strength and the impulse, the powerful, threshing strokes
Lost, gone in the heavy waters, the body dragging,
Yet still the shoulders flex, the laboring torso
Moves to the shore.

O waste and broken,
Girl and bird and swimmer, pattern repeated,
Face of our time, the wrenched mouth, the muffled cry:
Remember us at the half-mark
With wide lips sucking the air and the eyes sunken.
We are the frieze across the Capitol
With twisted fingers and the bared teeth showing,
The baffled legions of the half-destroyed,
The men who battled with fear.

The cobwebs sway, the engines rust,
The people starve, voices cry, the mobs form.
The earthquake of peoples gathers slowly the strains deep and inward
Till there and there it erupts and the cities fall
And the certain things are uncertain and the strong men are weak.
Now while the inner ruin collapses outward
To whom shall we turn?
The young and the strong fall,
But the broken man does not fall.
He is erect there in the throng, shoulders square, head high.
His voice rings out to the waiting multitudes
And the fear ebbs and hope and strength come.
We shall go forward now with the broken man,
We shall lean on his strength, we shall hearken to his voice.
When the deep central earthquake comes and the capitols fall,
We are not dismayed, we are stronger than ever before,
And the courage that went through death and was not broken
Is our courage,
And the strength that was destroyed and endured
Is our strength,
And the power of the shattered man is the strongest power
And the soul of that man is ours.
The long, dark car moves slowly, the girl's eyes follow,
But the shrunken limbs lie still
And the small toes are motionless on the white sheet.
What answer, April, in this running weather
For the still feet resting,
For rivers lost and columbine-scented paths
And the white stars of dogwood low in the green sky?
What answer for the man at last struck down,
For the nation mourning, for the peoples waiting,
For the task unfinished and the peace unmade?

And the girl watching
Saw through the tears the long, dark car glide slowly
Into the aisle of trees,
And through the graven pines and the moving men
Flashing behind the dark-plumed car, the draped flags,
Saw on the grass the white and twinkling feet
Keeping pace with the long cortege, climbing surely
The broad, slow hill, treading with firm, small footsteps
The bending grass-blades while through the distant treetops
The voice of the kingly-arrayed, the scarlet darter,
Lifted again to the sky the high clear carol
Of the rider of tempests safely at home on the wind.

ARTHUR M. SAMPLEY.

The above poem comes to me from North Texas State Teachers College, at Denton, Texas. Mr. Sampley is librarian there. "The poem," he writes, "was inspired by a widely-published photograph of paralysis-stricken children watching President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's funeral cortege."

* * *

One of the leading pictures in the recent loan exhibition of paintings sponsored by the Associate Members of the New School for Social Research, 66 West Twelfth Street, New York, is the self portrait by Alexander Pope (reproduced herewith), lent by Miss Caroline Newton and now exhibited for the first time.

The portrait was one of the notable items in the famous collection of A. Edward Newton, internationally known bibliophile and collector. In a special pamphlet we have Mr. Newton's account of how he purchased the portrait in 1935 from the Messrs. Robinson's book store in Pall Mall opposite the Athenaeum Club in London.

Alexander Pope (self portrait): "Every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent and my own more despicable."

"What is that?" I exclaimed.
"Oh! That is a self portrait of Pope."

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"A self portrait of Pope! Obviously it is a portrait of Pope, but I did not know that Pope ever painted portraits."

Whereupon I learned something. I was told that when Pope was a young man his family, who were people of means, had him placed under the direction of Charles Jervas, the most famous portrait painter of his time; Jervas himself having been a pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller. From him Pope received instruction in painting daily for about a year and a half, and well improved the time. In a letter to Gay written in 1713, he says, "I now begin to discover beauties (in paintings) which formerly were imperceptible to me . . . Every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgewaters, half a dozen Earls and one Knight of the Garter.

The portrait has been authenticated and several other art connoisseurs have tried to buy it, two, W. S. Lewis of Farmington, Conn., and Chauncey B. Tinker, seeking to purchase it for Yale University. The background of the portrait is identical with an original sepia sketch which serves as the frontispiece of Warburton's edition of Pope's "An Essay on Man," 1745, in which he refers to the sketch as being designed and drawn by Mr. Pope himself. The portrait now hangs in the library in Miss Newton's town house in the same room with Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits of Samuel Johnson and Boswell.

* * *

Some time ago, when I printed Christopher Morley's lines on the Botticelli child waiting for the changing traffic light, neither of us were aware that by one of those curiosities of circumstance a lady named Florida Watts Smyth had written lines with the same idea. Besse Patterson Gephart, of St. Louis, Mo., has sent them to me. She also sent me an expansion of the lines on which she collaborated with Mrs. Smyth, but I have only room for

ETERNAL CONTOUR

It's hair and dress, framing old portrait faces
That make them strange. Today, without the laces
And velvet, on a crowded jitney's seat,
I saw a Rubens, puffing out his full
Red cheeks at traffic jams. Crossing the street,
A long-haired child, on the hazardous walk to school,
With Botticelli-smile, long-limbed and slight,
Fixed her eyes on the changing traffic light.

FLORIDA WATTS SMYTH.

* * *

That's all for another week.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 629

DEFINITIONS

A. English composer (1857-1934; "Enigma Variations").

B. Epithet applied to a "farmer" who himself works the soil (Colloq.)

C. Subject of drama by Schiller, opera by Rossini.

D. National assembly of Iceland.

E. Treaty (Sept. 20, 1697) that acknowledged William III King of England and Anne his successor.

F. That part of Illinois south of Chicago; a similar relationship elsewhere.

G. Sharply clear; incisive; biting.

H. In impetuous haste; fleeing (Colloq.)

I. Islands of an archipelago north of Scotland.

J. Manager of the N. Y. Giants 1902-1932.

K. The "salt of wisdom" and "key of art" of the alchemists.

L. The Canticles (Bib.; 3 wds.)

M. Of a dark color, complexion, or cast.

N. Another name for Dido of Carthage.

O. Meditation; higher contemplation (Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism).

P. Flashes, esp. with a multiplicity of lights.

Q. Fishing for members of the order *Apodes*.

R. The first vessels of the modern U. S. Navy, built 1883-5 (2 wds.)

S. English field marshal in Egypt, World War I (biog. 1940 by Sir Archibald Wavell).

T. Sensation of cold (Psychol.)

U. Englishmen.

V. Somewhat small.

W. English author of "The Story of A Short Life", 1885.

X. Lively dance of Scottish Highlanders; its music.

Y. Favorite football field for a midwinter contest (2 wds.)

WORDS

165 37 21 110 161

121 42 54 31

149 22 158 30 14 36 109 55 133 75 143

103 62 173 178 68 138 7

80 164 92 39 28 69 65

6 115 41 23 45 86 135 152 61

132 120 159 117 17 56 10 84 59

87 33 93 101 26 77 105

179 11 70 20 126 148

102 177 79 73 160 9

151 112 95 155 12 170 154 32 106

16 180 2 139 171 175 122 50 58 44

176 116 46 64 166

107 76 131 145 89 1

3 60 104 91 168 57

24 18 119 162 40 71

144 97 27 83 51 48

90 94 35 163 53 25 66 172 156 142 114 169 153

81 49 147 8 47 96 128

78 150 88 52 100 98 167 125

118 15 74 136 38 157 108

111 124 82 99 13 137 146 72

130 34 19 141 85

129 140 5 127

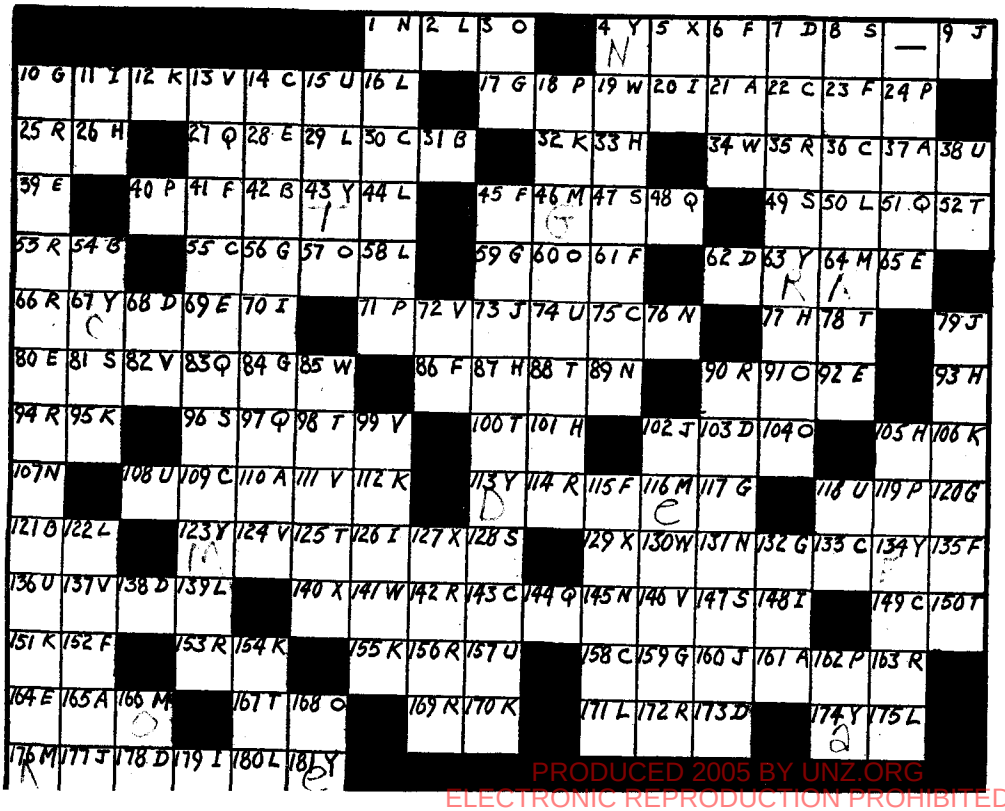
4 67 43 63 134 113 174 123 181

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 48 of this issue.



The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

ROGER W. RIIS, son of that noted humanitarian and writer, Jacob Riis, whom Theodore Roosevelt, in his introduction to "The Making of an American," characterized as "The Ideal American Citizen," calls my attention, in an amusing letter, to an apparent discrepancy in DC 624. He suggests that my eye jumped from Riley to Riis and in consequence I combined his father's birthdate with Riley's 'terminus day"—1849-1916. I took those dates from my WBD but in looking up the matter further I find in WNI the dates as 1853-1916. I have thus notified the publishers, but when such a discrepancy occurs in so reliable a source I find that I take a crumb of comfort from it.

In selecting those two quotations from Kenneth Roberts and Thackeray about the renowned *bouillabaisse*, I thought that I was giving you a welcome change from political terms—aside from the facts that Kenneth Roberts is one of our most devoted followers and Thackeray has always been one of my loves. But Mr. Riis is a bit disturbed about my association with "the world, the flesh, and the devil"; and George Randall, Olean, New York, suggests that Fannie Farmer's opulent recipes might be more acceptable. Whereas A. Miller, Portland, Oregon, thanks me for helping her to *bouillabaisse* from DC 622 to 624. Rupert Hughes's reaction is a bit more disconcerting, for as he was struggling with Kenneth Robert's *bouillabaisse*, perturbed in thought he missed his footing on the stairs and landed ultimately in a hospital. But later he finished the DC and notes that K. R. is one of his oldest and dearest friends, and we are glad to report that R. H. is now on the mend.

The *Upshur* incident is not closed. Allan Westcott, Annapolis, Maryland, supports Laurence Dodge's contention that Lieut. Commander Yeatman's destroyer was named "not for the Secretary of the Navy, but for his brother, a naval officer and second superintendent of the Naval Academy. Upshur Row, where the chief officers' quarters at the Academy are located, also bears his name, and a short sketch of his life may be found in the D.A.B., with his first name, John Henry." "I'd like to make you hunt for something," Mr. Westcott good-naturedly adds. In another letter, and also in comment on Mr. Dodge's, Lt. Commander Yeatman lists many destroyers named for Secretaries of the Navy but adds that in all fairness he should have noted that the Upshur of his knowledge was really christened the "*Abel P. Upshur*," no doubt to distinguish it from some other who may have borne the name of *Upshur*, a name which "she carried in white block letters on her stern for all to read." What luck it would be if Upshur occurred now on some radio quiz of which you individually were a participant!

Svend Petersen, State Sanitorium, Arkansas, who calls himself a "lunger," comments on his pleasure in discovering Double Crostics as a time-killer.

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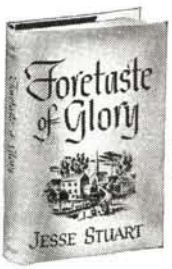

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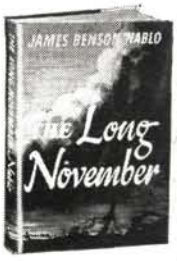

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